

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XV., No. 1. "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JAN., 1894

Ever since Current Literature abandoned the large size, to which it returns again to-day, it has fretted under restraints that it did not foresee at the time. As originally planned, the ample page and broad column made it possible to crowd into it a vast amount of good reading, and to arrange it so as to get the best of typographical results. In the smaller size one feature after another had to be abandoned, and the scope of the magazine was consequently narrowed. It is a pleasure to announce that the efforts recently made to reinstate it, are to be seconded by a purpose to add other features which should make Current Literature as interesting a repository of human and timely knowledge as it is possible for such a semi-eclectic publication to be. The enlargement of Current Literature is confidently thought to be in the line of progress, and has been frequently and persistently demanded by many of its best and oldest friends. We therefore make no apology for it. After all, the magazine must speak for itself, making new friendships through genuine worth and inherent good taste if it has them.

Millionaires on Sufferance Only Is the millionaire, as a part of our institutions, likely to go on developing more millionaires, as many have feared, or is he, as Frederic Harrison points out in the Forum, a product of the times—a social convention which shall last only as long as it proves to be convenient to have him? There is no immutable law which guarantees the preservation of the rich from one generation to another. In some of the countries of Europe great fortunes are preserved and perpetuated by statutes. But laws may at any moment be swept away, when the tide of democratic feeling brings its irresistible forces to bear. According to British sentiment, the rich, endowed with titles, are a privileged class, whose wealth is virtually protected by the nation. In a recent speech, Bismarck was led to exclaim that he believed in millionaires, and wished they had a dozen in Germany, where they now have one. He favored them less as a class than as individuals, believing in the concentration of power and wealth under the direction of a single and paramount will. The tendency of the day, however, is to democratize all forms of social government, and silently but surely the sceptre is passing from the grasp of the prince into that of the people. The millionaire remains; but as Mr. Harrison points out, the rich are rich by sufferance only, and should see to it that the power they wield is not abused. The capitalist, he believes, owes something to the people. He should not hedge himself about, as the titled classes of England do, with fences which shall permit the profane eyes of the vulgar to see their splendor only while keeping at a proper and respectful distance. Upon this theory capital is the result of labor alone, and might readily be made to surrender its rights

to the force of superior numbers. Fortunately, it is agreed that such a step would stop all progress, and the millionaire, therefore, remains as an example which is needed to stimulate the ambitions of others. Do we not all know people, says an interesting writer on the subject in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, tainted at least with the sin of hereditary riches, who in their gracious idleness sweetened life and lent it a charm which, lacking them, it had sadly missed? They are the lilies which toil not, neither do they spin, yet add a fragrance to the atmosphere. Their idleness is of benefit to the world as an offset to the strenuousness which is so admirable, yet leaves behind it such an additional reminder that life is all toil and trouble. Why multiply words, however? There is no danger in this country, at least, where all men are prospective millionaires, that the millionaire will become a really unpopular figure. In our hearts we worship him. Men must worship something. In America birth is practically nonexistent. Every man has his own ideal as to what constitutes good birth, but there is no general concensus of opinion. Some people are proud because they have descended from the Dutch, and some because they have ascended from the Irish. But their reasons for such pride are not universally acknowledged. Hence the millionaire tends rapidly to become the aristocrat. He is the grand object of interest and of imitation. He has the mysterious fascination which in England attaches to rank. He is the man of whom there is an ideal picture in the general mind, who is expected somehow to be different from other beings of his kind, and who is therefore watched and reported and admired and condemned as if he were of separate mold, or as if men thought that by careful attention to his ways they could learn his secret and themselves grow into millionaires. His movements are often reported; his character is constantly discussed; he is even allowed to be eccentric.

The Dawn of a New Century How closely we are coming to the ultima thule of the socialistic dreamer is every now and then brought home to us by a line or two in the daily press. It has been the habit of a class of imaginative writers to depict the changes which coming years will work upon humanity. The intense thought directed toward social betterments has been responsible for many of these. At best, though, the castles of Bellamy are but things of air, which in time will lose the gloss of wonder, and seem tame beside the reality of fact. What, it is perhaps pertinent to ask, are to be the actual conditions of life during the coming century? We have just six more years of the fag end of the nineteenth, what will the twentieth disclose? Will the social reformer's theories be any nearer to a realization than they are now? Will the dreadful inequalities of fortune still exist; will

the yoke and burden of the slavery of man be lightened; will the aspiration of the cowardly anarchist have effected a reform, or will the world roll on in its accustomed fashion and the immovable law of progress bring about a solution of the questions which still vex and perplex us? If the rich are growing richer still, are the poor also growing poorer? That were a sorry way for the new century to open. As a matter of fact, the poor were never in the history of the world as rich as they are to-day. Hardly does a day wane, but that something has been added to their store, by the vast army of workers whose toil it is to level the inequalities along the pathway of the world. He who devises some new method which cheapens the production of any article of use, may add to the wealth of an isolated capitalist, but for every capitalist so enriched the poor who profit are numbered by the thousand. In the department of Table Talk in this number of Current Literature, we have an example worthy of a thoughtful glance. It describes, in some detail, the remarkable manner in which electricity is being made to contribute to our most ordinary needs. It tells, most entertainingly, of one of those marvels of fact which are stranger than any fiction: the practical application of the electrical current to every-day cookery. No more coal and ashes, no more dust and heat; the kitchen transformed into a household laboratory, with all the drudgery of ovens and coal-scuttles forever done away with. With such a wonderful economy of time and energy we can laugh at the coal famine as long as Niagara continues to roar! It shall turn the wheels that will convert its vast and wasted energies into powerful currents. These in turn will be converted into heat and light and power. We seem on the very threshold of such a realization. It is but one of a hundred marvels of fact which the dawn of a new century discloses.

*The Passion Play
in Literature*

The London papers have been almost unanimous in their scathing criticisms of Marie Corelli's new book *Barabbas: A Dream of the World's Tragedy*, because she takes Christ as a character. Apropos of her work one of the papers gives a contemptuous fling in passing at Wallace's *Ben Hur*. The question resolves itself into this: Shall we have a passion play in literature? Canon Wilberforce comes to her rescue in these words: "My verdict upon it is that it is a high-minded and very powerful effort to revivify by the legitimate use of the imagination a time-honored history, by *depolarizing* it from the conventionality in which it had become crystallized. The romance can by no possibility harm any one, and it may cause many to re-read and reconsider the inspired records. God bless and teach and use you.—Basil Wilberforce."

*A Famous Character
is Dead*

Though Alphonse Daudet himself considers his *Nouma Roumestan* his most powerful work, his name will live through the creation of the inimitable Tartarin of Tarascon. Tartarin is a figure of the times, and has been aptly compared to Falstaff and Bob Acres in character, and in his adventures to the immortal Gil Blas of Santillane, and Don Quixote de la Mancha. Tartarin was built up, so to speak, upon a model from real life—one called the Marquis de Ray, who hailed from Tarascon, a small town in the South of France. Under Daudet's masterhand, his hero assumed virtues which were not in

the original, and vices as well, but in the inimitable adventures of Tartarin, whether at home or upon his travels, the Marquis is destined to live forever. Tartarin was a creation all apart, a grotesque figure, yet nevertheless, a lovable one. The death of the Marquis de Ray brings to light a curious fact in this connection, which we find in the columns of the New York Evening Sun. It appears that the Marquis de Ray was a marquis when Daudet got hold of him, and wrote the first story which made the little city of Tarascon, until then unknown, famous throughout France, Europe and America. And how we know the place! How often in imagination have we not followed Tartarin to the club, as he strode along the dark street grasping his huge cane in his hand, ready to do battle with the midnight marauders who never attacked him, nay, did not exist but in his own imagination! Have we not sat by and seen him clean his guns for the Saturday shooting match? Have we not looked over his shoulder as he read the books of adventure? Have we not sailed with him to Algiers, and shared his disgust at finding that the lion which he stalked and shot was only a miserable ass? Have we not shared his chagrin when the muezzin's sweetheart jilted him? And have we not shared his perils on the Alps and the glory of his arrival home again? It is said that the city of Tarascon did not thank Daudet for the fame which he thrust upon her. The people said he made fun of them, and held their ways up to scorn and ridicule. But, surely, he made honorable amends when he placed on the title-page of the first of the books the statement that "in France everybody has some of the qualities of Tartarin." This was surely enough. Yet the fact remains that the writer has not considered it safe to revisit the little city of the South, where it is said that the populace has been ready to turn out at any hour of the day or night to visit vengeance upon their traducer. But this is all because, like Tartarin, his fellow townsmen are always in deadly earnest and take life seriously.

*A Social
Predicament*

An interesting contribution to the relations of law and sentiment has lately been made in New York State. In a breach of promise suit decided in favor of the plaintiff, the Judge decreed that it is not absolutely essential to the establishment of an engagement between two persons, that a specific offer be made and an acceptance given. "It is not material by what means they have arrived at that state," says the authority, "if the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged." Now, this is distinctly trying, because it leaves things at such loose ends. Whatever the precedents in law may be for such things, there is none at all in human nature. There is, and always has been, a presumption in the minds of young men that the Elysian fields of the accepted lover are only to be reached by clambering over the five-barred gate of a definite and difficult proposal. To find, now, that a man may get there without any clear idea of how it was accomplished, or indeed without any real purpose of accomplishment, having literally nothing at all to say about the matter, is distinctly hard on a sex that is already being hard-pressed by the advances of the Emancipated Woman. A man must henceforward, like St. Paul, feel himself in jeopardy every hour. He dare not be courteous to a girl, lest he find himself committed, with no mind for the situation. He is wholly at the mercy of circum-

stances. A young girl may get the engagement microbe into her system by an unconsidered half-hour spent with one of the Duchess' novels, and the innocent man, by exposing himself to the infection immediately afterward, may find his commonplace ice-cream construed as balefully for himself, as were the chops and tomato-sauce Mr. Pickwick ordered of Mrs. Bardell. It is all wrong. A boy never expects to get apples unless he climbs the tree, and he would certainly feel himself grievously cheated if apples should fall at his feet, because he went and looked at the tree. This is no state of mind to precipitate on one who would fain be a joyous and a victorious lover, if lover he must be at all. It is enough that the little god himself be blind. Another aspect of the vexed question of equality between the sexes, is that the breach-of-promise suit constitutes the exception to the rule. A woman may sue a man for changing his mind, but no living man could ever get a verdict against a woman for changing hers. Indeed, it is assumed that to change their minds is a special and charming prerogative of women. But women should remember that this aphorism had its origin in that gallantry of men which they are now anxious to despise. If women run too eagerly to don the other sex, they must doff their own. In the new and glorious Future which women are promising, either there will be no breach-of-promise suits, or suits for two. Some man who is anxious to help precipitate this Future upon a helpless generation, should make a test case. Let him sue some woman for breach-of-promise, adducing all the rights, privileges, immunities and opportunities which go to make up the present status of women. Then we shall get a record in this matter, which is bound to be good fighting ground for the next twenty-five years.

*The Deadliest
of Sports*

The newspapers report no less than twenty-two deaths as a result of the collegiate game of football for the last twelve months. This brings the sport into a sphere where it may not inaptly be likened to the amphitheatrical sports of Rome in the time of the martyrs. Originally, football was a game of skill and agility. To-day, it is a contest of pure brute strength. In the old Rugby game the "tackling," "slugging" and kindred improvements were unknown, and the enthusiasm which it evoked were perfectly sane and healthy. To-day this is no longer the case. As a matter of recorded fact there is no sport practiced by any civilized nation which can equal the deadly record of twenty-two lives in a single season. The turf offers nothing like it; the bull fight, with all its hazards and cruelty, has nothing to compare with it. Conan Doyle, in a letter recently, upholding the "manly art" for its object lesson of heroism and fair play, notes the fact that fewer men have lost their lives in the prize ring in a whole generation than are killed in a season at football or in riding to hounds. He could remember but one fatal fight, that between Curtis and Ned Taylor. The records of the football field, however, have been more and more thickly covered with fatalities. Football, like the delightful occupation of horse-back riding, whether behind a pack of hounds or on the bridle path, may be made a useful as well as a healthful and enjoyable pastime. It engages the students' interest in a necessary and often neglected part of his training—the physical. It subjects him to a system of life which benefits him in his studies, and when rationally pursued may

be made to minister to his labors, and be a teacher and molder of character. In the December Century an open letter upon the subject bears out this view of the case. Reports from a number of institutions where military training is taught show that football is a game peculiarly adapted to bring out the qualities most needed in an army or navy officer. These reports also show that far from interfering with the academic work of students, it has the opposite effect, as it tends to keep down to hard work a class of young men whose animal spirits would otherwise be difficult to hold in check. Football men live regular lives during their training, and thereafter often follow a beneficial regime for the rest of the year. They must be temperate, and as a rule they stand well in their studies, one professor, who reduced the matter to percentages, finding their average is twelve per cent. better than that of others.

*The Art of
Rearing Statues*

The recent erection in New York of the statue of Nathan Hale with the subsequent criticism upon the infelicity of the choice of the pose, suggests certain considerations on the general subject of statues and statue raising, for which there is a well-defined taste just at present in this country. A number of delicate questions at once suggest themselves. It is difficult to say, first of all, just what and how important should be the services that entitle one to the lasting remembrance of bronze or stone. When a man, widely known and admired, dies, the first thought of a generous, appreciative, but somewhat theatric-minded public, is, to erect a statue to perpetuate his memory, without stopping to think whether the memory will perpetuate the statue. Whatever traits of character may be great enough to command such a tribute, it must be remembered that a genius for making personal friendships is not enough. Neither is there any reason in the world why statues should be raised to the memory of a man, who, wearing the cloak of statesmanship, is only successful in manipulating men and things to serve personal and peculiar ends. Neither can notable success in law, medicine, theological expounding or commercial business, be considered sufficient reason why, when the successful one dies, his countrymen should set up his effigy in the public places of the city. It should indeed be a national and compelling impulse that makes us willing to run the risk of making a man, who was worthy in his life, ridiculous after his death by putting him upon a pedestal in the modern dress of men, which is neither artistic in itself nor capable of adding dignity to the person of the wearer. The frock coat and long trousers are incongruous in bronze; and when a fatuous person models a silk hat in stone, there is nothing left to say. It may be well for our statue-loving generation to remember that each monument raised must be accounted for to future generations. Each public statue thus becomes an individual trust which it will be difficult to discharge with dignity. It is fair to suspect that the present taste for raising monuments is the exuberance of immature sentiment. In years to come, when the sentimental impulse shall be co-ordinated with the artistic instinct, the raising of statues will be recognized to be a thing of importance enough to be placed under proper regulation and supervision; either subject to national legislation or to the control of artistic authorities, who shall be men able to discern and judge between the worthy and the unfit in men, and the good and the bad in statues.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The South in American Literature J. R. Meader Southern Magazine

Although the writers of the present day in the South have produced a good and entertaining literature, the value of this work as literature is not easily determined. We are reminded of more than one instance where the fame of an author was the result of work that was published just before his death. The case of Lanier is one in point. All his great poems were written during the last five years of his life. Already the South has contributed much that deserves to live as American literature, but the possibilities are boundless. Judging from the steady literary progress of the past we can feel confident of continued prosperity in the future. While at one time the literary life of the South had its most perfect representation in its poets, it is now the story-tellers who have taken the lead. Poetry, however, did not die with Lanier and Hayne. Songs are still sung, and many of the lyrics would reflect credit on any land or time. From decade to decade they have continued to grow stronger and purer and more poetical, until it seems hard to believe that any of them should be forgotten. A list of the poets of this modern time must begin with Christopher P. Cranch, who was contemporaneous with Epes Sargent, Pendleton Cooke, Frances S. Osgood and other poets of the last period; and it would then bring us down through the works of Julia C. R. Dorr, Annie C. Ketchum, Sarah M. B. Piatt, J. W. Palmer, James R. Randall, Laura R. Searing, William G. McCabe, Clifford Lanier, T. C. Harbough, John H. Boner, Margaret T. Janvier, S. M. Peck, Lizette W. Reese, M. J. Cawein, Amelia Rives Chanler, E. A. Barron and others, to the modern dialect poets who have found so much favor and who are well represented by such men as John A. Macon, A. C. Gordon and the erratic Irwin Russell, who died just as the sound of his homely music had reached the ears of the delighted world. While Mr. Cranch has written many excellent poems, and while the songs of other singers have been sweet and true, the list can easily be narrowed down to three or four prominent names. Julia C. R. Dorr, Sarah M. B. Piatt, James R. Randall and Lizette W. Reese have compelled the world to listen to their message. Of these Mr. Randall alone is assured of immortality, and his fame rests entirely upon one song, "Maryland, My Maryland!" Mrs. Piatt's work is quite voluminous, and her poems are possessed of a temper that makes them very attractive. Mrs. Dorr's work somewhat resembles Mrs. Piatt's, while Miss Reese is a dainty little latter-day singer who compels attention with her clear, pure notes. Clifford Lanier might also be mentioned, although his poems are not to be compared with those of his brother; and it might truthfully be said none of the modern poets are without individual merit and promise. In her particular line Margaret T. Janvier is conspicuous. She writes dainty stories and verses for children, that every one can enjoy reading, "The Dead Doll" having made the name of "Margaret Vandegrift" very popular among the little ones.

The South is rich in dialect, and many of her poets have gladly made use of it. Of these Mr. Macon and Mr. Gordon are the most successful. Among the sons of the South who have won at least a transient fame in some of the fields of the literary world are Moncure D.

Conway, the essayist and historian, to whom the lore and the legends of the past are as familiar as current happenings; C. E. A. Gayerre, the historian, novelist and playwright; Brander Matthews, whose literary and theatrical work has been of the greatest value; C. H. Shinn, who writes on history and economic questions; Henry Watterson, the journalist; E. S. Nadal, the essayist; Mary F. Terhune (Marion Harland); C. C. Jones, Jr.; H. R. Helper and William P. Johnson, critics and historians; William G. McCabe, a writer on educational subjects, and Susan D. Smedes, the author of *Memorials of a Southern Planter*. All but two or three of these names will be recognized by the general reader. Moncure D. Conway and Brander Matthews stand in the front rank of the literary army. Marion Harland is recognized as an authority on the subject of domestic economy, and Gayerre's work, especially as an historian, has been of the greatest value to the Southern people. He is accurate and graphic, and his novels have also been kindly received by the public. The demands of a study of this kind compel us to turn from further examination of the miscellaneous writers, in order that we may consider the work of the successful authors of the modern school of fiction. It is in this list that, as I have said, the present literary glory to the South is found. Let us first examine the list and it will remind us that it can only be regarded as a roll of honor: Richard Malcolm Johnson, George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Mary N. Murfree, Augusta Evans Wilson, Thomas Nelson Page, H. S. Edwards, A. C. Gordon, Brander Matthews, Amelie Rives Chanler, Grace E. King, Francis Courtenay Baylor, Julia C. R. Dorr and Mary G. McClelland.

While the list is incomplete, there being many entertaining story-tellers that I have not mentioned, it will answer every purpose. As Poe and Lanier and Hayne represented the highest flight of Southern poetry, these few well-known authors represent the most perfect Southern story. From Cable, with his tales of Creole life, through the realms of dialect and character study, to Augusta Evans' fascinating stories, Amelie Rives' characteristic delineations of human passion, and the more commonplace novels by Julia C. R. Dorr and Mary G. McClelland, we have a series of fiction that cannot be surpassed in any section of the country nor in any land. Except such masters as Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Eliot, Balzac and Sand, the South of today can present as perfect fiction as any that ever has been produced. Without attempting to cast any reflection upon the work of Bret Harte, Fawcett, Howells, Julian Hawthorne, Lathrop, James, Wallace, Hale, Aldrich, Stockton, Mark Twain and a host of prominent novelists in other parts of the land, it is still possible to insist upon the equal merit of the Southern school of fiction. Only within a comparatively few years has the value of the dialect been fully appreciated. The field that was opened by Longstreet and those who immediately succeeded him, has now been brought to a high state of cultivation by Johnson, Harris and Page. They have recognized the humorous as well as the pathetic side of many Southern characters, and the world has come to understand and appreciate them. The impossible negro, who figured in the work of those novelists

whose experience in the South was confined to a brief visit, has passed from the current fiction, and the real flesh and blood creation has taken his place. The "poor white trash" that sometimes figured under such a false light is now placed properly before the world, and he who reads the latter-day novels can not remain ignorant of the different phases of life in the Southland and of its peculiar race of people. In establishing its own branch of American literature, the South forced itself to the front. The Southern author found such a perfect field in his own State that he was compelled to be distinctly local, and yet he has written for the whole country. Page and Johnson, Baylor and Edwards and Gordon have created characters that will live because they are so perfectly true to life. The sensationalism that killed the works of the early Southern writers, so far as the cultured readers of the modern times are concerned, has been entirely outgrown. Imaginary characters have disappeared, to make room for the men who live and die in every part of the South.

As the author of the "Uncle Remus" stories, Joel Chandler Harris occupies a unique position. Never had the rich vein of negro folk-lore been properly opened until the little boy, who has become so familiar to all of us, came to beg the old man for a story. Since the first experience of Brer Rabbit was related, Mr. Harris has never been in want of a subject; and while his other stories, some of which are perfect as character sketches, may be forgotten, "Uncle Remus" will always live. Such a statement is a broad one, and it is not made carelessly. While it is impossible to say what may happen in the future, and that all of the great story-tellers of the South will not fall before Time's pitiless verdict, it still seems that Mr. Harris and his folk-lore studies are beyond and above that fate. He stands alone in his field, and he has told his stories so truthfully and faithfully that it does not seem possible that such an original work could be forgotten. While Mr. Cable's field is not entirely his own, he may be said to have discovered the literary value of the Creole character, and there is no doubt that he has attained a position in American literature that will be permanent, at least for many years to come. The characters to which he has introduced us are novel and intensely interesting. His humor is refined, and in reading his stories one often wishes that there was a word more expressive than "pathetic." One of the truest and best of the Southern story-tellers, however, is Mary N. Murfree (Charles Egbert Craddock). In her tales of Tennessee character we are able to meet the almost unknown inhabitant of the mountain regions of the South. Her pen pictures are so graphic, her character studies so penetrating, that the critic must hesitate to deny her right to be regarded as one of America's first novelists. Unlike many of the novelists, she has given us no poetry, and yet the readers of her works are compelled to admit that she is none the less a poet, many of her descriptions of Southern scenery being perfect poems in prose.

The novels of Amelie Rives Chanler are and will long be appreciated. They are excellent studies of intense human passion, and are given with a certain degree of power that cannot be overlooked. Although many of Mrs. Chanler's early characters were somewhat unnatural, there is a breezy originality to all of her stories that will tend to preserve them. Augusta Evans' works, however, are probably of a more transient character. Her stories have always been well appreciated among a

certain class of readers, and no one can deny that they are extremely fascinating, but they are not of that class of work toward which the South has been building. It is not from such novels that a literature is made.

American literature in the South has passed through many stages since the day when the bold and imaginative Captain John Smith wrote his True Relation on the wild shores of Virginia. The student who follows in its footsteps will be able to see how each stage led up to another, and that of all the different stages and conditions each was necessary. The early narratives and political documents led on by slow degrees to the first feeble attempts of the awakened imagination. At first the novelists and story-teller were not compelled to write up to a high standard. The people who had but just discovered this latent gift continually demanded something new. Artistic and delicate treatment was not regarded as necessary. All this, however, changed at last, and the perfect novel of the present day was evoked.

Decline of Dramatic Poetry...James BuckhamKate Fields' Washington

"Poetry," says Victor Hugo, in his magnificent preface to *Cromwell*, "has three ages, each of which corresponds to an epoch of society—the ode, the epic, the drama. Primitive ages are lyrical, ancient times are epical, modern are dramatic. The ode sings of eternity, the epic celebrates history, the drama paints life." Such a passage as this, from so profound and sagacious a student of literature and of life as Victor Hugo, instantly raises the question: Where, then, is the distinctive poetry of the modern age? What means the almost total disappearance of the dramatic poem from contemporary literature? For the past half century there has been a manifest reluctance on the part of modern poets, great and small, to turn their gifts to this form of poetic expression. Only one master has made the attempt—Tennyson—and he from a sense of duty, rather than from inspiration; which was sufficient reason for his failure. To dignify the modern farce with the name of dramatic poetry, even when written in metrical form, were absurd; and still more absurd to call by that name the few bombastic and over-ambitious attempts of fourth-rate poets to produce long and sonorous tragedies. Nor have the recent attempts, in this country and in France, of the "Theatre of Letters and Arts," to foster meritorious production in dramatic poetry, resulted in any marked achievement along that line. Everywhere dramatic poetry seems to be regarded as a mere literary inheritance rather than a literary birthright. Was Victor Hugo wrong, then? Should he have outlined four ages of poetry, instead of three?—the primitive lyric, the ancient epic, the modern dramatic and the ultra-modern—what? Lyric again, if anything, but with more of the artificial and fanciful; the free, careless song of the minstrel, cabined and confined in conventionalities. The modern, or dramatic period of poetry would seem to have passed away at about the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century; and up to that time dramatic poetry had been long languishing. Since then, certainly, there have been no great or even notable dramatic poems produced; nor is the outlook for the immediate future more encouraging.

Let us glance now at the two principal causes which have produced this apparent extinction of dramatic poetry. First, there is the remarkable development, in recent times, of the novel as a form of literary

expression. The novel paints human life as truly as the dramatic poem; and it possesses the advantage of painting life in colors which all can understand and appreciate. Therefore, while it may not be as supreme art as the dramatic poem, it answers all the subjective requirements of the latter, and in form recommends itself to the average intelligence of the race. It may seem strange that the close of the nineteenth century should afford less encouragement to supreme literary art than a period nearly three centuries earlier, but it should be borne in mind that the dramatic poetry of the Elizabethan age appealed only to the educated few, whereas the novel of to-day appeals to the great mass of humanity. If an average of intelligence and of literary appreciation could be struck, the novel-reading millions of the nineteenth century would surely represent an intellectual plane high above that of the thousands who, in their own times, encouraged Shakespeare, Marlowe and Sheridan. The modern novel has naturally and inevitably displaced the dramatic poem, because, with the broadening of intelligence, there has come also a leveling of literary standards. The present demand is for the average literary production which shall provide, on the whole, the greatest aesthetic satisfaction for the largest number. This production is unquestionably the novel. But why may not the dramatic poem co-exist with the novel? Because it is impossible for more than one form of literature to dominate a single epoch of society; and especially impossible for any kind of literature which is akin to the dominant class, yet distinct from it, to obtain adequate recognition. There have been unsuccessful attempts to unite the dramatic poem and the novel—that is, to write a novel in poetic form. Such attempts have inevitably failed, because the trivialities and conventionalities, the details and circumlocutions incidental to the telling of a story as novelists tell stories, cannot be sufficiently idealized to become poetic. The novel can never annex the dramatic poem, and certainly the dramatic poem will never annex the novel. These are two literary provinces which must obviously ever remain distinct.

The second cause of the decline of dramatic poetry in these latter days is the lack of romance in the external conditions of modern life. On its less idealistic plane, the novel is able to deal very readily and very acceptably with these prosaic outward conditions. It can dispense with the dignity and grandeur of royalty, with the splendor of courts, with war, knighthood, plumed gallantry, pageant and courtly intrigue, so long as there remain the indispensable, fundamental materials of all creative work in literature—human love, faith, endurance, suffering, aspiration and ambition. These are all one needs to write a world-moving novel. But dramatic poetry cannot exist without romantic accessories. You might almost defy Shakespeare, were he now resurrected, to construct a great dramatic poem whose male characters should stride rhythmically through its iambics on their way to shop or office, in long pantaloons, stiff hats and patent-leather shoes, and carrying canes instead of swords; while the women should rustle uncomfortably to and fro in conventional costumes, calling upon one another, shopping, gossiping and gathering materials for papers to be read at fad literary societies. These things do not constitute a favorable atmosphere for dramatic poetry. They are not poetic in themselves, and it would be very hard to cast a truly poetic glamour over them. If genuine

dramatic poetry were to be written in our time, the poet would have to go back a couple of centuries for suitable materials. He could hardly idealize the prosaic life around him; whereas the novelist can use this material to good advantage, because his medium of literary expression suffers him to be thoroughly in touch with our unromantic, realistic modern life. The art of the dramatic poet demands an environment, atmosphere and materials which the society of to-day cannot supply. The novel takes us as we are, appeals to us as we are, and, as a rule, leaves us where we are. This is the reason why it occupies so large a place in modern literature that there is not even one little corner of idealism left for the dramatic poem.

The Art of Extra-Illustrating.....O. M. E. Rowe.....The Outlook

Some element in human nature goads us on to make collections. "Growing by what it feeds upon," the desire often becomes a mania. It seizes children as surely as measles or mumps, and, while it lasts, absorbs time and energy. The collections are various, and their character depends largely on the resources available. It may be buttons or Christmas cards, monograms or seals, postage-stamps or postmarks, and so up the scale to geological or botanical specimens, autographs or pictures. A wise educator will avail himself of this predisposition for collecting, classifying and arranging, by directing it into channels that not only afford amusement, but exercise an educating and refining influence. A double gain is secured if the collection itself possesses a permanent value. "Men are but children of a larger growth," and the mania for collecting is not laid aside with knickerbockers, but simply diverts itself to a different class of playthings. The grown-up children make collections of autographs, coins, books, manuscripts, prints, antiques, china, glass, silver, lace or embroideries, according to taste or means. Sometimes a person of wealth and leisure spends almost fabulous sums on watches or precious stones. There is one "fad" that irresistibly appeals to persons of artistic and literary tastes, and, in a modified form, is within reach of all. This is the extra-illustrating of books. Besides furnishing a distinct pleasure of no mean order while pursuing it, the result is a production unique and valuable. It becomes a fine art when rare engravings, autographs, and manuscripts are used to interpret the text.

There is an organization in Boston modestly called the "Club of Odd Volumes." It is composed of gentlemen, clever and rich, each one having a special "fad," artistic or literary. One member gathers original engravings or rare impressions; another, choice manuscripts or autographs; another, rare books on American history or first editions of general literature; another, illuminated missals mellow with centuries; another, volumes illustrative of the development of printing. Certain members devote themselves to the extra-illustrating of books, involving years of research and large expenditure. In March, 1889, this club granted the public a glimpse of several hundred selections from their treasures. It was a unique and interesting exhibition. The walls were lined with rare engravings and other prints, and the floor crowded with showcases filled with richly bound books. Many of these were marvels of the art of book-making, exquisitely tooled by famous artisans, and bound in vellum, levant, morocco, and other leathers so delicious to the book-lover's touch. In extra-illustrating this club has achieved monumental success.

Some idea of the patient labor and time demanded for this may be gained by remembering that usually the book is taken unbound and uncut, so as to secure the dignity of wide margins, and then hundreds of pages are added by interleaving appropriate illustrations. One "Odd Volume" man, who is also an editor and author, has extended James Parton's Life of Benjamin Franklin from two volumes quarto to eight volumes, by inserting rare portraits, views, maps, autographic documents, signatures of many French and English sovereigns, foreign statesmen and colonial heroes. When satisfactorily completed, the books were elegantly bound. Besides the time and labor spent in searching for materials in America and Europe, these volumes cost their owner about \$8,000. No wonder the motto of the club is, "Shut your eyes and open your pocketbooks." Another member has added over 2,000 illustrations to Izaak Walton's Complete Angler. Many of them are exquisite water-color paintings of fish and trout-flies. In this way the familiar little classic has been increased to eight volumes. Another gentleman devoted the leisure hours of a dozen years to extra-illustrating the Greville Memoirs. He added nearly 3,000 pages that included portraits, views and autographic letters, so that the original eight volumes grew to twenty. They were superbly bound in mulberry levant, and tooled with rich designs. This fascinating work of illustrating is often done by authors. Clara Erskine Clement, now Mrs. Waters, has increased the single volume of her Sacred and Legendary Art to eight, and, as many of the engravings are rare, the compilation is costly and elaborate. Mr. Bynner has made a charming volume of his story, Agnes Surriage, by inserting many portraits, etchings and views in Marblehead and the north end of Boston, where the scene of his historical romance is laid. It is said that the late Mary L. Booth illustrated her History of New York until it was marvelously complete even in details, and has a value hardly to be estimated in dollars. Only those who have tried it can appreciate the anxious quest, the hours spent in second-hand book-stores poring over musty portfolios of prints to find the ones suitable for the illustrator's purpose.

These examples show extra-illustrating carried to its height, with lavish cost. There are simpler phases of the same delightful art possible for young people within reach of city resources. Extra-illustrating demands time, patience and usually a little money. But the result is worth the chase, for the illustrator inevitably learns a good deal, and becomes the possessor of a book of which the world has no duplicate. The book selected for this purpose depends on individual taste. History, poetry, memoirs and works on art or travel are all available. A young girl who has just begun illustrating, chose Emerson in Concord, recently published. She was interested in this because she had passed many happy summers with her grandparents in that old colonial town. A lad, whose hay-fever keeps him three months of every year among the New Hampshire mountains, is illustrating Starr King's White Hills. He has put into it several of his own clever pen-sketches, and hundreds of photographic views caught by the magic of his own camera. Both of these young people add to their work the charm of local and personal association. So also does the distinguished clergyman who, aided by his daughter, is illustrating the Memorial History of Boston. Young people living in New England might find similar elements in a delight-

ful book by Samuel Adams Drake, which is called New England Legends and Folk-Lore.

A few general suggestions may be of service to a beginner. If you buy a book for this purpose, get it unbound and uncut, from the publisher. Order at the same time a quantity of plate paper, the same size as the book-leaves. This is needed to paste on pictures that have no margin or one too narrow. Use flour paste, and do the work in the neatest manner possible, leaving the sheet under a heavy weight till perfectly dry. Don't be afraid to insert any picture that really interprets the text, whether photograph, engraving, etching, photogravure or wood-cut. The latter are a special feature of the monthly magazines, and easily obtained. Many a reader can find a wealth of material in the garret where for years the spiders have been the only readers. Any second-hand book-store, any file of old magazines, and many of the illustrated weeklies, are likely to contain portraits or views to reward search. Several different portraits of the same person are specially interesting. Pictures larger than your book should be folded rather than cut. These hints show that some skill and judgment are required, and it would hardly be done successfully by one less than sixteen years of age. Without classifying them by subjects, the following books may be suggestive: *Marble Faun*, Nathaniel Hawthorne; *Corinne*, Madame de Staél; *Improvisatore*, Hans Andersen; *Romola*, George Elliot; *Ben-Hur*, Lew Wallace; *Agnes of Sorrento*, H. B. Stowe; *Italy, Rome and Naples*, Henri Taine; *Italy, Florence and Venice*, Henri Taine; *Childe Harold*, Lord Byron; *Legends of the Madonna*, Mrs. Jameson; *Life of Michaelangelo*, two vols., Hermann Grimm. Photographs for the above books have been carefully arranged, varying from twenty to two hundred per volume, and may be obtained by the dozen, on plate-paper, or unmounted. The history of almost any country, the life of almost any man in whom you are interested, would be available for illustration. Washington and Napoleon have been favorite heroes for this purpose. Books of travel—and their name is legion—are instructive and rich in possibilities, and books of art-history or art-criticism are especially fascinating. The illustrating of any of the following books would compel a general knowledge of art: *Walks in Rome*, Augustus Hare; *Walks in London*, Augustus Hare; *Makers of Florence*, Mrs. Oliphant; *Makers of Venice*, Mrs. Oliphant; *Stones of Venice*, John Ruskin; *Mornings in Florence*, John Ruskin; *Modern Painters*, John Ruskin; *Six Months in Italy*, G. S. Hillard; *Fine Arts in Italy*, J. A. Symonds; *Stories of Cathedral Cities*, Marshall; *Venetian Days*, W. D. Howells; *History of Our Lord*, two volumes, Mrs. Jameson. The writer confesses to having been several years picture gleaning for the last-named art-book. Poetry offers a wide field for extra-illustrating. Longfellow and Whittier from our own poets, and Browning, have been very successfully treated. Members of a family might save expense by selections from recent years of the *Century Magazine*. One could take the articles on Old Italian Painters, another could utilize the series on English Cathedrals, and a young man might find a congenial occupation in making a book of the War Papers. These three afford fine scope for illustrating, and would make volumes well worth binding. A series of art articles, written by Mrs. Clement, was taken out of old copies of *St. Nicholas* by a

clergyman's widow for her crippled daughter to extra-illustrate. Her large circle of friends became interested in her work, and kindly sent to her pictures that seemed available. The volumes were neatly stitched and glued together, and a binding prepared by covering pasteboard with peacock-blue satin, prettily tied with ribbons at the back. On the cover was painted in gilt letters, "Days with Artists." Not a cent was spent, except for satin, and the books are really a valuable and interesting history of art.

How We Ought to Read..... Rev. J. L. O'Neill What We Ought to Read

In dealing with this portion of our subject we shall be assisted by recalling Bacon's homely illustration, and by reference to Coleridge's classification of readers. "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously (that is, not attentively); and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." Some readers, according to Coleridge, are like hour-glasses; their reading, like the sand, runs in and out, without leaving any benefit. Many are like sponges; they imbibe everything, only to return it as it came, or filthier. Others are like the jelly-bag; they let the pure pass, but retain the dregs. A few are like the slaves of Golconda: they cast aside all that is worthless, but keep the precious stones. These words are worthy of serious thought. I venture, however, to dispute Bacon's second rule. If a book be worth reading at all, it ought to be read well.

I believe there is pith in Lamb's remark that much depends on when and where you read a book; that

"We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

The true method of study is to select only good authors, to read with measure, to think much, and to bring our work to the proper spirit.

"Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself."

This spirit and judgment include, I would say, the acquisition of a taste for reading, or a development of such taste, with that care and supervision that will guarantee good work in the proper direction.

"An acre thoroughly worked is better than a farm of weeds. It is not how much you read, but how much you make of it that tells. Make your road firm as you go, and keep to a definite aim. Many men spend more time on beginnings than would make them know much, if less unsettled, and end without finishing anything or knowing anything well." The oft-quoted lines of Pope will bear frequent repetition:—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There, shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

A few words from Ruskin that are of great value: "When you come to a good book you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would?' Are my pick-axes in good order? and am I in good trim myself—my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?' And keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt, in order to get at it. And your pick-axes are your own care, wit and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal." He then proceeds to enforce the necessity of closely examining words, syllables, even letters; and from the last named, advances the idea that men who are conversant with literature, have carefully considered the value of the very letters whence "literature" derives its name, and that this is the reason they are called men of "letters," and not men of "books" or "words."

Tryon Edwards says: "Think as well as read, and when you read. Yield not your minds to the passive impressions which others may make. Hear what they have to say; but examine, weigh and judge for yourselves. This will enable you to make a right use of books—to use them as helpers, not as guides to your understanding; as counsellors, not as dictators of what you must think and believe. Always have a book at hand, in the parlor, on the table, for the family; a book of condensed thought and striking anecdote, of sound maxims and truthful apothegms. It will impress on your own mind a thousand valuable suggestions, and teach your children a thousand lessons of truth and duty."

The benefit of uninterrupted reading, bearing on any given subject, ought to be evident; nevertheless, a judicious change to some other author or subject may relieve the mind, and affording a needed rest, enable us to return with heartier relish, keener perception, fuller grasp, and greater profit to our original course. Philip G. Hamerton is pointed when he says that the art of reading is to skip judiciously, to grasp all we need, to omit the rest. Tact and judgment, as well as an intelligent understanding of our own peculiar circumstances, can alone guide us in this.

"If thou wilt derive profit," Thomas à Kempis writes, "read with humility, and simplicity, and faith. We ought," he continues, "to read devout and simple books as willingly as those that are high and profound." Carlyle spoke in a like sense, though without the religious impulse of the immortal author of the following: "Learn to be good readers, which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in—a real, not an imaginary—and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in." "Concentration," says Lacordaire, "is the prime and sole element of strength. Learn to sound thoroughly a few lines of an author at a time. Nothing can be turned to account except what has ripened by meditation. A large range of reading dazzles the mind, and may, in the case of him who has a good memory, dazzle, but it gives neither solidity nor depth. Depth always supposes extent, extent does not involve depth."

HOW DODO WAS WRITTEN: A NOVEL OF TO-DAY*

In the old library of Lambeth Palace, in a deep stillness surrounded by ancient manuscripts and many a quaint lore of the forgotten past, with the faces of those solemn ones who have long since crumbled into the dust—a great cloud of witnesses indeed looking down upon us—in an atmosphere redolent of a far-off time, a young man and I sat discussing the most modern and up-to-date book that has yet appeared. Never before had the present been so curiously and vividly contrasted for me as during the hour with the author of *Dodo*.

Mr. Benson himself, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is quite a young man, very much on the right side of thirty. He was educated at Marlborough and King's College, Cambridge, where he gained a scholarship which is given for any original work referring to traveling, and which enables him to spend a large portion of his time in Greece, where he is engaged in archaeological work generally, and excavating work in particular. For some time past he has been engaged in digging up Megalopolis, the ancient capital of Arcadia. Last year he was happy enough to find a big Greek town of great antiquity in Albania. He is an extremely able modern Greek scholar.

"Well now, Mr. Benson," said I, "to begin with, may I ask you what it was that led you to the writing of *Dodo*?" "I had for long been interested in the Modern Time, and in its curious developments, and the many strange types which are evolved in it, and perhaps by it. I thought, therefore, that I would write a book which should be strictly modern." "And even of the Future?" I suggested. "No, of To-day absolutely. *Dodo*, by-the-bye, is not the portrait of any one person. More than half of it was written before I ever met the lady who was stated to be the original of the character. *Dodo* is, to put it briefly, a compound of many characters blended in one type. She is the incarnation of the contrast that exists between this and the previous generations. The point of the book is the contest between two types, and what happens to the modern type. She is absolutely of to-day."

"The book itself gives me the impression of long thought, as well as of close observation," I remarked. "Well," he replied, "it is so to a certain extent. The book was written in two months as an actual fact, though the first half of it was written two and a half years ago. I then left it alone entirely. After a time I sent it to 'Lucas Malet,' who urged me to finish it, which I did about a year ago. It consisted originally of two stories up to the death of Lord Chesterford, where it was to have ended; but Lucas Malet advised me to go on with it. Some of the minor characters, which I don't insist upon, are taken from life. I do not believe, you know," he went on, "that the idea of the book could be worked out by individuals. Part of it was the development of the type, and not of the individual. And for the type you can't take a model; you must take several models. They are on the wrong tack altogether who say that any special type represents the individual, except so far as those individuals are specimens of the type. It is the working out of a character which I start with. Given a certain character, or type of character, or blend of many characters, I try to illus-

trate by it the idea I want to insist on—its rise from bad to good or its fall from bad to worse. One cannot help noticing in everyone certain tendencies, and a novel is the observation of these tendencies and their inevitable development. The difficulty I find is with the minor characters, which I have consciously to whip up. Unless they, too, are developed in the course of the story, they become lay figures. The neglect of this is, I think, one of the chief faults in *Dodo*. The chief office of Mrs. Vivian in the story, it seems to me now, is to announce the deaths, and thus she is a failure."

"Do you consider the book an exact photograph of society as it is?" "No, certainly not. I simply don't agree with people who try to describe society as it is. It is not matter to be described; you would get to George Moore at once. Those sorts of things are not essential to any one class, but there are many characteristics which give the atmosphere of that particular class, if they are painted in as a natural background and not forcibly dragged in." "Gissing's photographs of the lower middle class," I suggested, "are good instances of what you say." Mr. Benson shook his head at the word "photograph." "Not photograph," said he: "that is not only inartistic, it is nowadays unnatural. The tendency among cultivated people is towards Impressionism. Because they want real life, and romantic novels are not a bit like real life. And people to-day live in such a hurry that they want to get but a passing impression of the pace things are going at. The so-called 'smart' people, with which class my book chiefly deals, are peculiarly subject to this feeling. They have a very keen, intuitive sense, a sense born of the experience of real and varied life rather than of books, and though, like women, they frequently can't give reasons for their opinions, yet they are invariably right, and the instinctive verdict is frequently truer and juster than the critical. These people, and many others of to-day draw their conclusions from their impressions, and so the impressionist school in literature as well as in art specially appeals to them." "Why make *Dodo* so bad?" I asked. To which he replied by another question, "Don't you think it is only the natural reaction one is undergoing from the old school, where the man was always the villain and the heroine the saint? As a matter of fact people are very mixed, always have been, and women show their hand more, and the conflict of motives in a bad, but not wholly bad, woman is always more interesting. At the same time, whilst very fond of depicting character, I don't admire the analytical tendency carried to extremes, as it is by W. D. Howells and Henry James. Character ought to tell its own story."

In speaking of future work, my host told me that his new book would probably be called *Her Lord and King*; "it will deal with the same class of society, and be quite as much up to date. Well, that class of society," he went on in reply to my question as to why he specially dealt with this one class, "lends itself more, I think, than any other to analysis of character, not by commentary, but by observation of their actions, because they live quicker, see more of life, live their life itself more thoroughly than any others. Oh yes!" he said, in parting, "my father liked the book as a whole, though of course he does not agree with it in certain details."

* An interview by Raymond Blathwayt in *The Bookman*.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Pinero, Author of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray J. Angus Hamilton in a well illustrated article in Munsey's Magazine says: Arthur Wing Pinero, the English dramatist of contemporary prominence as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has barely attained his fortieth year, having been born on the 24th of May, 1854, in a little three-storied house, situated on the Old Kent Road of London, and of which the progress of time and the advance of business have left nothing but the location. His family were of the law, lawyers, and he was educated for a barrister till he was eighteen years old. Of his early days the dramatist often speaks, declaring that were he able to begin his life afresh the career of a playwright would be classed among those to be carefully and rigorously avoided.

In his father's office at Lincoln's Inn Fields he first acquired the liking for literature and the fluency of style that has so marked him out. The playwright's smattering of law and his great knowledge of human nature all originated in that little legal sanctum of Pinero pere. The name of Pinero is developed from the Portuguese and was formerly written and pronounced Pin-heiro. The aspirate was subsequently omitted and the name has been spelled as at present for the last three generations. The family is of Hebrew extraction, and at one time its members were bankers on a large scale. Later, the law was its hereditary vocation. The present, and, by the way, the only male representative of the name, is typically English, having no trace of the Jewish blood save, possibly, in the somewhat long, shaggy eyebrows so readily and quickly seized upon by caricaturists. Mr. Pinero's connection with the stage proper was of short duration. It commenced in the summer of 1874 with Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Wyndham at the Theater Royal, Edinburgh, where, on a salary of twenty shillings a week, he played the groom's part in Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White." After two years in the provinces he migrated to London, in his opinion the "Mecca of the country actor," and made his bow to a metropolitan audience at the Globe Theatre in the character of "Mr Dorch" in Wilkie Collins' "Miss Gwilt." A few months later he became connected with Henry Irving at the Lyceum; and during Irving's first "Hamlet" tour, Pinero played "Claudius" to the English tragedian in all the principal theatres of the United Kingdom.

He remained at the Lyceum until 1881, when he joined temporarily the Bancrofts' company at the Haymarket. Experience he gained on the boards was sufficient to place him au courant as to detail and directions in his works. There is probably no dramatist who so minutely fills in the manuscript of a play. Few are the managers who admit the author to direct the entire rehearsal personally—a thing which Pinero does and has ever done. His knowledge of the technique of the stage is considered marvelous, and while manager and author generally collaborate, Mr. Pinero's instructions are faithfully followed and his advice continually sought—even to the designs of the costumes, their color and style. During the first performance of his plays, visitors to his box never see him. He is out. If they were to go to the nearest "chop house," and look well into the darkest corner, the chances are that the author of the play would be found there, quietly enjoying a

good cigar. He hates the sight of his own play after its production. Occasionally he is forced to go to the theatre, but when the agony is over, Mr. Pinero is found suffering from a bad headache—the result of the difference between what he intended his play and what it is.

His first efforts in the literary line resulted in placing before the public "Two Can Play at That Game;" produced at the Lyceum by Miss Bateman in 1877, some few years before his actual departure from behind the footlights. In October of the same year "Two Hundred a Year" saw life at the Globe. In 1879 "Daisy's Escape" afforded a curtain raiser to Henry Irving at the Lyceum. The ensuing year brought forth for similar use "Hester's Mystery" at the Folly, now Toole's, and "Bygones" was written for the Lyceum. These thoroughly established his reputation as a writer of clever comediettas; but "The Money Spinner," produced in 1880 at the St. James' by the Kendals, must be regarded as his first attempt at a really serious play. This was followed in 1881 by a three-act farce, "Imprudence;" later in the same year came "The Squire." The memorable controversy which arose over this work can still be recalled. The famous notebook which so triumphantly established the priority of "The Squire's" inception to the publication of "Far From the Madding Crowd" is religiously preserved by its distinguished owner. Of the long list of successful pieces he has produced in the last twelve years there may be singled out for special mention "The Ironmaster," an adaptation of "Le Maître des Forges," by George Ohnet, first played at the St. James' in December, 1884; "The Magistrate" (1885), "The Schoolmistress" (1886), and "Dandy Dick" (1887), all produced at the Court Theatre; "Sweet Lavender" (1888) at Terry's; "Lady Bountiful" (1891) at the Garrick. Last year nothing came from Mr. Pinero's pen, but this year "The Amazons" at the Court, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James', and a comedy for John Hare at the Garrick, which is at present unfinished and will be produced in 1894, close a remarkable list.

Mr. Pinero lives in a handsome house in the north-western district of the metropolis. The place stands in its own grounds, and was built from a design suggested by its occupant. Hamilton Terrace, wherein his abode is situated, is a broad, breezy thoroughfare, in a neighborhood which boasts the residences of a number of celebrated actors, artists and authors. As a rule, Mr. Pinero's work is done after the ceremony which the English call tea is over, his regular writing time being from six until nine o'clock. At nine a stay is taken; at midnight he resumes his task. Quietness and comparative solitude are necessary for him while at work, and hence his preference for the nocturnal hours. A portion of the morning is devoted to business, but a short constitutional is never omitted. Mr. Pinero does not dine late during his period of work, but eats a hearty meal at midday and indulges in a nap in the afternoon.

Like most Englishmen he is an enthusiastic cricketer, and oftentimes friends who call unexpectedly are enlisted on the losing side. The match is held in the garden, the road and windows being the boundaries. The second Mrs. Tanqueray was begun November 15, 1891, the first act being finished by January, 1892, but it was

not till the August of that year that the entire play was completed. But this is no criterion of the average length of time required for the production of a play. "The Amazons," for instance, which was begun simultaneously with "Mrs. Tanqueray," was finished, rehearsed, and successfully brought out by the middle of last March. A serious play naturally occupies more time than one in a lighter vein, and it is Mr. Pinero's rule never to write two of a class in succession.

*Eccentricities and
Genius of Ouida*

Ouida's latest book is *A Dog of Flanders*, published by the Lippincott Co., who have a new novel by her, entitled *Two Offenders*, now in press. M. L. Koffman in the Chicago Record gives interesting facts as to Ouida's personality. Probably no woman writer of fiction has created more food for speculation and gossip than Louise de la Ramée, well known by her nom de plume of "Ouida." From some of her books, such as *Moths and Puck*, the idea has gone abroad that she herself is of the type which she loves to portray—an impossible creature, half adventuress, half angel, and startlingly beautiful. The sort of woman one doesn't care to have as a relative and yet would be glad to meet on an ocean steamer or any other place where ennui might be of the party. To her innumerable readers it may be a relief to know that Ouida does not at all fit the popular idea of herself. To begin with, she is a decidedly plain-looking woman of about fifty, who overdresses shockingly. Any photographs of her are extremely rare, for she declares that she lends herself so unwillingly to the artist that only the hardest lines in her face come out on the developing plate; and these she generally refuses to have perpetuated. There is a magnetism in her clear, cold eye that defies both the photographer's lens and the writer's pen.

Any sunshiny afternoon in Florence she may be seen driving along the Lung d'Arno, dressed in an orange-colored batiste profusely trimmed with lace. About her shoulders is usually thrown a black guipure mantille oddly drawn up about the neck, and falling far over the wrists and hands. On her flowing, bleached, untidy mass of hair rests a broad-brimmed flat of tulle and lace, through whose open-work brim, grotesque shadows are thrown upon her face. The background to this startling make-up is a brougham of latest design, tufted in bright turquoise blue satin. Three huge Spitz dogs are her constant companions on these drives; and, as she proceeds through the streets more than one old Florentine has something to tell of her extravagances and peculiarities. Laces and stilettos are her passion, and of both she has a valuable collection. Laces as filmy as cobwebs—rare old-point in all its varieties that turn connoisseurs green with envy—are stored in magnificent caskets. In her case of stilettos those of Beatrice Cenci and Lucrezia Borgia are said to be guarded along with the dangerous jeweled playthings of less celebrated beauties, and cheek by jowl with them are old poniards rusty with the blood of more than one brigand chief. It is surely a curious disposition rejoices in the dainty furbelows of womanhood and the death-dealing daggers of the fierce historic old Italians.

But Ouida's absorbing passion is her fondness for dogs of every size and breed. In the spacious gardens about her home, Palazzo Pantiacchi, not less than a dozen slabs of purest Carrara, or blood-red porphyry mark the last resting-places of as many of her canine

friends. To her dogs, not to human beings, has Ouida's life been given. Into their ears have been poured embryo tales startling in their development and denouement. Her greatest aversion is the interviewer. He is her *bête noire*. To any person known to be such, her powdered flunkie invariably refuses admission. In cases of a powerful appeal she will sometimes accord, in a cramped Italian hand, written replies to written questions. Ouida's nom de plume, with its strange orthography, has provoked any amount of curiosity as to its origin. The fact is that a tiny prattler of whom Mdlle. de la Ramée was exceedingly fond had for years lispingly corrupted her given name, "Louise," into "Weeda." In 1861, when the writer was casting about for a pseudonym to affix to her first story, Idalia, she was suddenly inspired to hiding her identity behind the old-time pet name, for Mdlle. de la Ramée mortally dreaded the criticisms of the fashionable world, in which she then was moving, far more than the slings and arrows of literary critics. These early dreads have long been swept away. In America Ouida's books have a sale of 25,000 volumes a year. On the continent she is read enormously—her fantastic and exaggerated ideals of vice finding champions in all circles. Ouida certainly anticipated Zola in her vivid dissection of the souls of men who abandon themselves to pleasure.

*Marie Corelli
and Her Critics*

Marie Corelli, like Edna Lyall, has achieved all her success in spite of the critics. She is the daughter of Charles Mackay, the poet, and the sister of Eric Mackay, whose *Love Letters of a Violinist* have won such a high reputation. She is the "Marie" to whom they are dedicated. In the *Idler*, Miss Mackay gossips of her work and her relations to her literary critics.

After the *Romance of Two Worlds* I wrote *Vendetta*; then followed *Thelma*, and then *Ardath*, the *Story of a Dead Self*, which, among other purely personal rewards, brought me a charming autograph letter from the late Lord Tennyson, full of valuable encouragement. Then followed *Wormwood: A Drama of Paris*—now in its fifth edition—*Ardath* and *Thelma* being in their seventh editions. My publishers seldom advertise the number of my editions, which is, I suppose, the reason why the continuous "run" of the books escapes the present comment of the "great success" supposed to attend various other novels which only attain to third and fourth editions. *The Soul of Lilith*, published only last year, ran through four editions in three-volume form; it is issued now in one volume. A very foolish and erroneous rumor has of late been circulated concerning me, asserting that I owe a great measure of my literary success to the kindly recognition and interest of the Queen. I take the present opportunity to clear up this perverse misunderstanding. My books have been running successfully through several editions for six years, and the much commented upon presentation of a complete set of them to Her Majesty took place only last year. If it were possible to regret the honor of the Queen's acceptance of these volumes, I should certainly have cause to do so, as the extraordinary spite and malice that has since been visited on my unoffending head has shown me a very bad side of human nature, which I am sorry to have seen. There is very little cause to envy me in this matter. I have but received the courteously formal thanks of the Queen and the Empress Frederick, conveyed through the medium of their ladies-in-waiting, for the

special copies of the books their Majesties were pleased to admire; yet for this simple and quite ordinary honor I have been subjected to such forms of gratuitous abuse as I did not think possible to a "just and noble" English press. I have often wondered why I was not equally assailed when the Queen of Italy, not content with merely "accepting" a copy of the Romance of Two Worlds, sent me an autograph portrait of herself, accompanied by a charming letter, a souvenir which I value, not at all because the sender is a Queen, but because she is a sweet and noble woman, whose every action is marked by grace and unselfishness, and who has deservedly won the title given her by her people, "the blessing of Italy." I repeat, I owe nothing whatever of my popularity, such as it is, to any "royal" notice or favor, though I am naturally glad to have been kindly recognized and encouraged by those "throned powers," who command the nation's utmost love and loyalty. But my appeal for a hearing was first made to the great public, and the great public responded; moreover, they do still respond with so much heartiness and good-will that I should be the most ungrateful scribbler that ever scribbled if I did not (despite press "drubbings" and the amusing total ignoring of my very existence by certain clique literary magazines) take up my courage in both hands as the French say, and march steadily onward.

I am told by an eminent literary authority that critics are "down upon me" because I write about the supernatural. I do not entirely believe the eminent literary authority, inasmuch as I have not always written about the supernatural. Neither Vendetta, Thelma nor Wormwood are supernatural. But, says the eminent literary authority, why write at all, at any time, about the supernatural? Why? Because I feel the existence of the supernatural, and feeling it, I must speak of it. I understand that the religion we profess to follow emanates from the supernatural. Of the mechanical part of my work there is little to say. I write every day from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon, alone and undisturbed. I generally scribble off the first rough draft of a story very rapidly in pencil—then I copy it out in pen and ink, chapter by chapter, with fastidious care, not only because I like a neat manuscript, but because I think everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. I find, too, that in the gradual process of copying by hand, the original draft, like a painter's first sketch, gets improved and enlarged. No one sees my manuscript before it goes to press, as I am now able to refuse to submit my work to the judgment of "readers." These worthies treated me roughly in the beginning, but they will never have the chance again. Perhaps one of the pleasantest things connected with my "success" is the popularity I have won in many quarters of the Continent without any exertion on my own part. My name is as well known in Germany as anywhere, while in Sweden they have been good enough to elect me as one of their favorite authors, thanks to the admirable translations made of all my books by Miss Emilie Kullmann, of Stockholm, whose energy did not desert her even when she had so difficult a task to perform as the rendering of Arda into Swedish. In Italy and Spain, Vendetta, translated into the language of those countries, is popular. Madame Emma Guarducci-Giaconi is the translator of Wormwood into Italian, and her almost literal and perfect rendering has been running as the feuilleton in the Florentine journal *La Nazione*, under the title *L'Alcoonsmo: Un Dramma di*

Parigi. The Romance of Two Worlds is to be had in Russian, so I am told, and it will shortly be published at Athens, rendered into modern Greek. While engaged in writing this article I have received a letter, asking for permission to translate this same romance into one of the little-known dialects of Northwest India.

*George Klingle
and Her Work*

The critics have recently commented kindly and appreciatively on *Laus Deo*, the recent verse by George Klingle, and "his" poetic talent, unknowing or forgetting that George Klingle is a woman. The Magazine of Poetry gives this sketch of her life:

Mrs. Georgiana Klingle Holmes was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Through her mother, Mary Hunt Morris, who became the wife of George Franklin Klingle, M. D., she is a member of the historic Morris family of Morrisania, and wife of Benjamin Proctor Holmes of New York City. She was educated in Philadelphia. Her father's ancestry is found in Upper Saxony. Hans George Klingle, her great-grandfather, came to this country in the ship Restoration with his son, 9th October, 1747, and settled in Pennsylvania. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary War her grandfather, George, resided at Chestnut Hill. Dr. Klingle was a man of literary and scientific reputation. From early childhood Georgiana contributed to periodicals of the different cities. Her taste ran in a groove not often entered by young authors, children's stories with a moral to leave an impression. She is an artist of merit, but writing is the passion of her life. She has written no long list of books, but the heartfelt poetry of "George Klingle" has touched many hearts. Her collection of poems entitled *Make Thy Way Mine* (New York, 1876) was made after repeated letters from interested strangers in different parts of the country. That collection was followed by *In the Name of the King* (New York, 1888), and another volume has recently been published. Being interested in philanthropic work, she founded Arthur's Home for Destitute Boys, at Summit, N. J., in memory of her son, who died at the age of nine years, this child's savings being the germ of the institution.

*Collaboration of
Dowson and Moore*

The joint authors of *A Comedy of Masks*, an interesting novel of artist life recently published by the Appletons, have succeeded so well in their collaboration, that they mean to continue it. They have just now another joint novel in hand. Ernest Dowson, says the London Bookman, was born in Kent in 1867, and is a Roman Catholic. His father, Alfred Christopher Dowson, was a nephew of Alfred Dommett, the "Waring" of Browning's poem, and his mother is a Scot. As a boy he lived more abroad, in Italy and the South of France, than in England, but in 1886 he matriculated at Queen's College, Oxon., and there he met Mr. Moore, who was also a member of Queen's. While an undergraduate, his first story, *Souvenirs of an Egoist*, was published in Temple Bar. Since leaving Oxford he has lived chiefly in London, and has been steadily making his way in literature. Besides writing some short stories and verses, which have appeared in Macmillan's and the Hobby Horse—a recent number of the latter contains a story by him, *The Statute of Limitations*—Mr. Dowson contributed to the Book of the Rhymers' Club, and some poems of his will appear in the club's new book, to be published early this year. A volume of poems by Mr. Dowson will be

issued shortly with decorations by Herbert P. Horne. Arthur Moore is a member of a family very well known in the world of art. He is the son of the late John C. Moore, painter of portraits and landscapes, who died some twelve years ago, and the nephew of Henry Moore (R.A. elect), the distinguished sea painter, and of the late Albert Moore, one of the most gifted of English decorative painters, though the Royal Academy never did itself the honor to officially approve of his work, and whose death the other day was so real a loss. Another artist uncle is George Simonds, the sculptor, so that Mr. Moore is connected with art on both sides, though he is the first of his family to take to literature. On his father's side of a Yorkshire stock, Mr. Moore was born at Rome in 1866. He was educated at Bradfield School, and at Queen's College, Oxford. On leaving Oxford he adopted the profession of the law, but has found it possible to gain a sure footing in literature as well. Before *The Comedy of Masks*, Mr. Moore had published practically nothing. A short story from his pen will appear soon in Macmillan's. At present, he is at work with Mr. Dowson on their new novel.

With Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton

In the course of a conversation with a representative of the London Sketch, Mrs. Chandler Moulton gave many most interesting details of her life and life-work. "I was born in Pomfret, Connecticut. My ancestors had lived there since long before the American Revolution—one of them, indeed, having been one of the ten English gentlemen who founded the town in old colonial days, and our race seemed to belong to it, were native to it, like the hills and the rocks. I grew up there in the sweet country stillness. An only child, my thoughts and my fancies were my companions—I think I was never lonely. When did I first begin to show any signs of literary ability? Oh, I can't in the least remember when I did not write; I seem to have been writing ever since I can recall anything—fairy stories, bits of rhyme, and a child's views of men and things. At fourteen I sent a little thing it pleased me then to call a poem to the county paper, and to my great surprise and delight it was published, and then I sent another and another. My first book was published when I was eighteen; it was called *This, That and the Other*, and was made up of short poems, sketches and stories, and I believe over 20,000 copies of it were sold. Since then I have always been writing."

"And did you then live in a specially intellectual atmosphere?" "I recall a few very remarkable people whom I knew in my childhood; one of them was Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, a poetess less well-known than she ought to be in this country, for she wrote some very charming things. She was engaged at one time to Edgar Allan Poe, and, I think, loved him with all her heart, but the engagement was broken off because Poe was too convivial. Long after his death Mrs. Whitman wrote a monograph in his defense, and to hear her talk of him was a great pleasure to me. She was interested in my verses, and encouraged me to persevere with my writing. But, of course, it was not till I went to Boston that I really saw any of the great world of art and literature. I must tell you that I was married six weeks after I left school, so Boston has been the home of all my grown-up life; though for the past eighteen years I have forsaken it for part of every year in order to come over here. English by descent, I felt

in first coming to England that I had found my true home, and I love London," she added, enthusiastically, "better than any place in the world. Friends?" she continued after a short pause, "yes, my life has been singularly rich in its friendships. When I first went to Boston I joined what was called the Radical Club. Once a month we held a meeting, and somebody read a paper, and everybody else pulled it to pieces. Emerson belonged to the club, and Bronson Alcott, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and T. W. Higginson, and many other interesting people. To go there was a real delight to a hero-worshiping girl such as I was then. I found Emerson the most genial and unaffected of men, with a genuine interest in everybody he met. Longfellow was a very dear friend of mine, and often brought his unpublished verse for me to look at, and with Whittier I was in most intimate sympathy. He, as everybody knows, was a Quaker, at once the shrewdest and the most unworldly of men—a remarkable combination. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has always been a kind friend to me."

"How many books have I written altogether?" "I hardly know. There was that first book, *This, That and the Other*; an anonymous novel when I was twenty, called *Juno Clifford*; three volumes of short stories for grown-up people, and five juvenile for a younger audience; a book of travel sketches, entitled *Random Rambles*; a book of short essays on social topics, *Ourselves and Our Neighbors*; and my two volumes of poems, *Swallow Flights* and *In the Garden of Dreams*. Besides these published volumes, I have uncollected material enough for as many more. For six years I was the literary correspondent of the New York Tribune; for nearly five years I wrote each week a letter about books for the Boston Herald. The work nearest to my heart is my verse. It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me. I don't know how many editions there have been of *Swallow Flights*—eight or ten, I think, in America and two in England."

Henry Labouchere

Henry Labouchere, writes M. Crof

ton in Lippincott's Magazine, is a short-built, pudgy-looking man, with markedly arched eyebrows and a pointed black beard streaked with gray, and in manner is genially incisive. He is rising two-and-sixty; was educated at Eton, and spent ten very pleasant years at his country's expense in the diplomatic service. He has sat in Parliament for nearly two decades. He always commands the ear of the House, for he is never dull, always original, generally lively, and a master of irony, which is most gratifying to every one except the victim. He became part proprietor of the Daily News when it was started as a penny paper in 1868, and during the Franco-Prussian War contributed to it the celebrated "Letters of a Besieged Resident of Paris." From 1874 he wrote the city articles for the World, in which he conducted a celebrated campaign against money-lenders; and in 1877 started Truth, which now brings him in something like fifty thousand a year, and which everybody reads for the sole purpose of ascertaining his views on things in general.

He has the keenest possible insight into affectation and bombast, and as an unmasker of political and social humbug he is unsurpassed; but to take him seriously is to apply to him a use for which he was never intended. This is a characteristic which tells against him at times—when he wants to be a cabinet minister, for instance;

but it makes him a very entertaining member of society. He poses as a confirmed cynic, and endeavors to make the worst of everybody, including himself. Yet withal he is a most charming companion, and has a rare stock of first-hand stories, which he tells inimitably. Latterly, however, he has become a personage of importance, and almost of seriousness. Politically, as is well known, he is an advanced Radical, and among British workmen "the gospel according to Labouchere" is preached with much popularity. He lives in Pope's villa at Twickenham, is married to an ex-actress, and smokes immoderately. He is a peer's nephew and a bishop's brother-in-law, but doesn't look it. He does not love Mr. Gladstone.

Literary Methods of William Dean Howells In all the years I have known Mr. Howells, says H. H. Boyesen, the novelist, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, he has been most regular and systematic in his literary work. He rises at seven or half-past seven o'clock; breakfasts at eight and goes immediately to his writing-table, where he remains until the luncheon hour at one o'clock. He is not addicted to night work, and does not believe in the use of any artificial aid to stimulate the cerebral activity. His work is, like himself, eminently sane; it is daylight work. He was born into the world with a set of exquisitely keen and delicate senses, fit to apprehend reality in its sturdier, as well as its most fleeting aspects, and he goes through life beautifully wide-awake, absorbing its sights and sounds and flavors, as a plant drinks in the subtlest influence of earth and air, and gives them forth again gloriously transmuted in its flowers.

I may as well remark here that Mr. Howells never starts out with malice prepense in search of material. Though his books are made up of the warp and woof of his experience and observation, he never takes this person or that person and puts them into his novels. Twenty women of his acquaintance may supply the hints which unite in time into a Florida Vervain, a Lydia Blood or an Imogene Graham, and you can never point to Miss Smith, or Miss Jones and say that she was the original of this or that heroine. The Russian author, Tourguénieff, once told me the very same thing in regard to himself. Though there was not a single character in his novels which had not been suggested by some living prototype, neither was there a single character which was a sufficiently faithful copy to be identified by himself or anybody else. Though both warp and woof were furnished by actuality, the pattern he wove out of them was his own and his only. For all that he has had people whom he had never known challenge him and threaten him with dire vengeance for having put them in the pillory in his novels.

In the old days when Mr. Howells edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, he had a remarkable power of work. After having spent four or five hours at his desk in the morning, writing with minute care and rarely producing more than 1,000 words, he would devote three or four hours of the afternoon to letter-writing, reading of manuscript and other editorial business. He used to write an admirably clear, small hand, which, however, during recent years has changed and become, if I may venture the expression, a trifle less amiably direct and transparent. His preference has always been for a small half sheet, of note-paper size, upon which he traces his parallel, broad-gauged tracks very far apart, leaving ample room for corrections and emendations. Of late, however, he has been compelled, by writers' cramp, to use

the typewriter. As is apt to be the case with every author who has a high standard of excellence, he is his own severest critic, and I have known him to strike out the most beautiful passages (in spite of my entreaties) because they were "meaninglessly poetic," and did not convey with absolute and unerring precision the thought which they had been intended to embody.

Dr. St. George Mivart's Recent Work. Dr. St. George Mivart, the English scientist, is again brought before the literary world by the action of the church authorities of Rome in placing his review article, *Happiness in Hell*, on the Index Expurgatorius. The Philadelphia Press says of his work:

Dr. Mivart stands head and shoulders higher than most of his scientific contemporaries. His education was very broad and his work in life has been equally comprehensive. He was called to the bar in 1856, appointed lecturer at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in 1862, elected fellow of the Royal Society in 1867, and has since been made the recipient of honors from various institutions all over Europe. In law, medicine, theology and natural history he is equally at home. His favorite haunts are far away from crowds in a delightful nook of Surrey, where he has for neighbors Sir Philip Magnus, a friary of Franciscan monks and, in the distance, a gunpowder factory. Chilworth is his railway station, and he rents Hurstcote from the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he has dedicated a book. Dr. Mivart first wrote his *Happiness in Hell* in somewhat larger form than that which it has now assumed, and he had some thought of publishing it as a volume under the title of *The Happiness of Hell*—a title since varied with excellent discretion.

Dr. Mivart's view is not entirely new, although he has developed it in an original direction. Swedenborg maintained that damned spirits are happy in their love of evil; and an Eastern gentleman has recalled, in connection with this discussion, a remark made by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This gentleman happened one Sunday to be dining in the interior of New York State, at the home of a distinguished clergyman, where Emerson was a guest. The clergyman invited his guest to attend a meeting that afternoon of members of all sects to hear a free discussion on some religious subject. The subject proved to be "What Is the True Basis of Religion?" and love, variously defined, was assented to be the basis of all religion. Not many had spoken, however, before there were calls for Mr. Emerson, and he responded with a very concise and beautiful description of human and divine love, and agreed with the other speakers that love was the basis of religion. When he sat down a rabbi arose and said that he could not agree with what had been said, especially by the last speaker, whose ancestors he remembered had been clergymen, and prided themselves on being God-fearing men rather than God-loving men. The rabbi then argued that fear, and not love, was what kept men upright and religious. In his reply, which was rather vehement and very eloquent, Mr. Emerson used these words: "I wish you could understand, sir, that the whole universe is saturated with love, and that the devils in hell are happy in that they love mischief." I may remark it is part of the Jewish religion that, while there may be no happiness in hell, in the sense in which Dr. Mivart uses the term, there is one day of respite in the seven, during which the lost souls are relieved from their sufferings.

JOHN TYNDALL: ENGLAND'S GREAT SCIENTIST*

With the passing away of John Tyndall in England on Monday, December 4th, from an overdose of chloral taken by mistake, modern science lost the elder of its two high priests—Prof. Huxley being the junior. There are many reasons why Prof. Tyndall's name is known the world over. He was an indefatigable student of science, and, living to the ripe old age of seventy-three, he had half a century in which to work. With science in its infancy in the western world, a man of his ability and application could have asked for no better opportunity to shine on his merits. He dealt in fundamentals to a considerable extent, and that served to make him conspicuous in a circle of physicists who were mainly given to the investigation of details. He was a clear and entertaining writer, and possessed the happy faculty of making science comprehensible to the masses, and that greatly helped to make him popular. Mr. Tyndall was born at Leighlin Bridge, Ireland, August 21st, 1820. His parents were poor, and he was given an ordinary school education. He received religious training, though later in life he showed little evidence that it had been impressive. His parents had intended him for the ministry. He had a great aptitude for geometry, but showed no great taste for physical science for some years. In 1839 he left school and joined the Irish Ordnance Survey, and became a practical surveyor.

One day an incident occurred which determined the course of his future life. One of his superior officers asked him what he did during the five hours' leisure time he had daily. Young Tyndall admitted that he took it easy and did nothing in particular. "Why don't you study," was urged. "I only wish some one had given me this advice when I was a boy. Here I am, in a subordinate position, because my youth was wasted. With five hours a day spent in study you can master any subject." From that day, with the exception of a brief period, to the time of his death, Tyndall did nothing but study, study, study. A year or two later he was transferred to England in connection with the ordnance survey. Shortly after he set his heart on emigrating to America, but before he could carry out the resolution he was offered a position as a railroad engineer and accepted, spending three years at the throttle. He left this position to accept a position as instructor of physics in Queenswood College, Hampshire. Dr. Edward Frankland was resident chemist there, and a warm friendship grew up between the two men.

Tyndall went to Germany in 1848 with Frankland to complete his scientific education and attended lectures on three branches of science. He heard Bunsen on chemistry, Gerling and Knoblauch on physics, and Stegmann on mathematics. At this time the discoveries of Faraday were exciting much interest, and Tyndall together with Knobloch, with whom he had become intimate, tried many experiments, which resulted in several discoveries of great value.

Tyndall graduated at Marburg in 1851, presenting for his degree a paper in German on "Screw surfaces." He then spent some months in the physical laboratory of Prof. Magnus at Berlin, and upon his return to England, through the influence of Faraday, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The year following he

was admitted to membership in the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Later on he gave his first lectures in the Royal Institute. He was now becoming recognized as a genius, and on the motion of Faraday he was given the chair of natural philosophy which had been filled in the beginning of the century by Thomas Young and left vacant since. Just before having these distinctions heaped upon him Tyndall made an unsuccessful application for a chair in the University of Toronto, Canada. The same university made the mistake of refusing an application of Prof. Huxley, thus rejecting the two men soon after to be recognized as the foremost physicists of the century. Prof. Tyndall's lectures during the many years he held his position at the Royal Institute made his name known wherever the English language was spoken.

In 1870 Prof. Tyndall made a trip to Algiers to witness the solar eclipse of December of that year. Two years after that he decided to visit America, the land to which he had twice been attracted. He entered upon an extensive lecture tour. Thirty-five discourses brought in \$23,000, and with expenses deducted left \$10,000 clear. This he generously placed in the hands of an American committee of scientists, the fund to be used in aid of students who devoted themselves to original research. Before leaving the United States the Professor sent a letter to the *Contemporary Review*, which proposed that the efficacy of prayer be tested by making one ward of some hospital the special object of the prayers of the devout for a certain number of years and then comparing results with the results in other wards during the same period. The proposition was discussed the world over as "Tyndall's Prayer Test," and made him unpopular with a large class. One of the most remarkable of Tyndall's researches was with radiant heat. He began his experiments in 1859, and they extended over a period of ten years. He ascertained that dry atmospheric air has an absorptive power about equal to that of its elementary components and but a fraction of that of aqueous vapor.

His investigations of the nature of transmutation of heat rays were most noteworthy. He also treated of gaseous conductivity, the action of odors, colors and sounds upon radiant heat. Investigation of the properties of sound led Tyndall to the conclusion that there could be no rippling sound of water unaccompanied by the breaking of air-bladders entangled in the water. He also showed that the difference of hue of the ocean in different portions was due to the reflection of certain rays of light from innumerable particles of matter held in suspension at varying depths of the water's mass. Prof. Tyndall assumed that the dust in the air seen in the sunbeam was composed of organic particles and demonstrated that they could be burned. In estimating the relative value of scientific discoveries, Prof. Tyndall gave first place to the law of the conservation of energy, which he regarded as the greatest generalization of the last half of the century. Evolution he gave second place and the discovery of the spectrum analysis third place among the events of fifty years. Politics attracted him towards the end of his life. He was exceedingly narrow on the subject and was of the type of the old Irish Tory. He had the habit of taking the unpopular side.

* From the New York Sunday World.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

With their Flocks Abiding....F. W. Farrar....Christmas Carols (Whittaker)

In the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground;
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around.
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo ! from the heaven above
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love :—
He sang that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.”
“To you, in the City of David,
A Saviour is born to-day !”—
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
Oh, never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men,
And the heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then—
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.”
And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child,
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The Virgin Mother smiled :
And the sky, in the starlit silence,
Seemed full of the angel lay—
“To you in the City of David,
A Saviour is born to-day ; ”
Oh, they sang—and I ween that never,
That carol on earth shall cease—
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace.”

Things More Excellent.....William Watson.....Poems (Macmillan)

As we wax older on this earth,
Till many a toy that charmed us seems
Emptied of beauty, stripped of worth,
And mean as dust and dead as dreams,—
For gauds that perished, shows that passed,
Some recompense the Fates have sent :
Thrice lovelier shine the things that last,
The things that are more excellent.

Tired of the Senate's barren brawl,
An hour with silence we prefer,
Where statelier rise the woods than all
Yon towers of talk at Westminster.
Let this man prate and that man plot,
On fame or place or title bent :
The votes of veering crowds are not
The things that are more excellent.

Shall we perturb and vex our soul
For “wrongs” which no true freedom mar,
Which no man's upright walk control,
And from no guiltless deed debar ?
What odds though tonguesters heal, or leave
Unhealed, the grievance they invent ?
To things, not phantoms, let us cleave—
The things that are more excellent.

Naught nobler is than to be free :
The stars of heaven are free because
In amplitude of liberty
Their joy is to obey the laws.

From servitude to freedom's name
Free thou thy mind in bondage pent ;
Depose the fetich, and proclaim
The things that are more excellent.
And in appropriate dust be hurled
That dull, punctilious god, whom they
That call their tiny clan the world
Serve and obsequiously obey :
Who con their ritual of Routine,
With minds to one dead likeness blent,
And never ev'n in dreams have seen
The things that are more excellent.
To dress, to call, to dine, to break
No canon of the social code,
The little laws that lacqueys make,
The futile decalogue of Mode,—
How many a soul for these things lives,
With pious passion, grave intent !
While Nature careless-handed gives
The things that are more excellent.
To hug the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain,—
O blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain !
And still doth life with starry towers
Lure to the bright, divine ascent !—
Be yours the things ye would : be ours
The things that are more excellent.
The grace of friendship, mind and heart,
Linked with their fellow heart and mind ;
The gains of science, gifts of art ;
The sense of oneness with our kind ;
The thirst to know and understand—
A large and liberal discontent :
These are the goods in life's rich hand,
The things that are more excellent.
In faultless rhythm the ocean rolls,
A rapturous silence thrills the skies ;
And on this earth are lovely souls,
That softly look with aidful eyes.
Though dark, O God, Thy course and track,
I think Thou must at least have meant
That naught which lives should wholly lack
The things that are more excellent.
The Schooner.....T. E. Brown.....London Athenaeum
Just mark that schooner westward far at sea.
'Tis but an hour ago
When she was lying hoggish at the quay,
And men ran to and fro
And tugged and stamped and shoved and pushed and swore,
And ever and anon, with crapulous glee,
Grinned homage to viragoes on the shore.
So to the jetty gradual she was hauled ;
Then one the tiller took,
And chewed and spat upon his hand and bawled,
And one the canvas shook
Forth like a moldy bat, and one, with nods
And smiles, lay on the bowsprit end and called
And cursed the harbor-master by his gods.
And rotten from the gunwale to the keel,
Rat riddled, bilge bestank,
Slime slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel
And drag her oozy flank
And sprawl among the deft young waves that laughed
And leapt and turned in many a sportive wheel
As she thumped onward with her lumbering draught.

And now, behold ! a shadow of repose
Upon the line of gray
She sleeps—that transverse cuts the evening rose—
She sleeps and dreams away,
Soft blended in a unity of rest
All jars and strifes obscene and turbulent throes
'Neath the broad benediction of the west.

Sleeps, and methinks she changes as she sleeps,
And dies in a spirit pure.
Lo, on her deck an angel pilot keeps
His lonely watch secure !
And at the entrance of heaven's dockyard waits
Till from night's leash the fine breathed morning leaps,
And that strong hand within unbars the gates.

The Bull Team..... Cy Warman McClure's Magazine

The sturdy bull, with stately tread,
Submissive, silent bows his head
And feels the yoke ; the creaking wain
Rolls leisurely across the plain :
Across the trackless, treeless land,
An undulating sea of sand,
Where mocking, sapless rivers run,
With swollen tongue and bloodshot eye,
Still on to where the shadows lie,
And onward toward the setting sun.

With tearful eyes he looks away
To where his free-born brothers play
Upon the prairie wild and wide ;
He turns his head from side to side ;
He feels the bull-whip's cruel stroke ;
Again he leans against the yoke.
At last his weary walk is done,
He pauses at the river's brink,
And drinks the while his drivers drink,
Almost beside the setting sun.

Escheat..... Meredith Nicholson..... University Review

To my estate no heirs succeed ;
When I have done with it no man
Shall find it suited to his need,
Adapted to his plan.

The walls for me were made, and when
I close the door and turn the key
No one shall enter there again,
Or rule in place of me.

This house is all I own ; though poor,
It shelters me, and many a storm
Has passed it, leaving all secure,
The inner hearthstone warm.

But after me no eager kin
Shall hold my former house in pride ;
No enemy shall enter in
As tenant to abide.

The friendly earth is good and sweet,
And kindly to its heart will draw
Estates like mine when they escheat
By nature's changeless law.

Joy With the Morning..... T. W. Higginson..... Such as They Are (Roberts)

Out of the dreams and the dust of ages,
Hindu reverie, Hebrew boy,
Deeds of heroes and lore of sages,
Comes the hope that turns earth to joy.

But the rosy light of the morning teaches
A blither knowledge than books can tell,
And the song that rings through the orchard preaches
The ceaseless message that all is well.

Hark to the lesson that Nature meaneth !
List to the breeze on the pine-clad hill !
See, the sun-rays stream to the zenith !
Thrice the oriole whistles shrill.

Myriad odors are faint and tender,
Sweet notes come from the woodlands far.
Draw fresh life from the day's new splendour
Pluck thy hope from the morning star !

November..... Margaret H. Lawless..... Travellers Record

Of all the twelve disciples who are caught
To spread Time's gospel, doth November seem
To me the most like Judas—evil-starred.
For every tender thing he doth betray
To death with kisses of his blighting breath ;
Rifles each limb of lingering leaf and fruit,
And shrivels every blade of grass and flower,
And turns the earth to one vast potter's field—
For his own burial !

Then throwing down
The thirty pieces, stained with precious blood
Of the year his master, whom he hath betrayed,
He wanders off beneath some shriveled bough
And swings himself into eternity !

Shriven..... A. D. 1425..... H. C. Bunner..... Scribner's

"After he had given his final directions, he asked his physicians how long they thought he might live. And when they told him, 'About two hours,' he shut out from his thoughts every earthly care, and spent his remaining moments in devotion."

I have let the world go.

That's the door that closed
Behind the holy father. I am shrived.
All's done—all's said—all's shaped and rounded out—
And one hour yet to wait for death. Good Lord !
How easy 'twas to let this vain life go !
Why, I protest, I who have fought for life
These fifty years, more times than I would count,
I gave the poor thing up but now as though
I toss'd away a shilling—ask the priest ?
I gave up life as lightly as I gave him
For an altar-cloth that scarf of cloth of gold
The king bound round my arm at Agincourt.

One hour—one hour ! and then a tug o' the heart
And I shall see the saints. How plain they make it,
These honest men of God ! Was it at Lisle
I met that paunchy little yellow friar,
Like Cupid in a cassock with the jaundice,
And played at cards with him two days together !
Stay, 'twas at Calais, where I fought the count—
By 'r Lady, but they mock'd him !—'twas at Calais—
Now had I had some converse with that brother
It might have been the better for my soul.
Though 'tis all one, I take it, now . . . The Abbess !
He told a master story of an Abbess—
An Abbess and a Clerk—but godly talk,
If I remember me aright . . . we had not.

Ay, 'tis fair lying here, to watch the sun
Creep up yon wall. I would that I had thought
To give that priest the ruby in my hilt
To buy him better store of sacred oil—
The anointed go to Paradise, methinks,
Something too rancid-flavored.

What's the clock ?

This hour's too full of minutes—minutes—minutes.
Ah, well, I have done with time. 'Tis but an hour.
I have let the world go.

Would my dog were here !

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Interpretations of Man.....Gerald Stanley Lee.....The Independent

We have failed to make a distinction between the results of Science and her interpretations of these results. The scientist's results are forever; the labels he puts upon them are for a day. When the scientist discovers, he brings out one of God's statements; when he interprets, he brings out one of his own. As a discoverer his work is absolute; it can never be undone. God never rubs anything out. The scientist's decisions are God's decisions. On the other hand, as an interpreter his work is not absolute; it can at any time be undone. Man rubs everything out—of his own, and God helps him. The scientist in trying to invent an interpretation is as incongruous as a poet trying to invent a washing machine. The poet would know better than to try; but the public that would laugh at the poet's washing machine accepts the scientist's interpretation in sober earnest. The truth is vast. God gives his facts to one set of men and his meanings to another. It belongs to the scientist to discover and place reverently before us, and then, standing reverently one side, honor the real greatness of his work with that other greatness of silence; standing like a grimy miner by the precious stone he has unearthed, too much impressed to speak of it glibly, and handing it over to those real jewelers of thought, the poets, to receive its setting.

God wants two men for every truth. One to find it, the other to set it. Pick-axes cannot ever cut diamonds. Darwin brought out the fact of evolution; he also brought out an interpretation of it. It took us some time to learn which was God's and which was Darwin's; and we are going through the same process with every scientific result. We are now standing with the merely scientific perspective the man of facts has furnished us. Now and then a poetic mind, edging off to its tendency, slips one side to reconnoitre for another view; but as yet comes back to us with only the olive branch brought to Noah. "There is no other view. There is no poetry, no romance in these things. This is a material age." Perhaps we would better follow the example of Noah and send forth another dove. Sturdy fact, that Philistine of the imagination, steps forth Goliath-like—the swaggering bully of modern thought—and challenges all the dreamers in Israel, awed away, alas! into their tents. Saul with no courage but his armor! David still with his father's sheep! The pebbles glistening unused in the brook, flowing at our very feet.

Poets have been the heroes of literature, because they have been the conquerors and have annexed new territory to the human soul. There was a time when the mountains in the polite effeminacy and country-garden conventionality of the poets were considered great, unkempt, shaggy boors, and Calvin lived, "'twixt a puddle and a wall;" a time when the wild flowers were mere country belles—too uncultivated for the stiff flowerpot fancies of the rhymesters. The sea, the hills, the lakes, the cliffs, the streams, each waited for its poet—all nature, for Wordsworth; man, for Shakespeare. To be sure the poetry of worship was born in us; the poetry of war came soon, for men soon learned to fight; and the poetry of love came sooner, for men could love without learning; but even these had a beginning, and all that is poetic now seemed, except in embryo,

unpoetic once—the poetry of lowly life, of reflection, of theology, of philosophy, of prophecy. The poets, casting a spell over all prejudices, have dedicated each of these to the imagination and the heart. It is the nature of poetry to make the unpoetic, poetic. This is the history of poetry. This is the future of poetry. To deny that our modern life and invention are unpoetic merely opens the question, and really gives the poets the benefit of the doubt as to whether there will yet be a very dreaming railway rhyming up the steeps of Mount Olympus. It might be well to add an Odyssey of the locomotive, and finish off the making of much philosophy with the making of a little history. It might be well to add a telephone lyric that would rank the telephone with the deeds of chivalry and the sunsets; but it is enough to lift up a voice, and "halloo" the possibility of such a thing in that near or far-off day when the human heart shall hear itself singing in the rumbling undertones of the wires.

Many a man would as soon go about turning over the stones in his pasture looking for "poems everywhere," as to look under the results of science for poetic truths, "great, thousand-legged worms and insects." The irony of one day is often the earnestness of the next. A great faith in the spiritualizing power of the human soul, though we can prove it not, outweighs a thousand petty items in the infinite that almost prove themselves. The grandest possessions of the soul are those yet unsurveyed by trivial measurements of the human understanding, to believe in these is to believe in ourselves and in God. It is the dignity of our lives. The soul is more honored in what it cannot prove than in what it can. It is the religion of the mind to worship the mind's future and to believe that nothing is or can be that it cannot draw unto itself and appropriate unto the mighty uses of the spirit. It is the paganism of the mind that denies the great fellowship to which everything belongs. Our time pleads for a faith in vast meanings, for a new expectancy and a new determination. If a prophet comes, he will find then a hearing awaiting him. This is an hour to listen and not an hour to stop each other's ears with fretful exclamations that nothing can be heard.

Rush of Modern Civilization....Henry A. Adams....The Larger Life (Tait)

Tired! The world sweeps grandly on. We hear the call to life, and there are few who are not moved by it. All men are quickened by it—all have to hear it anyhow. From every quarter whence their motives come men are to-day impelled to action—goaded to do. But whether from the East of theory, or from the West of fact; whether from out the North of cold utility, or from the dreamy South of warm imagination, it matters not; the pace at which all men must move is set, and it is swift and fierce and furious. Whether we think or act, we do it eagerly. Intense—intense beyond endurance has the strain become. And so the world sweeps on, majestic, splendid; but men are tired. Tired. Look through the rank on rank of faces as the magnificent battalions pass. Beardless, but old; eager, determined, desperate, but tired. And when you have looked out at the white, thin faces of the men who march, look in at your own heart, and say if at this moment, flushed

as you may be by the swing and zest, you are not tired. It is a sight of quite unutterable grandeur—this of an overworked and tired world pressing in stern ambition toward the achievement of the larger life. It must roll up before the eyes of God like a thick cloud of tempering expiation—this thought of that immeasurable burden of his responsibility to Truth and Duty which man is bearing forward on his worn-out back. True that a closer look reveals the painful fact that much of man's endeavor springs from the selfishness of brutal instincts in him, and that the lust of greed urges him on; true that men strive and bear and die for what is basest in them—martyrs for gain.

We read that the decisive battles of the world were won, in part, by men who fought for neither hearth, nor home, nor country, but for pay. It may be true that men plunge into the larger life, in one or all of its unfolding phases, with the inspiring motive in their hearts—revenue only! But action and endurance, for whatever cause, are at their very worst two splendid sins. Niagara's magnificent abandon—her waste of waters, are now to be induced to usefulness beyond all name. So, too, the rush, the push, the volume, the waste of our illimitable life God will induce, by hidden tunnellings and engineering feats beyond our ken, into a power of such tremendous practical and moral force as shall make clear the otherwise heart-breaking problem of pain. With God not might, not force, not volume, but results, have weight. Among the dangers which surround an earnest man there hardly can be one more subtle, and certainly there is not one more prevalent than this temptation of the times to rush things through. There seems to be no side of life at all which this seducing influence has failed to reach. The potent formative and most determined forces which shape us now make for high-pressure. Life to be lived at all must be condensed. Whether it is worth living thus becomes a question. A man's life-message must now be wired—ten words by telegraph, and those ten words must be again boiled down. "Ericsson buried," or "Newman dead." At breakfast one cannot be asked to read much more. And, after all, do not two words contain the gist of almost anything? Life is too short for more than what is put into a nutshell. We have grown stenographic, encyclopædic, terse. These are the halycon days of pocket-dictionaries, of rapid-transit, of short-cuts generally into immensities. We want, we learn, we get, we have, we think, we feel, we try, we reach, we move, as twenty years ago would have been thought impossible.

And those who can foresee begin to tell us that we are only in the dawn of what is yet to be. Now every live man glories in this bursting of the bonds which trammel; every true man thanks God for what to-morrow promises. But, earnest men, on every hand already we can begin to see the ruins and the wrecks which prove our danger. Therefore, to-day, assuming at the start that you respond as men to the all-conquering impulse of the life around you, we must reflect that, as we are true men, not live ones only, as we are men who have not only legs but hearts and heads, we must do what we can to know and meet the dangers, and so to guide the irresistible, the inexhaustible Niagara of our awakened manhood into the chastened, sober, steady channels of true power. Oh! brothers, with the thews and sinews of your manliness do what you can in life for it; always remembering that, as the cataract breaks

into mist and madness, thunders itself into the nothingness of spray, so all the pulsing rush of life and strength and of ambitions in you must dash you into naught unless your heart in the profoundest throb of it beats out the iron purposes of right and of attainment and of things done well. It is a splendid sin, as we have said, to work at anything which calls for sacrifice, which costs us pain; but think of the ineffable, the sinless splendor which hangs above the doing what is right with sacrifice and pain. Looking at the conditions which surround us now, there would appear to be no question as to the fascination of the danger. Most of us yield to influence of this kind. To the contagion of sheer enthusiasm few men are callous. But on some lives which yield most readily the manifest effect of an exciting cause is the quite opposite and paradoxical extreme of rust and self-withdrawal. The hypercritic, the obstructionist, the bored blasé, are the result of heedlessness and rush as much as the enthusiast and radical are the exponents of it.

Mere magnitude is mighty in the minds of men. Majorities partake of powers which sober second thought accords to excellence alone. Man is gregarious, tends toward the crowd. And, brothers, to what tyranny of domination numbers have grown to-day! We are familiarized from birth with the immense, and prattle glibly about sublimities. Figures grow fat. The trusted bank official steals half a million, and, what is the astounding part of it, finds ways to spend it in a year! One building costs a million and a half. And how complacently we read of men worth fifty millions! The plane of living must inevitably rise. Your son's house rent has reached a larger sum than that which covered all of your expenses when you were married. What could you say to-day in your own nursery that would at all astonish children five years old? Vastness, exaggeration, size,—these enter into everything they hear or read. It is, of course, a splendid vision which expands before the keen, clear eyes of young America—a vision of gigantic enterprise, resources inexhaustible and tremendous gains. But splendor so resplendent, powers so vast, dazzle and daunt the most heroic of us. The commonplace grows unendurable amid the show, and what we really could do well, and ought to do, falls into pale contempt beside the bigger something others have done. And then the element of chance is always to be found in number. Whatever man has done, man certainly can do. Well, then, this man grew rich during the night—a boom in real estate, a rise in stocks, a long-forgotten uncle in Australia dead; this way, or that way, men grow rich each day. Why should not you and I do likewise? Once get the taste of that into a young man's heart and he will hate the humdrum books he keeps, the work he has to do, as he hates death. The vigor of ambition will become a fever, the sternness of endurance turn into maddening fret. Not only in the business of our getting on does this insidious element of number lurk, but in the higher aspirations of the heart and head impatience and discouragement prove that it works there too. The intellectual successes of the less than true, the glamour of the popular and new, the flattering applause accorded to the thin and brilliant—all these crush out the plodding faith of those who would be true and right. Archbishop Laud's war-cry, "I am for thorough," rallies but few to-day. Men do their second best, or worse than that, simply because there seems to be no market for the

best. It used to take a lace-girl all her life to make one ruffle for my lady's gown—and scraps of it are snatched up at ten thousand francs. There is an old arm-chair in a Bavarian castle, which one young man began to carve, carving until he died; his son took up the task, and not until his son grew old at it was the superb work done. The miracle of beauty was what those patient, faithful men set out to work. What if it did take all of one brief century? What if three generations passed away into the night? We seem to want no miracles like these, but on the contrary, the wonder that we would most like to see is some machine into one end of which a log would go, to come out at the other a whole set of furniture. Here lies the difference. And difference from truth is danger.

The prefaces to Walter Scott's inimitable books used to be skipped: they skip the books themselves now. Life is too short, too Rider-Haggardish, for books like those. Think of our mass of information, and little knowledge. Life is compendious, therefore not complete. Think of the spread of things! Can there be depth to it? On, on, on, rushes the grand old world. Conquering and still to conquer. But you and I—who live to-day, to-morrow, and the next day—die. Is it a satisfactory life? is it a peaceful? is it a life that goes into the heart of things? Or are we scourged along the surface of unbounded opportunity merely because the multitude are scurrying across the plain? Let us believe that we would best serve man's true progress by doing what we can intensely well. Number should not oppress us, force should not terrify. Intensity, enthusiasm, faith, when not compelled to compass simple duty, explode with blasting and with blighting hurt. Let us live truly where we are, although the standards of a day condemn us.

The Appetite for Sweets.....T. W. Higginson.....Harper's Bazar

It is now the theory that a child's eagerness for sweets is not, as was once supposed, a mere form of original sin, but has its basis in a natural demand of the undeveloped man for something saccharine. It is observed that this taste is also shared by childlike races. The negroes on sugar plantations are said almost to live on sugar during the season when it is made, and to thrive on the diet. In one of the early colored regiments during the civil war a soldier, who had just acquitted himself very well in his first skirmish, was seen crying bitterly on his return to camp because a comrade had stolen his piece of sugar-cane during his absence. In more highly developed races or individuals the sugar has some other name and aspect; it is called wealth or fame or favor; but the appetite for it is just the same. Fortunately it is to be obtained, in its cruder forms, with great facility, if the experience of life does not give you many rewards or applauses, that of death will, and you have only to wait patiently for your obituary notices or your tombstone, which will paint you in brighter colors. For the rising author it is needless to wait so long; the advertisements of his publisher will supply it with equal certainty. The little boy who, after spending an hour in the village church-yard, inquired of his father where the bad people were buried, has a parallel in every reader who pores over the publishers' book notices and wonders who prints the poor books. The explanation is a very simple one: there never yet was a book so poor as not to have at least one admiring reader, and the duty of the publishers is to select that one admirer's

best compliment and reprint it for the instruction of all readers less enlightened. Even without this aid of publishers the young author can usually command his meed of compliment among cousins and cronies, and he can commonly stand a good deal of honeyed sweetness. It is only when he grows older, and especially if, as Hawthorne said, "success makes a man modest," that he sometimes values a wise censure even more than praise.

It is very common with young writers to send their productions to older authors for the sake of criticism; and it is not to be counted to them for an offense if what they chiefly seek is honey. Their demand for this is probably as normal and inevitable as that of the child or the childlike race for sugar. What they most need is to be satisfied that they have something in them, some talent worth cultivating; the qualifying clauses, the ifs and buts, they can perhaps supply for themselves. The late Professor Longfellow used to complain that foreigners were constantly sent to him in quest of information about this country, but that practically they were apt to show no interest in receiving any such information, only in giving it. It is much like this when young writers apply ostensibly for criticism. In a majority of cases it turns out that they wish to confide to you their own tastes and criticisms, not to receive yours. As a result, almost all writers after sixty years of age, or thereabouts, fall into the habit of simply giving sugar-plums, as Keats recommended in the society of young ladies. Not only in literature, but in other arts, Longfellow was almost demoralizing through the unvarying kindness of his praise; the musical critics of Boston counted him almost a hindrance to that art, so ready was he to head an invitation to the most mediocre composer or performer. When a commonplace poem or story is submitted to a less gracious critic, it is the commonest thing in the world for him to be met with the remark, "But Mr. Whittier, or Dr. Holmes, was good enough to read it, and was very much pleased with it." Emerson chafed a good deal under the free use on the cover of Whitman's poems of an early gush of praise, which he afterwards greatly modified; and Lowell acquired a fatal habit in later years of applying to books of very doubtful permanence the certificate of high approval. All of us, perhaps, as we grow older, revert to the instincts of childhood to this extent, that as in earlier years we like to receive sugar-plums, later we enjoy giving them.

Some very eminent authors maintain that, in literature at least, this is really all that we can do for one another; that praise at least helps a little, but censure not at all. For one, I cannot in the least accept this view. For any person who expects to go on writing, even the poorest censure may have a value; it shows where his weak points are, from the point of view of the popular eye; it indicates what it is that is separating him from that universal audience of which all writers dream. The criticism may not even exhibit commonsense; no matter; it shows that "common nonsense" which, as Sir Arthur Helps points out, is quite as important. Why is it that painters and sculptors are so much more ready than authors to accept the criticism of the ignorant? A great artist rarely cares for the opinion of a small artist, to be sure, but he is generally tolerant and receptive of the opinion of one who is not an artist at all, and simply represents the average eye. Perhaps it is because he knows that it is the average eye which is ultimately to judge him; as Canova said, "The light of the public square must test his value." The writer, on

the other hand, has always the alternative of the outer and inner circle; if his book is never opened by more than ten people, he can sometimes convince himself—and sometimes it is true—that those ten are the most competent readers; those ten and posterity. But it is at best an unwholesome thing to be long limited to so few; and one needs to struggle, as by main force, to be approved by the ten and the million also. This is why every young person should yearn for some counsel that is not saccharine, and should obtain wholesome criticism in all directions as early as is convenient.

The Pose of Unconventionality *The National Observer*

Civilized life is an art, and every art has its proper convention. But let us be accurate and distinguish. The conventions of the common arts are imposed by the natures of their media. These media have limitations which must be accepted; the result of attempted circumvention is notorious. Civilized life has many media of expression, and each has its limitation; but these limitations are not absolute or to be observed for every moment of our day. The reason is that we are not absolutely civilized, that there are savages among us whom not to meet with savage arms is to be futile and oppressed. And civilization is a game which may wax tedious from time to time.

To take the medium of speech. One may say roughly that here the first of our limitations is that we offend not our brother. But when our brother is a savage, who, for example, thinks that acquaintanceship in the remote past is a ground of intimacy in the present, or one who insists on a plain answer to a delicate question—our opinion of his intelligence or the state of our affection for himself, it may be—we must be unconventional for the moment and set ourselves free. But consider those that disregard convention in their intercourse with you, who are no savage; consider your frank friends. If you are convinced that a man is outraging your little vanities and disturbing your little complacencies merely for your good, to the end that you do and fare the better for him; if you know, beyond the possibility of a mistake, that his sin against the amenities is honest, without alloy, and rather hurts himself than otherwise, take you such a man, crown him with laurel, dance round him a solemn dance and lead him in triumph to the Capitol, for he is a princely benefactor, and rare among men. And then kill him. Most of your frank friends are not as he is. Their frankness is sometimes pleasure in painting, sometimes the laziness or stupidity which either will not respect your feelings or cannot imagine them. The mark of these persons is an extreme sensitiveness to reproach or criticism. But there are conventions which are not of civilized life, but of life emerging from promiscuity to order—early Victorian conventions. These are for the vulgar. Some of them are curious, indeed; as, for instance, that an unmarried woman may form no friendship with a man not engaged to marry her—a convention whose logical basis is—shall we say?—an indelicate assumption. You and I—the chosen company—are free from this convention and from many others. But long may they flourish among the vulgar. For it may be that some of them, which we disregard intelligently, are not so much the sordid expression of Philistinism as the outcome of the experience of the race. They may be anachronistic to us, but necessary to those others. Of the very convention I have mentioned a philosopher has said that

it was good, since very young men should be protected against feminine friendships—for the sake of the very young men. Then again there is the old idea that the bondage of the many adds sweetness to the liberty of the few. Let us, therefore, enjoy without noise, and rather rejoice that our enjoyment is exclusive.

For of all the poses rampant in this London of ours, where every Bohemian would be respectable, and every respectable dull-head would be Bohemian, this pose of unconventionality is the weariest. Listen to them! They were born in prejudice, they were swaddled in respectability, their meat and drink were convention, and since they are without brains and the possibility of change, their flesh and blood and bones are convention also. But they tell you they hate the conventions of their society, and never tire of the abstract assertion of their revolt. In little things, perhaps, where the violation of convention is merely offensive or unmeaning, they will act on their principles. But suggest something which will bring enjoyment at the possible expense of reputation for second-rate propriety, choosing carefully a convention which has no better sanction in the present than outgrown custom, or tell a tale of somebody who did as they say, and wait for the answer. It will come inevitably and it will begin with "after all." They insist that others begin first, and are the first to condemn the beginners. Let us not be of these. Let us say: We will be happy and free, but let the rest be moral; we will not revile those who follow us not; we will admit that unconscious right is very likely on their side: if we are punished, we will take our punishment without whining; they are the vulgar, we the chosen. And heaven send our hearers humor.

The Majesty of Trifles *Victor Hugo* *Sunday School Times*

Nothing, in fact, is small, and any one who is affected by the profound penetrations of nature is aware of this fact. Although no absolute satisfaction is granted to philosophy, and though it can no more circumscribe the cause than limit the effect, the contemplator falls into unfathomable ecstasy when he watches all those decompositions of force which result in a beauteous unity. Everything labors for everything; algebra is applied to the clouds, the irradiation of the planet benefits the rose, and no thinker would dare to say that the perfume of the hawthorn is useless to the constellations. Who can calculate the passage of a molecule? Who among us knows whether the creations of worlds are not determined by the fall of grains of sand? Who is acquainted with the reciprocal ebb and flow of the infinitely great and the infinitely little? A maggot is of importance, the little is great and the great little, all is in a state of equilibrium in nature. This is a terrific vision for the mind. There are prodigious relations between beings and things; and in this inexhaustible total, from the flea to the sun, nothing despises the other, for all have need of each other. Light does not bear into the sky terrestrial perfumes without knowing what to do with them, and night distributes the planetary essence to the sleepy flowers. Every bird that flies has round its foot the thread of infinity; germination is equally displayed in the outburst of a meteor and the peck of the swallow breaking the egg, and it places the birth of a worm and the advent of Socrates in the same parallel. Where the telescope ends the microscope begins, and which of the two has the grandest sight? You can choose. A patch of green mold is a pleiad of flowers, and a nebula is an ant-hill of stars.

THE WOMAN'S ROSE: THE MEMORY OF A MOMENT*

I have an old, brown, carved box; the lid is broken and tied with a string. In it I keep little squares of paper, with hair inside, and a little picture which hung over my brother's bed when we were children, and other things as small. I have in it a rose. Other women also have such boxes, but no one has my rose.

When my eye is dim, and my heart grows faint, and my faith in woman flickers, and her presence is an agony to me, and her future a despair, the scent of that dead rose, withered for twelve years, comes back to me. I know there will be spring; as surely as the birds know it when they see above the snow two tiny quivering green leaves. Spring cannot fail us.

There were other flowers in the box once; a bunch of white acacia flowers, gathered by the strong hand of a man, as we passed down a village street on a sultry afternoon, when it had rained, and the drops fell on us from the leaves of the acacia trees. The flowers were damp; they made mildew marks on the paper I folded them in. After many years I threw them away. There is nothing of them left; but the rose is in the box still.

It is many years ago now; I was a girl of fifteen, and I went to visit in a small up-country town. It was young in those days, and two days' journey from the nearest village; the population consisted mainly of men. A few were married, and had their wives and children, but most were single. There was only one young girl there when I came. She was about seventeen, fair and rather fully-fleshed; she had large dreamy blue eyes, and wavy light hair; full rather heavy lips, until she smiled; then her face broke into dimples, and all her white teeth shone. The hotel-keeper may have had a daughter, and the farmer in the outskirts had two, but we never saw them. She reigned alone. All the men worshiped her. She was the only woman they had to think of. They talked of her on the "stoop," at the market, at the hotel; they watched for her at street corners; they hated the man she bowed to or walked with down the street. They brought flowers to the front door; they offered her their horses; they begged her to marry them when they dared. Partly, there was something noble and heroic in this devotion of men to the best woman they knew; partly, there was something natural in it, that these men, shut off from the world, should pour at the feet of one woman the worship that otherwise would have been given to twenty; and partly there was something mean in their envy.

Then I came. I do not think I was prettier; I do not think I was so pretty as she was. I was certainly not as handsome. But I was vital, and I was new, and she was old—they all forsook her and followed me. They worshiped me. It was to my door that the flowers came; it was I had twenty horses offered me when I could only ride one; it was for me they waited at street corners; it was what I said and did that they talked of. Partly I liked it. I had lived alone all my life; no one had ever told me I was beautiful and a woman. I believed them. I did not know it was simply a fashion, which one man had set and the rest followed unreasoningly. I liked them to ask me to marry them, and to say "No." I despised them. The mother heart had not swelled in me yet; I did not know all men

were my children, as the large woman knows when her heart is grown. I was like a child with a new whip it goes about cracking everywhere, not caring against what. Only one thing took from my pleasure; I could not bear that they had deserted her for me. I liked her great dreamy blue eyes, I liked her slow walk and drawl; when I saw her sitting among men, she seemed to me much too good to be among them; I would have given all their compliments if she would once have smiled at me as she smiled at them, with all her face breaking into radiance, with her dimples and flashing teeth. But I knew it never could be; I felt sure she hated me; that she wished I was dead; that she wished I had never come to the village. She did not know, when we went out riding, and a man who had always ridden beside her came to ride beside me, that I sent him away; that once when a man thought to win my favor by ridiculing her slow drawl before me I turned on him so fiercely that he never dared come before me again. I knew she knew that at the hotel men had made a bet as to which was the prettier, she or I, and had asked each man who came in, and that the one who staked on me won.

She and I never spoke to each other. If we met in the village street we bowed and passed on; when we shook hands we did so silently, and did not look at each other. But I thought she felt my presence in a room just as I felt hers. At last the time for my going came. I was to leave the next day. Someone I knew gave a party in my honor, all the village was invited.

It was midwinter. There was nothing in the gardens but a few dahlias and chrysanthemums, and I suppose that for two hundred miles round there was not a rose to be bought for love or money. Only in the garden of a friend of mine, in a sunny corner between the oven and the brick wall, there was a rose-tree growing which had on it one bud. It was white, and it had been promised to the fair-haired girl to wear at the party.

The evening came; when I arrived and went to the waiting-room to take off my mantle, I found the girl there already. She was dressed in pure white, with her great white arms and shoulders showing, and her bright hair glittering in the candle-light, and the white rose fastened at her breast. She looked like a queen. I said "Good-evening," and turned away quickly to the glass. Then I felt a hand touch my hair. "Stand still," she said. I looked in the glass. She had taken the white rose from her breast, and was fastening it in my hair.

"How nice dark hair is; it sets off flowers so." She stepped back and looked at me. "It looks much better there!" I turned round. "You are so beautiful to me," I said. "Y-e-s," she said, with her colonial drawl; "I'm so glad." We stood looking at each other. Then they came in and swept us away to dance. All the evening we did not come near to each other. Only once, as she passed, she smiled. The next morning I left the town.

I never saw her again. Years afterwards I heard she had married and gone to America; it may or may not be so—but the rose—the rose is in the box still! When my faith in woman grows dim, and it seems that for want of love and magnanimity she can play no part in any future heaven, then the scent of that small, withered thing comes back—spring cannot fail us.

*From *Dream Life and Real Life*. By Olive Schreiner (Roberts Bros.).

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Remnant of Society....The Savvy Leaven....Mrs. Linton (Pall Mall Mag.)

Democratic as society may be in its pursuit of pleasure, following after every leader that appears, and confounding in one mad swirl base notoriety and honorable fame—money scraped out of to-day's mud and estates inherited for generations—the fact of class distinctions still holds good; and both those who are born in the purple, and those whose chrism-cloth was homely tan, know this truth, and act on it. The gilded snob does all he knows to be admitted into smart houses. If his gilding be thick enough, the smart houses open their doors to receive him with apparent cordiality and secret disdain. The tie between them is as untrustworthy as were Michael Scott's ropes of sand, and depends solely and wholly on the thickness of the gilding. The marriages made between the two classes are always of the same kind as that of the lioness and the mouse; and the purple never really fraternizes with the tan. Those rich snobs who marry high-bred impecuniosity are no more received into the inner intimacy of the wife's family than the pretty foreigner is received into the intimacy of the proud Roman sisters—those well-born, well-married, noblewomen, who regard their brother's alien and plebeian wife as no higher than his legalized mistress. Between the two a barrier is fixed which is never thrown down. High-bred impecuniosity rejoices in the affluence which the gilded snob has given her; but rejoicing is not reciprocity. She receives all and gives back nothing; and the man least considered in her own house is the master of that house—the one who plays the meanest part in the social and matrimonial drama is the husband of the wife who fills the stage which he himself has furnished.

This is the cup of degradation which certain of the baser kind do not refuse to drink for the sake of a high-sounding alliance that annihilates their independence and destroys their individuality; but all the lowly-born who have become rich by their own exertions are not of this degraded type, and every one knows wealthy families who are content with friends, if not quite of their own original status, yet of not such social supremacy as obliges the one to crawl while giving the other cause for insolent airs of patronage and superiority. Content to enjoy the fruits of their own industry and intelligence—content to make those about them happy—to surround themselves with beauty for the sake of beauty, not for the sake of ostentatious display, these too are of the remnant which do not bow the knee to Baal—too sincerely self-respecting to be snobs or tuft-hunters. The laxity of the age in morals is for the most part passed over lightly, and if confessed is apologized for and excused, chiefly on the ground of its improvement on certain notorious epochs. But no candid observer can deny the fact of this laxity; as indeed must needs be, with the greater freedom given to young women and the fewer duties left them to fulfil. The present period is remarkable, inter alia, for the loosening of home ties once held so sacred, and for the distaste for home life, once so venerated and loved. Restlessness and discontent have taken the place of the former quietude and serene acceptance of the lot marked out for them, characteristic of English girls. Desire for excitement, adventure, pleasure, and, above all, longing after those apples of the Tree of Knowledge, make home the dullest place in the world

to our young modern Eves, and the father and mother the most irksome companions. Even husbands of their own age pall on them after a time; and that satiety should destroy love and render marriage unmitigated boredom is one of the accepted canons among the railers at things as they are, in favor of things as they are not and can never be. With these young wives maternity counts as a horror, if not a degradation. Whether they love their lords or not, maternity is a curse they willingly run all risks to avoid; and when they do have children, their first care is to shuffle them off on to any one's hands but their own—their next to delay the introduction of their girls for so long as is decently possible—their last to get those girls married out of hand, no matter to whom, so long as they can shake them off their own skirts, and free themselves from inconvenient witnesses and rivals.

Here again we have the remnant. There are still to be found, even in society, sweet, natural, tender women who love their babies and welcome them into the world into which they have been brought by no will or act of their own. There are still to be found young and pretty mothers who give up gayeties and festivities that they may be at the bedside of a sick child, and who, while looking more the sisters than the mothers of their grown girls, introduce them at the right age and neither shunt nor suppress them. Certainly there are mothers who let their daughters go to the right or the left unchaperoned, while they themselves carry on the old game of intrigue with new and varied playfellows; but the remnant exists, and to these clean-minded and clean-living women, faithful wives and devoted mothers, we take off our hats, as to King Edward's Countess of Shrewsbury, and that pearl among wives and mothers, Lady Rachel Russell.

We get a little insight into the widespread prevalence of what is surely dangerous flirting, if not absolute intrigue, by Sunday visiting at certain houses. In some the hostess frankly says she does not care to have women at all. She wants only club men and politicians, with whom to discuss the salient questions of the day; women, with their flirting and frivolity, are out of place. Other houses are frankly open to both sexes. These belong to the remnant. But others again are intended for men only; and even of these it is wished that none but the favorites should call. Before you know this, and if you are a woman who makes Sunday calls, you get your initiation into the secret ways of those houses by a process as painful to yourself as it is disagreeable to your fair friends. You call at this house and that, to find two people in earnest conversation together—conversation of the kind which does not like interruption. Woman-like, she recovers her self-possession the soonest; man-like, he shows temper and is sullen. You, the innocent Jonah whose presence has wrecked this little bark of confidential intercourse, bowed under the sense of your involuntary iniquity, talk fast and probably talk foolishly—only anxious to get through your necessary five minutes before you may convey yourself and your embarrassment out of the room. If this happen to you twice or thrice in the same day, it leaves on you the most depressing sense of gross blundering. Then you wish that you had never been born; for perhaps these unexpected revelations have shattered what was once a delicate and dainty little image; and one more illusion has gone like a bubble.

For the self-respecting remnant both tact and discrimination are of primal necessity in their dealings with society. To churlishly refuse the proffered friendship of those on the higher rungs of the social ladder—rungs which are higher than your own—is to write yourself down a snob of the snobs, when that friendship is sincere, simple and human. It all depends on that sincerity, that simple humanness, and on your own estimate of the motive which prompts the offer of that right hand of fellowship. If the motive be frankly sincere, the acceptance should follow suit. But if you are asked as a kind of lion whose roaring is to be a feature—a modern Sampson to make sport for the nobly-born Philistines, then are you a cur if you accept, and unworthy of the grand old name handed down to you by your English forefathers. The Leo Hunters of Society are never idle, and their traps are set, their nets are cast at all four corners of the social jungle. It is not the person they care for, only the name. Nor is it fame they regard, so much as notoriety. An outrage against good taste and decency, if well boomed and talked about, is a bigger passport than an achievement that has escaped the desecration of blare and gained only the distinction of appreciative praise. This nice difference in the spirit is discernable only by the remnant. The ruck of the strivers after private pelf and public notice are too eager in their race to care for nice differences. To see their names in the list of my Lady Fourstars' guests is all they desire. Little they reck whether they are asked out of regard for themselves or respect for what they have done, or for the mere fact that they are notorious and by their notoriety stand as advertisements for Lady Fourstars herself, and the grandeur of her social position.

Anyway, they are willing to hire themselves out for the pleasure of seeing their names in the list; and if you speak to them of self-respect on the one hand or of self-degradation on the other, you speak a language as foreign as if you exhorted them in Chaldean or warned them in Hebrew. They are not of the remnant, and they bow their knees to any number of Baals without the tender excuse of Naaman when his master leaned on his hand in the House of Rimmon. This does not say that we are free from the obligation of paying our shot in society. We all must, some in one way, some in another. We must contribute our share to the general quota, either by our birth or our wealth, our beauty or our brains, our fame or our influence, or it may be only by our manners and our power of talk. No totally insignificant and undowered person can possibly hope to be in what is called Society—that is, asked by those who value the outsides of things alone, and who demand the quid pro quo. The best wife in the world, the most meritorious mother, the dearest father, brothers and sisters to swear by, if neither handsome nor witty, neither rich nor well-born, if contributing nothing to a room in dress, name, appearance, conversation, will not be largely invited, save by those intimates who know and respect them. If these undistinguished persons are touched by the curse of social ambition, they will eat dirt by the peckful for the sake of appearing here and there. If they are of the remnant, with a sufficient amount of good sense and the power of recognizing conditions, they will accept their portion of social effacement with the dignity of those who understand their true worth, their real position, and do not wish for fictitious acknowledgments.

In all professions and all social circumstances can be found this remnant of the self-respecting, who disdain

the arts by which others forge or wriggle their way to the front. In art and literature are the two sections of the rockets, with the charred stick to follow—and of the steadily flaming cressets, that burn quietly on to the end—those who are “boomed” by interested friends and backers, and those the worth of whose work is their sole claim to public consideration. It must be confessed that this last section is in a woful minority in these latter times, and that writers and artists trust more to the power of the boom than they do to the intrinsic worth of their work. But the fame brought by the former method is illusory and transitory. It sells the books, and brings good money to the pocket of the author: so far, indeed it is neither illusory nor transitory; but it does not secure the success of future issues, if those issues are unworthy of success. The glamour of a boom lasts but a short time, and no self-respecting worker either values or desires it. The wise know that sooner or later most of us come to our deserts. Those who have been buoyed up by wind-bags get caught on sharp places, which pierce their supports and let them down like stones. Those who have done the best they know, steadily, faithfully, through temporary neglect but ever-increasing recognition, come at last to the goal of their desire—whence they can never be dislodged. The self-respecting worker keeps steadily on, indifferent to hostile criticism save when it conveys a real lesson of better advice, and with but one aim—to do the best he knows. The boomed worker is spasmodic, hurried, and always under strain and apprehension. His dominant endeavor is to surpass himself, not in the intrinsic quality of his work, but in its sensationalism. This is, as was said, specially true of intellectual workers in this present noisy day. But we must never forget the remnant—those quiet, conscientious, and independent workers, whose pride disdains fireworks, and whose honor is in their own thoroughness.

This is the remnant into the houses of which the modern social element does not enter. They do not associate with men to whom their butlers could give points—with women less refined than their maids. No amount of gilding could make these people acceptable; and no intrigue whereby to effect an entrance could be successful. They stand by their own order, and maintain the dignity of inherited caste. Notoriety is as offensive to them as ill-breeding, as ostentation. They see no charm in that kind of impudent cleverness which has assumed heroic proportions of late; the cleverness which here ignores a notorious past in favor of a decent present—there outrages all sense of feminine decency, as well as forgets the limits of geographical accuracy. In a lovely little knot apart stand the remnant of fair women who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of rampant egotism under the name of a mission, and self-display under the name of political action. No platform orators are they, appealing to men's passions, euphemistically styled their reason; no disturbers of an ancient civilization, which the sovereign's coronation oath undertakes to respect, for the sake of the career it opens and the emoluments that career includes. To this remnant home duties lie closer and are more sacred than wild tramps in foreign lands for the conversion of content into discontent, quietude into restlessness, the claustral life befitting the religion, the morals, the habits, and the climate, into the half-Amazonian freedom which does as much harm as good even in the colder north and west, and which would be so disastrous

in the south and east. The remnant among modern women are as beautiful and pure, as orderly and as modest, as were ever their predecessors in the finest days of history. The type has not died out; it is only overshadowed by the more vulgar self-assertion of the rowdy kind—those blatant, noisy, and unsexed Wild Women who have gone beyond the line of feminine modesty, as the best of all ages have traced it, and left to the remnant the guardianship of the holy books and the care of the sacred fire. Were it not for this remnant, indeed, we might well despair because of the things we see and hear. But the 7,000 save us, and the chosen people have always their representatives. In this remnant, then, lies the hope of the future. It was the salvation of the past. In the worst time of Rome's corruption it existed, as one might find sweet flowers hidden among weeds and filth; and what can be said of Imperial Rome may be said of every other country and every other epoch. There has always been the remnant; self-respecting, honorable, faithful to the better way, loyal to the finer traditions. When all society seemed to be given over to hopeless corruption, in the quiet homesteads, far removed from the glare of Courts and the noise of cities, noble men and women lived in the grand simplicity of virtue, and reared their children to respect the gods and themselves. When men openly laughed at morality, and women notoriously bartered chastity for gain, and gave away the true for the false, the remnant kept the record clean; and by degrees the best outran the worst.

The Fascinating Parisienne....Marquise de San Carlos....North Amer. Rev.

The genuine Frenchwoman of society is rarely beautiful. She is always more or less fascinating. Like the French nobleman she is tall, lithe, intelligent, appreciative of art, with much delicacy of feeling, and has either very strong, almost bigoted, principles or none at all. As there is no possibility for the development of love before marriage, this most natural of all human passions is apt to assert its power long after the excitable young Frenchwoman has contracted an alliance with some "unsympathetic fellow," and it needs much character and very solid virtue to resist the courtship of enterprising French noblemen who swarm round young brides with the scepticism of true libertines. Women of strict principles, who have not become nuns on leaving school, and who have had the courage to withstand the current of youth and passion, lead, after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent domestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose morals, and they are perchance the greater number, seem to have a pretty good time of it, and spend their golden years "*trompant leurs maris*" with a vengeance, while they bring up their children with the greatest severity, on a system of blindfold ignorance. In fact, the cool way French women have of being immoral without giving up going to church on Sunday is a mystery. One sister will be a Carmelite, and the other will accept the homage of half a dozen admirers. Yet both have been educated in the same convent; both have shared the same life till the age of eighteen, when the gay, laughing blonde entered a religious order, and the dark, almond-eyed sister sought the marriage tie for the sole purpose of securing freedom.

The French are naturally artistic in their tastes: this characteristic reaches the very quintessence of delicacy in the person of a dainty lady of fashion. She gives evidence of her fastidiousness from the tip of her tiny slipper to

the soft curly ringlets that encircle her brow, or have been trained to curl round her graceful neck. The display of underclothes made in the windows of renowned "lingéries" give but a faint idea of the fairy-like fancies with which lace frills and ruffled flounces, tasty ribbons and transparent foulards have been taught to hide spare forms and bony limbs, and suggest the line of beauty in the reflection of a Psyche. In the arrangement of her toilette the art of a French belle is so great that one is easily led to believe her beautiful until an English or American "professional" enters the room! Then only does one understand where the difference lies. The Anglo-Saxon reminds you of some antique statue; her pencilled eyebrows, her fresh, sweet mouth, the perfect oval of her face and her dazzling complexion are unrivaled; while the pretty Marquise's nose suddenly appears too long, her coloring despairingly sallow, her lips too thin and her mouth too large. But keep your two beauties together for a little while; the English-woman will be sure to have much amusing and interesting information on hand; whereas it will be quite impossible ten minutes after to recall a word of all the gay nonsense your French friend spouted away almost unwittingly, and when the next waltz strikes up you are half surprised to find that you have left your charming compatriot to the care of some adventurous Frenchman, and that the bright, bewitching eyes of the Marquise are looking up to you from beneath your very own.

Besides, Anglo-Saxon women rarely possess "*l'art de porter la toilette*." One reads Worth or Doucet all over their finery; not so the true Parisienne. She is never a mannequin, but leaves this part to the saleswoman. Put the same gown on the Vicomtesse de X., and Lady Z., and you will hear people exclaim as the former passes: "How well the Vicomtesse looks to-day!" and when Lady Z. follows, it will be: "What a fortune she spends on Worth!" There is something, or rather a nothing—"un rien"—as the French say—in the way of giving last touches, of placing a flower or a jewel on this side or that, which the Parisienne has found in her own looking-glass, and which suits her own peculiar style, her own face and nose and smile, and which she would have placed quite differently had she Lady Z.'s nose and face and smile. In the meantime pretty unartistic Lady Z. has left the bow just where the seamstress pinned it on, and has allowed her coiffeur to dress her hair as best he chooses. Dress molds itself to the figure of an élégante, who remains hours before her mirror, like a painter before his easel, intent on beautifying the image therein reflected. This artistic chef d'œuvre once terminated, madame seems to forget entirely the pretty picture she has made, and from that moment dedicates all her faculties to the use of those other weapons which intelligent coquetry places at her disposal. Tact, wit, and the ever-smouldering fire of her glances are all called to action, and soon envelop her in a magnetic atmosphere which easily hypnotizes those who approach too closely, and fall an easy prey to this siren.

The life of a Parisienne is a round of continual amusement. This, however, may be said of every woman of society in all parts of the world. That society is more absorbing and less fatiguing, more intoxicating though less exciting, than elsewhere is equally true. The masculine element and the undercurrent of the rivalry with the demi-monde add much of forbidden-fruit-like charm to the enjoyments of society. Men have nothing to do; women naught but their toilettes to

think of; there is plenty of time left for pleasures the most subtle. Houskeeping lies lightly on the shoulders of a Parisienne. If one has an apartment it is easily superintended; for an important establishment there exist legions of well-trained servants with whom the whole thing is a question of money. To give a reception, whatever may be its character, is therefore an easy matter. A few well-combined orders, and every detail is executed with artistic and intelligent care. Any Parisienne may give a ball or go to one without having housekeeping worries to weigh down her light, graceful spirits. Let us then seek her in her own bright kingdom, the ball-room! As I write these words I recall the splendid halls of the Duchess de la R., at which the "Faubourg St. Germain" reigned supreme. How aristocratic they all looked, those high-bred men and women. How frail and delicate; how slender and graceful. How simple their attire notwithstanding the richness of the textures employed, the elegance of its make, and the wealth of jewels placed here and there as though by accident. I used to go early and watch them as they arrived, dropping their courtesies to the mistress of the house near the entrance, while their high-sounding names were being loudly and pompously announced by the most imposing of huissiers. As this stream of fashionable people passed by, it would be: "There goes the Countess X., old M.'s last flame—;" or "here is pretty Madame de N., who caused Count L.'s death in a duel with the Duke de B—;" or "that is the Baronne de J., her husband, and her husband's best friend!" and so on till the arrivals came few and far between, and we would follow the Duchess back into the dancing-room. Strange, mysterious creatures are these Parisiennes, who spend their nights in soft, voluptuous motion, under the light of waxen tapers, gliding over the slippery wooden parquets of French salons to the sound of rapturous music. Graceful sirens, with swanlike necks and drooping shoulders, thin, pale arms and small aristocratic head, are these mothers and wives whose babes cry alone in the stillness of darkened nurseries, while their husbands make love to beautiful women vulgar, spontaneous and dangerous

How to be Happy though Wealthy....Fashionable Living....New York Sun

What does it cost to live in New York, to support such an establishment as a married man in society in this city must have? When the writer asked this question recently of several prominent New Yorkers whose names warrant their living in any style they choose, he found that the estimates given not only differed widely, but that in the details they were lacking, every one of them, in what the majority of people would consider the most important items. In no case was any account made of the cost of food and clothing. These things, that with most of us are first to be considered in the expense account, make comparatively so small a figure in the cost of a New York establishment that none of the questioned considered them at all. It is an easy matter to induce almost any wealthy New Yorker to make a detailed estimate of the cost of supporting an establishment; and the estimate will usually be based upon his own expenses. But it is not so easy to obtain permission to use the wealthy New Yorker's name. The first man to whom the question was put, made it a condition his name should not be mentioned. It is seldom that he makes such a stipulation, too, for he is interviewed perhaps far oftener and

with better results than any other man in the world. "A gentleman of fair family," said this prominent New Yorker, "to be in the social swim, if he owns his own house, can live handsomely on \$50,000 a year, and can spend double that amount without any appreciable difference. In the latter case he has more servants and gives more receptions. For \$50,000 a year he can live just as comfortably in this city as he could quietly in some interior village for \$5,000 a year. In the village he would doubtless enjoy better health. The servants are important. There must be a butler, with one or two assistants; a chef, with assistants; a lady's maid for each female member of the family; two laundresses, at least two chambermaids, a governess for the children, a coachman, a footman, tutors for languages and music, and two stablemen. The wine and cigar bill of course varies according to circumstances. Wine is not used so much now as it was a short time ago, and fewer gentlemen smoke; still, there must always be the best wines and cigars in the house. The church pew costs from \$300 to \$500 and the opera box costs \$5,000 for the season. There seems to be a little discrepancy here between the cost of religion and music, but I am merely giving you facts without comment. The newspaper bill is unusually large—in the newspaper bill I include, of course, magazines and all periodical literature. Most men of affairs take all the principal newspapers of the city, even if they have time only to glance at the headings. They must know what is going on. For my own part I read as many newspapers as an exchange editor, and consider it part of my daily business. For receptions a prima donna costs from \$500 to \$1,000 a night. I say nothing about the stables, because a man may keep two horses or twenty, or none, without affecting his social standing: \$50,000 a year is a fair estimate for a proper establishment. The expense need not go much higher, and cannot go much lower."

The next wealthy New Yorker to whom the question was put, protested that his own experience could not be used as an example, for he lived in a very moderate and quiet way—very moderate indeed, his expenses rarely exceeding \$25,000 a year. "But I have plenty of friends who live in better style," he said. "Anywhere between \$50,000 and \$100,000 a year I consider a moderate expense for a wealthy family. For a moderate-sized house the rent may be estimated at \$2,500 and that is very low for New York. There must be a man or woman servant for each of the children, at \$30 to \$40 a month; a butler at from \$100 to \$200 a month; a chief cook at about \$140 a month. You see I am making the whole thing moderate. You can pay your chef \$8,000 a year, like one of the Vanderbilts, if you choose. An under-cook at \$75 a month, two kitchen girls at about \$20 a month each; a governess, \$40; two chambermaids, \$20 each; coachman, about \$80; groom, \$40 to \$50; stable boy, \$20; two more valets at \$30 each; a lady's maid for each woman or girl, at \$30 each; two women for the laundry, at \$25 each; two gardeners, if there are any grounds, one at \$60 and the other at \$30 a month; two door boys at \$20 each, and a boy for blacking shoes. Then there will be from six to twelve horses, with their feed, and anywhere from two to twelve carriages to keep in order. On this scale, which is a moderate one for a wealthy family in New York, you cannot estimate less than \$75,000 a year, and \$100,000 is a much safer figure."

IN THE JUDGMENT HALL OF PONTIUS PILATE*

Far back from the edge of the crowd, a woman's voice, sweet and shrill and piercing, soared up and rang out with a cruel music over all the deeper uproar,—

"Crucify him! Crucify him!"

The clear vibration of the woman's cry acted like a strange charm to stimulate afresh the already feverish excitement of the people. A frenzied hubbub ensued—shrieks, yells, groans, and hisses filled the air, till the noise became absolutely deafening, and Pilate, with an angry and imperious gesture, suddenly rose and faced the mob. Advancing to the front of the dais, he lifted up his hand authoritatively to command silence. Gradually the din decreased, dying off in little growling thuds of sound down to a few inaudible mutterings, though before actual stillness was restored, the sweet soprano voice rang forth again melodiously, broken by a bubbling ripple of laughter,—

"Crucify him!"

Barabbas started. That silvery laugh struck to his heart coldly and made him shiver—surely he had heard an echo of such scornful mirth before? It sounded bitterly familiar. Pilate's keen eyes flashed a vain search for the unseen speaker—then, turning towards the people with an air of pacific dignity, he demanded:

"Why, what evil hath he done?"

This simple question was evidently ill-timed, and had a disastrous effect. The sole answer to it was a belching roar of derision—a thunderous clamor of wild rage that seemed to shake the very walls of the Tribunal. Men, women and little children alike joined in the chorus of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and the savage refrain was even caught up by the high-priests, elders and scribes, who, in their various distinctive costumes and with their several attendants were grouped behind Pilate on the judgment dais. Pilate heard them, and turned sharply round, a dark frown knitting his brows. Caiaphas, the chief priest, met his eyes with a bland smile, and repeated under his breath "Crucify him!" as though it were a pleasing suggestion.

"Of a truth it were well he should die the death," murmured Annas, his portly colleague, casting a furtive glance at Pilate from under his pale eyelashes. "The worthy Governor seemeth to hesitate, yet verily this traitor is no friend of Cæsar's."

Pilate vouchsafed no answer save a look of supreme and utter scorn. Shrugging his shoulders, he reseated himself, and gazed long and earnestly at the accused. "What evil hath he done?" It might have been more justly asked, what evil could he do? Was there any mark of vileness, any line of treachery on the open beauty of that fair and lustrous countenance? No, nobleness and truth were eloquently declared in every feature; moreover, there was something in the silent presence of the prisoner that made Pilate tremble—something unspoken yet felt—a vast and vague mystery that seemed to surround and invest Him with a power all the more terrific because so deeply hidden. And while the troubled procurator studied His calm and dignified bearing, and wondered doubtfully what course it were best to pursue, Barabbas from his coign of van-

tage stared eagerly in the same direction, growing more and more conscious of an unusual and altogether wonderful fascination in the aspect of this man the people sought to slay. And presently his vivid curiosity gave him courage to address one of the soldiers near him.

"Prithee tell me, what captive King stands yonder?"

The soldier gave a short contemptuous laugh. "King! Ay, ay! He calls himself King of the Jews—a sorry jest, for which his life will pay forfeit. He is naught but a carpenter's son, known as Jesus of Nazareth. He hath stirred up rebellion and persuadeth the mob to disobey law. Moreover he consorteth with the lowest rascals—thieves and publicans and sinners. He hath a certain skill in conjuring; the people say he can disappear suddenly when most sought for. But he made no attempt to disappear last night, for we trapped him easily, close by Gethsemane. One of his own followers betrayed him. Some there be who deem him mad—some say he hath a devil. Devil or no, he is caught at last and must surely die."

Barabbas heard in incredulous amazement. That royal-looking Personage a carpenter's son? A common workingman, and one of the despised Nazarenes? No, no! it was not possible! Then, by degrees, he began to remember that before he, Barabbas, had been cast into prison for robbery and murder there had been strange rumors afloat in the country of Judæa concerning one Jesus, a miracle-worker, who went about healing the sick and the infirm, giving sight to the blind and preaching a new religion to the poor. It was even asserted that He had on one occasion raised a man named Lazarus from the dead, after three days' burial in the ground; but this astounding report was promptly suppressed and contradicted by certain scribes in Jerusalem, who made themselves generally responsible for the current news. The country people were known to be ignorant and superstitious, and anyone possessing what was called "the gift of healing," in provinces where all manner of loathsome physical evils abounded, could obtain undue and almost supernatural influence over the miserable and down-trodden inhabitants. Yet surely if this Man were He of whom rumor had spoken, then there seemed no reason to doubt the truth of the miraculous powers attributed to Him. He was Himself an embodied Miracle. And what were His powers actually? Much had been said concerning the same Jesus of Nazareth, of which Barabbas had no distinct recollection. His eighteen months of imprisonment had obliterated many things from his memory, and what he had chiefly brooded upon in his dreary dungeon had been his own utter misery and the torturing recollection of one fair woman's face. Now, strange to say, he could find no room for any thought at all, save the impending fate of Him on whom his eyes were fixed. And, as he looked, it seemed to him that all suddenly the judgment hall expanded hugely and swam round in a circle of bright flame through which he saw that angelic white Figure shine forth with a thousand radiations of lightning-like glory! A faint cry of terror broke from his lips: "No, no! No, I tell you! You cannot, you dare not crucify Him! Yonder is a Spirit—no man ever looked so—He is a God!—"

As he uttered the word, one of the Roman soldiers,

* From *Barabbas: A Dream of the World Tragedy*. By Marie Corelli (see page 11). J. B. Lippincott Co. Barabbas has just been taken from prison to be present at the trial of Christ.

hearing, turned and struck him fiercely on the mouth with his steel gauntlet. "Fool, be silent! Wilt thou, too, be one of his disciples?"

Wincing with pain, Barabbas strove to wipe the trickling blood from his lips with his fettered hands, and as he did so, caught a straight full look from the so-called Jesus of Nazareth. The pity and tenderness of that look pierced him to the soul; no living being had ever given him a glance so instantly comprehensive and sympathetic. With a quick, reckless movement, he thrust himself more to the front of the crowd to gain a closer view of One who could so gently regard him. A passionate impulse of gratitude moved him to rush across the whole width of the hall, and fling himself in all his rough brute strength in front of this new-found Friend to serve as a human buckler of defense in case of need. But bristling weapons guarded him, and he was too closely surrounded to escape. Just at that moment, one of the scribes, a tall, lean man in sober-colored raiment, rose from his place in the semi-circle of priests and elders grouped on the judicial platform, and, unfolding a parchment scroll, began to read in a monotonous voice the various heads of the indictment against the accused. A great stillness now reigned in lieu of the previous uproar; a deep hush of suspense and attention, in which the assembled mob seemed to wait and pant with expectation, as a crouching beast waits and pants for its anticipated prey. Pilate listened frowningly, one hand covering his eyes. During the occasional pauses in the scribe's reading, the noise of traffic in the outside stony streets made itself distinctly audible. The skies were changing rapidly from pearl-grey hues to rose and daffodil; the sun was high above the horizon, but its light had not yet found a way through the lofty windows of the judgment hall. It beamed on the crowd beyond the barrier with iridescent flashes of color, now flashing on a red kerchief tying up a woman's hair, or on the glittering steel corslet of a Roman soldier, while the Tribunal itself was left in cold and unilumined whiteness, relieved only by the velvet hangings pertaining to it, which in their sombre purple tint suggested the falling folds of a funeral pall.

The reading of the indictment finished, Pilate still remained silent for some minutes. Then, lifting his hand from his eyes, he surveyed, somewhat satirically, his companions in authority.

"Ye have brought me this man as one that perverteth the people," he said slowly. "What accusation bring ye against him?"

Caiaphas and Annas, who was then vice-president of the Sanhedrim, exchanged wondering and half-indignant glances. Finally, Caiaphas, with an expression of offended dignity, looked appealingly upon his compeers.

"Surely ye have all heard the indictment," he said, "and the worthy governor's question seemeth but vain in this matter. What need we of further witnesses? If yonder man were not a malefactor would we have brought him hither? He hath blasphemed; for last night we did solemnly adjure him in the name of the living God, to declare unto us whether he were the Christ, the Son of the Blessed, and he answered boldly and said: 'I am! And hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of Power and coming in the clouds of heaven!' What think ye? Is he not worthy of death?"

An emphatic murmur of assent went round the semi-circle of the priests and elders. But Pilate gave a

gesture of contempt and flung himself restlessly back on the judgment seat.

"Ye talk in parables, and do perplex the ends of justice. If he himself saith he is the son of Man, how do ye make him out to be the Son of God?"

Caiaphas flushed an angry red, and was about to make some retort, but on a moment's reflection, suppressed his feelings and proceeded, smiling cynically:

"Of a truth thou art in merciful mood, Pilate, and thine Emperor will not blame thee for too much severity of rule! In our law, the sinner that blasphemeth shall surely die. Yet if blasphemy be not a crime in thy judgment, what of treason? Witnesses there are who swear that this man hath said it is not lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar; moreover he is an evil boaster, for he hath arrogantly declared that he will destroy the Holy Temple. Yea, verily, even unto the Holy of Holies itself, he saith he will destroy, so that not one stone shall remain upon another, and in three days, without the help of hands, he will build up a new and greater tabernacle! Such mad ranting doth excite the minds of the populace to rebellion,—moreover, he deceiveth the eyes of the vulgar and uninstructed by feigning to perform great miracles when all is but trickery and dissimulation. Finally, he hath entered Jerusalem in state as a King;"—here he turned to his colleague in office—"Thou, Annas, canst speak of this, for thou wert present when the multitude passed by."

Annas, thus appealed to, moved a little forward, pressing his hands together, and casting down his pale-colored, treacherous eyes with a deferential air of apologetic honesty.

"Truly it would seem that a pestilence in this man's shape doth walk abroad to desolate and disaffect the province," said he,—"for I myself beheld the people, when this traitor entered the city by the road of Bethphage and Bethany, rush forth to meet him with acclamations, strewing palm-branches, olive-boughs, and even their very garments in his path, as though he were a universal conqueror of men. And shouts of triumph rent the air, for the multitude received him both as prophet and king, crying, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!' Whereat I marveled greatly, and being troubled in mind, returned unto Caiaphas to tell him straightway those things which I had seen and heard. 'Tis an unseemly passion of the vulgar to thus salute with royal honor one of the accursed Nazarenes."

"Is he in truth a Nazarene?" inquired one of the elders suddenly, with a dubious air—"I have heard it said that he was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, and that the late King Herod was told of certain marvels at his birth——"

"An idle rumor," interrupted Annas, hastily. "We took him before the tetrarch yesternight, where, had he chosen, he could have made his own defense. For Herod asked him many questions which he could not or would not answer, till the noble tetrarch's patience failing, he sent him on to Pilate to be sentenced. He is known to be of Nazareth, for his parents have their home and calling in the village so named."

Pilate listened, but said nothing. He was ill at ease. The statements of Caiaphas and Annas seemed to him a mere babble of words without meaning. He was entirely opposed to the members of the Sanhedrim; he knew they were men who chiefly sought their own interest and advancement, and he also knew that the real

cause of their having denounced the so-called "prophet of Nazareth," was fear—fear of having their theories shaken, their laws questioned, and their authority over the people denied. He saw in the dignified Prisoner before him, one, who, whatever He was, or wherever He came from, evidently thought for Himself. Nothing more terrorizing to sacerdotal tyranny than liberty of thought!—nothing more dangerous than freedom of conscience and indifference to opinion! Pilate himself was afraid, but not with the same dread as that which affected the Jewish priests—his misgivings were vague and undefined, and all the more difficult to overcome. He was strangely reluctant to even look at the "Nazarene," whose tall and radiant form appeared to shine with an inward and supernatural light amid the cold austerity of the judicial surroundings, and he kept his eyes down, fixed on the floor, the while he hesitatingly pondered his position. But time pressed—the Sanhedrin council were becoming impatient—he was at last compelled to act and to speak, and slowly turning round in his chair he fully confronted the Accused, who at the same instant lifted His noble head and met the anxious, scrutinizing regard of His judge with an open look of fearless patience and infinite tenderness. Meeting that look Pilate trembled—but anon, forcing himself to assume an air of frigid composure, he spoke aloud in grave authoritative accents:

"Answerest thou nothing? Hearrest thou not how many things are witnessed against thee?"

Then and only then, the hitherto immovable white-robed figure stirred,—and advancing with slow and regal grace, approached Pilate more nearly, still looking at him. One bright ray of the risen sun fell slantingly through a side-window and glistened star-like on the bronze-gold of the rich hair that clustered in thick waves upon His brow, and as He kept His shining eyes upon His judge, He smiled serenely even as one who pardons a sin before hearing its confession. But no word passed His lips. Pilate recoiled,—and icy cold chilled the blood in his veins,—involuntarily he rose, and fell back step by step, grasping at the carved gold projections of his judicial throne to steady his faltering limbs, for there was something in the quiet onward gliding of that snowy-garmented Shape that filled his soul with dread, and suggested to his mind old myths and legends of the past, when Deity appearing suddenly to men, had consumed them in a breath with the lightning of great glory. And that one terrific glory when he stood thus face to face with the Divine Accused seemed to him an eternity. All unconsciously to himself his countenance paled to a ghastly haggardness, and scarcely knowing what he did, he raised his hands appealingly as though to avert some great and crushing blow. The learned Jews who were grouped around him stared at his terror-stricken attitude in wonderment, and exchanged glances of vexation and dismay, while one of the elders, a dark-eyed, crafty-visaged man, leaned forward hastily and touched him on the shoulder, saying in a low tone:

"What ails thee, Pilate? Surely thou art smitten with palsy, or some delusion numbs thy senses! Hasten, we beseech thee, to pronounce sentence, for the hours wear on apace,—and at this season of the Passover, 'twere well and seemly that thou shouldst give the multitude their will. What is this malefactor to thee? Let him be crucified, for he is guilty of treason, since he calls himself a king. Full well thou knowest we have no king but Cæsar, yet yonder fellow boldly saith he is king

of the Jews. Question him, whether or no he hath not boasted falsely of power!"

Pilate gazed round at his adviser bewilderedly—he felt as though he were entangled in the mazes of an evil dream where demons whispered dark hints of unworded crimes. Sick and cold to the very heart, he yet realized that he must make an effort to interrogate the prisoner as he was bidden, and, moistening his parched lips, he at last succeeded in enunciating the necessary query, albeit his accents were so faint and husky as to be scarcely audible—"Art thou the king of the Jews?"

An intense silence followed. Then a full, penetrating voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, stirred the air.

"Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"

Pilate's face flushed, and his hand grasped the back of his chair convulsively. He gave a gesture of impatience, and answered abruptly, yet tremulously,—

"Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief have delivered thee unto me; what hast thou done?"

A light as of some inward fire irradiated the deep lustrous eyes of the "Nazarene;" a dreamy, meditative smile parted His lips. Looking so, and smiling thus, His glorious aspect made the silence eloquent, and Pilate's authoritative demand, "What hast thou done?" seemed answered without speech as if he said:

"What have I done? I have made life sweet, and robbed Death of bitterness; there is honor for men and tenderness for women; there is hope for all, Heaven for all, God for all!—and the lesson of love,—love divine for ever through My Name!"

But these great facts remained unuttered, for, as yet they were beyond mortal comprehension, and with the faint dreamy smile still giving a poetic languor of deep thought to every line of His countenance, the Accused answered slowly,—

"My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews. But—now is my kingdom not from hence!"

And, drawing His majestic figure up to its full height, He raised His head and looked up towards the loftiest window of the Hall, now glittering diamond-like in the saffron-tinted rays of the swiftly ascending sun. His attitude was so unspeakably grand and suggestive of power, that Pilate again recoiled, with that sickening sense of helpless terror clutching at his heart anew. He stole a furtive and anxious glance at the chief priests and elders, who were leaning forward on their benches listening attentively. Caiaphas smiled satirically and exchanged a side-whisper with Annas, but otherwise no one volunteered to speak. Surely against his will, Pilate continued his examination. Feigning an unconcern he was far from feeling, he asked his next question half carelessly, half kindly,—

"Art thou a King, then?"

With a sublime gesture, the Accused flashed one burning glance upon all who waited breathlessly for His reply,—then looked straight and steadily, full into Pilate's eyes. "Thou sayest!"

And as he uttered the words, the sun, climbing to the topmost arch of the opposite window, beamed through it in a round blaze of glory, and flooded the judgment hall with ripples of gold and crimson, circling the Divine brows with a glittering rainbow radiance as though the very heavens had set their crown and signet upon the splendor of a Truth revealed!

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Thought of You.....Frank L. Stanton.....Songs of a Day

I care not whether the skies are blue,
Or the clouds gloom black above me;
A sweet thought comes with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!

When the world is cold and its friendships few,
And toil is a vain endeavor,
A sweet voice sings to my soul of you
And the world is sweet forever.

And love, my love, with the bright eyes true
And the red lips kind with kisses,
There is no love like my love for you—
No joy n the world like this is!

And whether the skies are dark or blue,
With stars or storms above me,
My life will shine with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!

Forgetting.....May Williams.....The Times-Democrat

Day has ended, and the twilight,
With its sacred power to bless,
Comes to soothe the tired body,
Heart and soul of weariness.
Dreaming of the day now going,
I my starlit vigil keep,
With an only thought—forgetting,
Ere I lay me down to sleep.

I've forgotten—I've forgotten
All the clouds that crossed the sky,
All the phantoms that in daytime
Seemed around my path to lie.
Night has come, with darkness glooming,
But without day's shadows thrown;
With its million stars reflecting,
Softened, light that day has known.
And my soul, in starlight bathing,
Cleansed within its mystic flood,
Loses all the shades of striving,
Holds the chastened light of Good.

I've forgotten—I've forgotten
How a moment, in its bane,
Burned upon my throbbing spirit
With a thousand years of pain:
For within the sky of sorrow
Living eyes, like calm stars, glow;
And a smile of Christ-like kindness,
As the night-wind, comforts woe.

God of that great heaven above me,
Are these deeds of ours, when vile,
Hidden by our nobler actions
And the splendor of Christ's smile?
When the sun that gives us shadow,
Light, and time, and life, has set,
And the night of Death falls on us,—
Father, wilt Thou, too, forget?

An Old Love Letter.....John E. McCann.....Dramatic News

I left you, dear, with roses
On your cheeks; and in your eyes
The raindrops that would wet them
To the patter of your sighs.
I went away with longings,
And I often looked behind,
To see you standing where my heart
Groped for you, stunned and blind.

Across Time's face I see you,
As you stood there—brave but weak.

I wonder so if lilies drove
The roses from your cheek?
I wonder how I've lived through it,
When stronger men have died?
Your gracious presence must be now,
As ever, at my side.

There were so many gallant men
Who would have claimed your hand—
Yet, you stooped, to lift me to your heart,
The least worthy of the band.
But blame me not for loving you:
If I have one regret—
But my heart is very selfish,
For it loves you—loves you—yet.

The memory of it all remains
With me through all the years
That we have been apart, dear heart,—
Through all my hopes and fears.
There are women up in heaven,
And there must be women here:
But I have not seen a woman
Since I left your side, my dear.

My heart is always running
Fast along the backward track;
And in the silent watches
I can hear yours call it back.
O! if we ever more shall meet,
We never more shall part—
For I'll lock you in the garden
Of my lonely, loving heart.

My dear—my dear—my very dear,
The years creep slowly by
Between the outer world and me—
Between the earth and sky.
I pray to meet you all the time,
And when that time may be,
I'll lock you in my longing heart—
And then I'll lose the key.

If It Were True.....Lover's Year Book (Roberts Bros.)

If it were really true that you were living,
You whom my soul has always loved the best,
Could you not come to me once more, forgiving,
And lay your head again upon my breast.

If I had known how sadly I should grieve you,
If I had only known it was the last,
There's nothing in the world had made me leave you;
And now, Dear Heart, the tender dream is past.

Can you not see how I have missed you, dearest,
How I regret I ever gave you pain,
How even then I held you first and nearest?
O Love, if you could only come again!

I would be kinder to you. I was fretful;
Life had so much that was too hard to bear;
I did not understand how, self forgetful,
Your love had lightened every pain or care.

We grow too sure of those who never give us
A single anxious thought; they are our own.
I did not dream that death would dare to rob me
Until I found my priceless treasure gone.

And now beside your grave I watch the sunset,
As we so oft have watched the changing skies.
I wonder if this tender purple violet
Has drawn its dreamy beauty from your eyes.

This golden-rod is like your flowing tresses;
This lily like your innocent, pure breast;
This wild rose, blushing to the wind's caresses
May owe its bloom to lips my own have pressed.

I hate these vampire flowers that grow above you;
I cannot bear to think that you are there.
I feel that you are passing, while I love you,
To other forms of Life, however fair.

Yet were it really true that you are living,—
Your own pure life no mocking chance has known,
Would you not come, sweet consolation giving
For grief and doubt that have so bitter grown?

You must see clearly from the height where sorrow
And pain and death have lifted your white soul.
Can you not give some promise of the morrow,
If you have found this life is not the whole?

Can you not come to me, and stoop and kiss me;
Say you forgive the thoughtless words I said,—
They haunt me now,—and that you love and miss me,
And, O My Darling, that you are not dead?

The Blind Summit.....William Watson.....Poems (Macmillan)

A Viennese gentleman, who had climbed the Hoch-Konig without a guide, was found dead, in a sitting posture, near the summit, upon which he had written, "It is cold, and clouds shut out the view."—London Daily News, September 10, 1891.

So mounts the child of ages of desire,
Man, up the steeps of Thought; and would behold
Yet purer peaks, touched with unearthlier fire,
In sudden prospect virginally new;
But on the lone last height he sighs: "'Tis cold,
And clouds shut out the view."

Ah, doom of mortals! Vexed with phantoms old,
Old phantoms that waylay us and pursue,—
Weary of dreams,—we think to see unfold
The eternal landscape of the Real and True;
And on our Pisgah can but write: "'Tis cold,
And clouds shut out the view."

The Silent Ones.....Richard H. Buck.....Philadelphia Ledger

Under the grassy sod,
Under the swaying willows.
Down 'neath the buds and flowers
Sleeping away the hours,
Far from the paths they trod,
They lie on their clayey pillows.
There at the dawn's first peeping,
There when the night comes weeping,
The silent ones are sleeping.

Under the drifting snow,
Down 'neath the naked branches,
Under the rain and sleet,
Swift are the hours and fleet,
Far from the cares we know,
Safe from grief's avalanches,
There at the dawn's first peeping,
There when the night comes weeping,
The silent ones are sleeping.

Faded Pictures.....W. V. Moody.....Kansas City Star

Only two patient eyes to stare
Out of the canvas: all the rest,
The warm green gown, the small hands pressed
Light in the lap, the heavy hair,

That must have made the sweet, low brow
So earnest centuries ago,
When someone saw it change and glow—
All faded. Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass
Before the blistered little frame,
And dingy work, without a name,
Shut in behind its bit of glass:

But I—well, I left Raphael
Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
To think away the stains and blurs,
And make all whole again and well.

Only for tears the head will bow,
Because there on my heart's last wall,
Not one tint left to tell it all,
A picture keeps its eyes, somehow.

Death of Hope.....Mary Evered.....Pall Mall Magazine

Do you know what it is when the clouds creep onwards,
And shadow your world you know not why:
When tears seem falling amid all laughter,
And each sound in the air seems a wailing sigh,—

When you wake at morn still tired, and shudder
From every hour that hurries past,
And pray without cause to sleep for ever,
And long for each night to be the last,—

When you know that the world has naught to give you,
Having plucked the flowers that fell so soon,
That hardly lived thro' the brief bright morning,
And you feel the breath of the coming noon?

Do you know what it is, when your heart is beating
Like a prisoner starved in his lonely cell,
And you long to flee from yourself so weary,
And the beaten track which you know so well?

For you see that your sun is surely setting,
And leaving your life for evermore;
And the gloom is gathering you cannot lessen,
While youth is closing his golden door;

And you know the darkness is coming, coming,—
The past a failure, the future dead,
And the present blank as a page unwritten,
With memory filling the lines instead.

Do you know what it is, this great reaction,
The Death of Hope which must come to all?
The stage may be bright and the actors merry,
But sooner or later the curtains fall.

Through the Twilight.....Bliss Carman.....Low Tide on Grand Pre (Webster)

The red vines bar my window way;
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,
For he has sent this fleet-foot day
A year's march back to bring to me
One face whose smile is my desire,
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,
This calm of death from the day to sever!
And so I shall draw down your cheek
Close to my face—so close!—and know
God's hand between our hands forever
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now
I know your step along the gravel,
And catch your quiet poise of brow,
And wait so long till you turn the latch!
Is the way so hard you had to travel?
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,
But in the hush of brooding weather
A gleam on twilight's gathering line
Has riven the barriers of dream:
Soul of my soul, we are together
As the angels are!

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Cooking by Electricity.....Fannie C. W. Barbour.....Chautauquan

I had heard that one could see cooking done by electricity here, and on inquiring for its exact location was directed to the end of the North Gallery of the Electrical Building at the Fair, where I found it in full operation. Many samples of delicious dainties were passed around, the white-capped *chef* turning out such delicately browned griddle cakes that one's mouth watered for a taste. Here, by means of especially prepared kitchen utensils, one is shown how to cook in the most convenient and inexpensive manner possible, and with the least trouble. In fact, electric cooking bids fair to prove the long-sought solution of the servant problem in the average family. All that one needs to start with are the electric wires through the house. There is no range. An ordinary kitchen table suffices. On one end of this the electric oven can be placed, and on the other end the switch-board, with wires for attachment. Three metal discs were on exhibition, just under the surface of which one can, at close quarters, easily discern the minute hairlike incandescent wires which are evenly distributed all over them. Here we saw the astonishing sight of water bubbling and boiling in an ordinary glass tumbler, which did not break as it would do if placed upon a stove or range, simply because the heat is so equally distributed over the surface of the disc. The griddle cakes, which the cook was frying on another of these discs, were of a delicate brown tint, which extended to their very edge in a beautiful uniform color. No white uncooked borders, or burnt edges with a soggy, heavy center, when cooked in this way.

All the necessary kitchen utensils are prepared with the incandescent wires in the bottom, cast in the enamel resisting plate. There are a stew-pan, kettle, gridiron, griddle, skillet, chafing-dish, frying-pan, and Vienna coffee-pot. Each carries its wire attachment, which has only to be connected with the switch-board, when sufficient heat is generated to cook the food more quickly and with much less waste than with a coal or gas stove. Asbestos plates can also be placed under the coffee-pot and chafing-dish when in use on the table, to keep them from burning the linen. A breakfast of steak, potatoes, coffee and pancakes can be easily prepared in twenty minutes with no fires to light, and no waiting for things to get hot, no smoke, no fumes, no ashes, and everything ready at a moment's notice. It has been proved that two broilers, a griddle and three irons can be run at the same expense that one ordinary broiler costs with a gas stove. Those who have used it testify that the juices of the meats broiled by electricity are more thoroughly retained therein, and that only those who have tried it know the merits of a truly delicious beef-steak. There are all kinds of irons also, and *one* of these will suffice the laundress; for as long as its wire is attached to the board, there is no need of changing it. The heat is retained, and a clever combination of asbestos keeps the handle without warmth. Another great convenience is the ability to attach this iron to the wires in any part of the house. In summer weather, in the country, the linen of the entire family could be ironed on the veranda, for a cool, refreshing breeze does not affect the heat of the utensil in the least.

The oven is most complete in all its adjuncts. With a thermometer on top and a glass window to enable the cook to inspect the inside, which is also lighted by electricity, the temperature and the roast itself can be carefully watched. There are six electric plates in the oven; three over the spit and three below. Being airtight, it is never necessary to open the door to baste the meat, as the generated vapor within bastes the latter automatically. In ten minutes after turning on the current, the oven can be heated to 300°. Then the roast is put in and the heat reduced to 250° by turning the switch. Suppose the meat to weigh sixteen pounds; it should be left there for two hours without opening the door. The oven retains its temperature of 250°, the meat is naturally basted without trouble, and is baked all over an even brown. No heat is lost, so that it is cooked in less time than in an ordinary oven where, with opening and shutting the door, with drafts, etc., 94 per cent. of the heat is lost and only 6 per cent. saved. Here one saves 94 per cent. and loses 6 per cent.

This electrical apparatus, although introduced only two years ago, is becoming widely known and is much used in the kitchens of clubhouses throughout the country. The hotels of New York, Philadelphia and Washington are beginning to take it up, and many private residences are now provided with this convenience. Every bit of food placed before the fastidious members of the Minnesota Club of St. Paul, is cooked by electricity, and they all testify to the merits of the roasts and the juiciness of the steaks and chops cooked in this manner. The Mondamin Club of Sioux City, and hotels in Illinois, Kentucky, and in fact all over the West and South are enthusiastic in its praise. One can furnish a kitchen with the whole apparatus and all the necessary utensils for seventy-five dollars. But it is really not important to have them all to start with. One can commence by procuring the switch-board, three discs, the oven and coffee-pot, using one's own utensils on the discs until the experiment has been tried.

Koumyss: The Food of the SteppesFood

The vast steppes of European Russia and Central and Southwestern Asia, consisting of almost boundless plains—treeless everywhere—are inhabited by the wandering tribes of Khirgis, Bashkirs, Kalmucks and Tartars. During the three months of severe winter these people live in pits dug in the sand and rudely covered with thick felt. The remaining part of the year they roam about the plains, seeking their means of existence, which they are unwilling to procure by tilling the soil. The only thing left them is the breeding of animals, and of these the horse is the favorite because the most profitable. The horse is to him what the reindeer is to the Laplander, or the camel to the Arab. It is truly a wonderful breed, this horse of the Russian steppe. Small in body, it possesses the most wonderful powers of endurance and is capable of resisting fatigue, hunger, cold and thirst during the long winters, as no other breed of horse in the world is capable of. The arrival of spring brings new life to man and beast, and soon the soil is covered with juicy grasses. Then their wanderings begin, to be ended only when the cold drives

them back to the shelter of the underground huts. The mares, now finding an abundance of rich succulent grasses and herbs, yield a plentiful flow of milk, and this is the staff of life to the native. He does not drink it in its natural state, but prepares from it, by a peculiar process, a beverage called koumyss. Travelers in Russia report that a wonderful change now takes place in the natives, due probably to a great extent to the change of living, to the out-of-door exercise, etc., but no doubt also to the almost magic effect of the koumyss, of which enormous quantities are taken. The people now recruit health and strength, which they have lost through the privations and exposures of the previous winters. This fact has been especially remarked by all travelers, and no doubt it was this that led to the careful study of the whole subject of koumyss, which has led to its use and introduction as a special food-product in almost all civilized countries. In regard to the history of koumyss, its use by the tribes of Russia dates back probably to time immemorial. Koumyss was known to the ancients. Herodotus mentions it as prepared by the Scythians, thus: "The milk is poured into wooden casks, about which the blind slaves are placed, and then the milk is stirred round. That which rises to the top is drawn off and considered the best part; the under portion is of less account." Homer also speaks of it and tells how the Scythians used to deprive their slaves of their sight so that they might keep the secret of making a drink from mare's milk. Wandering tribes carried the art of making koumyss into all sections of the country into which they migrated, and it is a curious fact that religion played an important part, later on, in the continuation of the making of koumyss. Thus, the nomads who adopted Christianity discontinued the use of both the flesh of the horse and the milk of the mare. William de Auburquis writes, in the thirteenth century, that "those who are Christians among the nomads, as the Russians and Greeks, will in no case drink koumyss. They consider themselves no Christians after they have once drunk of it." But those who embraced Mohammedanism retained the same love and veneration for the horse as distinguished their ancestors for many generations.

The first mention of the koumyss by name is in writings of the twelfth century. In 1182, Prince Igar Seversky was taken prisoner by a nomad tribe of Southern Russia, and the captors got so drunk on koumyss that they allowed their prisoner to escape. William de Auburquis, the French missionary, was probably the first to give a distinct account of koumyss; of its preparation, taste and physiological action. He called the drink "cosmus," and thought it very palatable. Marco Polo, in his book of travels, speaks of koumyss. No further mention is made of koumyss until the end of the eighteenth century, when a number of surgeons employed in the Russian service called the attention of the civilized world to the preparation of koumyss and its uses in medicine. The most active of these was John Grieve, a Scotchman, who sent a communication to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, entitled: "An Account of the Method of Making a Wine, Called by the Tartars Koumyss, and its Uses in Medicine." After a number of patients sent by Grieve to Tartary had returned in perfect health, he began making koumyss himself. From this time on, we find a large number of articles on koumyss scattered through the Russian and German literature, both lay and medical, and we can-

not fail to notice the high opinions almost all of the authors have of it, both as a food and a valuable reconstructive diet. By the aid of the Russian Government koumyss-cure stations were established near several large cities, and from the careful experiments and observations then recorded, the medical profession has obtained extremely valuable information.

Modern koumyss differs from that just spoken of in that it is made entirely from cow's milk, while the former was made chiefly from the milk of the mare. In the Caucasus mountains, where horned cattle were abundant and the horse did not thrive well, a drink resembling koumyss was made from cow's milk, and was called "kephir;" this name is still used by the Germans to denote fermented cow's milk. In some cases a mixture of cow's and mare's milk was fermented, and even the milk of the goat and that of the ass was used. A beverage made by fermenting a mixture of cow's and asses' milk was called "galazyme." Mare's milk resembles woman's milk more closely than does that of the cow, it is richer in sugar and contains less albuminoids (cheese) than the latter and is much easier to digest.

But the difference in composition of the two kinds of milk are not only those of quantity of constituents, but at least in one important instance, that of the albuminoids, one of quality; a difference in properties, the albuminoids of human milk forming in the stomach an extremely soft and finely divided curd, those of the cow a comparatively hard, lumpy mass of cheese. To overcome these differences is the aim in our best infants' food. The peculiar process of fermentation which milk undergoes when converted into koumyss renders the albuminoids more soluble, and hence more digestible. Whatever then its source, koumyss is a highly effervescent, and, when recently prepared, slightly acidulous beverage made from milk by a process of fermentation, as wine is the product of fermentation of the juice of the grape. It contains the casein, the most nutritious element of milk, in a form in which it can be more readily digested and assimilated. Without going too deeply into its chemistry, it may be said that the fermentation changes the sugar in milk (called lactose) partly into alcohol, carbonic acid gas and lactic acid. We all know what happens when an acid (as vinegar) is added to milk—it curdles, thickens—this is what takes place in koumyss, but this change is so gradual, and being accompanied by agitation, an absolute necessity in the manufacture, the curd is in an extremely finely divided state. Hence, we may say that one operation of digestion has been accomplished, and the curd can now be readily acted upon by the digestive fluids. As the above changes are constantly going on in koumyss, we can readily see that it is not a stable fluid, but constantly changing and becoming more and more acid. When in the first stages of fermentation, while still quite mild, it is called mild koumyss; when quite acid and strongly effervescent, strong koumyss; while in the intermediate stage, weak koumyss.

A few words in regard to the preparation of koumyss by the natives. The sweet milk is put into vessels made of horse-skin (hair side out). A small amount of old koumyss is added, and the mixture briskly churned at intervals until fermentation sets in, when the mass foams violently. The koumyss now passes through the stages mentioned above, and is either used at once or allowed to become stronger. Agitation being necessary to the success of the operation, and the natives being

proverbially lazy, travelers have reported seeing the bags, closed at the tops, attached by a rope a few feet long to the tent-pole. It was the duty of each member of the family to give the bag a vigorous kick each time it was passed. The rolling motion produced the necessary agitation, and no doubt proved a good labor-saving device. Many recipes may be found for making koumyss in the household. In almost all cases the product made by them is not fit to drink, and when used for invalids may be injurious. The operation of preparing koumyss successfully is one requiring expert knowledge and extreme care, and should not be attempted in the household when the product is to be used for an invalid. Much has been written about the physiological and therapeutical action of koumyss, and it is regarded almost a specific in certain diseases by prominent physicians. Medical literature abounds with wonderful cures effected by the use of koumyss, especially in all diseases of the respiratory organs, particularly in consumption, but it is more than probable that its action in all these cases is an indirect one, and shows its effects when a nutritious and easily digested food is required, and this koumyss is, in the highest degree. A few words in regard to the modern preparations of koumyss. In Russia large koumyss establishments are operated in most of the large cities. Germany has for a number of years established kephir-cure places, resembling watering-places. In England the principal point of distribution of koumyss is London, where it is made by a large dairy company. In this country most of the large cities have their manufacturers of it, this being necessary on account of the unstable qualities of the koumyss preventing its being shipped to any great distance. Some time ago a koumyss was put on the market which is claimed to be unalterable. Quite recently a koumyss powder, kumysgen, koumyss in a dry form, has been offered the medical profession, and appears to be received with great favor. This powder contains the solid constituents of koumyss, and requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use with but little inconvenience or delay. It has the advantage of always being of the same strength.

Cultivation of Pineapples.....Kirk Munroe.....Youth's Companion

In England and all over Europe pineapples, or "pines," are eaten only by the few who can afford to raise them in hothouses or pay the extravagant prices for which they are sold. So rare are they on the other side of the Atlantic that they are sometimes hired to impart a crowning glory to banquets, where they may be admired and longed for, but not eaten. In England a pound, or five dollars, is considered a reasonable price for a hothouse "pine," and even in this country as much has been paid for choice specimens of the fruit at the season when they are not in the market. Until within a dozen years nearly all the pineapples raised for market were grown on the Bahama Islands, whence they are shipped by swift sailing-vessels to New York or Liverpool. To-day the principal pineapple-producing district of the world is in the United States, on a group of five small islands, or "keys," lying off the extreme southern point of Florida. These keys are Elliot's, Old Rhoades, Largo, Plantation and Upper Metacumba. On them less than seven hundred acres are devoted to the cultivation of "pines," but from this small area four million five hundred thousand pineapples were shipped to New York in one year recently. The

shipment from the Bahamas for the same year was about two-thirds of this amount, while less than a million and a quarter were brought into the United States from other West Indian Islands. The mainland of southern Florida has also begun to produce pineapples in great numbers. On the island of Cuba the sugar planters are just beginning to convert their unprofitable canefields into pineapple patches.

The Bahama pineapples are deteriorating on account of the impoverishment of the soil, and the growers are turning their attention to Sisal hemp. On the other hand, the area of "pine" lands in south Florida is being extended with each year, and such pains are taken in gathering the crop that Florida "pines," like Florida oranges, now command a better price than any others. Pineapple plants, frequently called "trees" by the growers, rarely attain a greater height than three feet, and are provided with stiff, sharp-pointed leaves like those on the top or "crown" of a pineapple, except that they are much longer. In fact, the crown of a "pine" is in itself a perfect plant, and if thrust into the ground, under the proper conditions, will bear fruit in eighteen months. The pineapple has no seed, but is propagated from slips or suckers. Several slips spring from the base of each perfected fruit, while the suckers shoot from the bottom of the plant. Each plant produces a single fruit and then dies, but its suckers become bearing plants a year later, while its slips, if thrust into the ground, will yield fruit in eighteen months. About ten thousand slips may be planted to the acre, and of these two-thirds will bear fruit. Thus the yield of pineapples is about seven thousand to the acre. If the growers could be certain of realizing one dollar per dozen on every crop, pineapple-raising would rank among the most lucrative of agricultural pursuits; but the present lack of transportation facilities and the dependence of the growers upon commission merchants diminish the profits greatly.

The pineapple is perishable, and there are many chances against its reaching a distant market in good condition, consequently it is generally considered best to sell the crop in the field rather than to run the risks of shipment. In 1889 a certain grower sent three shiploads of "pines" to England. Two of the ships were so long in reaching their destination that their cargoes were spoiled and worthless upon arrival. The third made a quick trip, and landed her cargo in good condition. The "pines" found a ready sale at eleven shillings, or about two and a half dollars apiece; and the lucky shipper cleared all his expenses, including the cost of his spoiled cargoes, and twenty thousand dollars besides. In 1890 he repeated the experiment with two cargoes, and unfortunately lost them both.

The pineapples raised on the Florida keys are of five varieties. Of these the most common are the Spanish or scarlet, which are the best for shipment, and are those ordinarily seen in northern cities. Next comes the "sugar-loaf," which is much sweeter than the scarlet, but more delicate and less easy to ship. The "Egyptian Queen" is a large, juicy "pine" very difficult to handle; while best of all the Puerto Ricos—magnificent fellows, weighing ten pounds each, as sweet and juicy as an Indian River orange, but rarely seen more than two hundred miles from the place where they are grown. The land of the keys on which pineapples are raised would appall even the heart of a New England farmer, for there is probably no land in the world more rocky that yet produces paying crops. It cannot be worked

with plow, hoe or spade; but it does not need working. As soon as it is cleared of its dense forest growth the "pine" slips are set out in the virgin soil, or rather rock, and the result is awaited with confidence. The planting is done during the rainy season, which includes July and August, and the patch is kept free from weeds for several months, or until it is no longer possible, on account of the thick growth of their spiked leaves, to work among the plants. Then they are left to their own devices, to grow as they will.

A field of "pines" raised from slips will continue to bear fruit for five years, though after the second year the yield steadily decreases. A patch planted with suckers provides crops for two years only. After this the land is exhausted so far as its ability to produce pineapples is concerned, and must have its vitality renewed by the use of fertilizers or be given over to other purposes, while a new territory is provided for the crop. This method is the one followed at present on the keys. Each grower makes an annual clearing of a few acres of forest land, and thus converts it into a "pine" producing area. As the keys are small, this process cannot be continued many years; and when the time comes that fertilizers must be used, the inferior soil of the mainland will be as available as that of the islands. The cutting of "pines" for shipment north begins in April, when the earliest of the fruit is full, but at least two weeks before it is ripe. The season closes with the first of June. During this time the great level field presents a most beautiful picture. Its whole expanse is a mass of gold, tinted with varying shades of red and green. Here and there it is dotted with clumps of bananas, palms, dark-leaved mangoes and other tropical trees. Surrounding it is a dense forest or "hummock" growth, that serves as a wind-break.

The fruit-bearing plants stand so close together, and their aggressive-looking leaves are so interlocked, that it seems impossible for any human being to force a passage through their serried ranks. The cutting season is also the beginning of the mosquito season, and whenever a plant is touched myriads of these winged terrors rise from it in blinding clouds. The sun pours down a fervent heat, and the cooling sea-breezes that would otherwise sweep the field are kept from it by the impenetrable wind-breaks. Under these conditions the gathering of pineapples is no easy nor pleasant undertaking; but few white men can endure the labor. Most of it is performed by burly Bahamian negroes, who have been accustomed to it from their boyhood. Even these men refuse to enter the fields until the sun is so high as partially to abate the plague of the mosquitoes, and they generally leave off work by four o'clock in the evening.

During the cutting season they receive their board and two dollars per day in wages, though at other times they are willing to work at from twelve to twenty dollars per month. In the field the laborers wear cow-hide boots, canvas trousers, leathern gloves, and often a head protection of mosquito netting. In order to avoid as much as possible the dagger-like points of the leaves and the sharp, saw-like teeth that line their edges, the cutters do not lift their feet in walking through the field, but shuffle along, pushing the leaves aside with their canvas-clad legs. They are armed with keen, long-bladed knives, and carry large baskets, of a peculiar shape, made in the Bahamas. In these they bring out from four to six dozen "pines" at a time. The fruit that ripens in the field, and is thereby unfitted for ship-

ment, is at the disposal of anyone who chooses to cut it. Only those who have eaten a pineapple thus perfected have any conception of its possibilities. It is as yellow as an orange, and as full of juice. Sugar could not add to its sweetness. It melts in the mouth, and, above all, it is so wholesome a fruit, that one may eat a dozen in a day if he chooses without a fear of evil consequences. In comparison with this perfect, sun-warmed fruit, the "pines" that reach northern cities are hard, sour, indigestible, and unworthy the name they bear. They are, however, the best that can be had until railroads find their way to the remote fields of southern Florida.

A Breakfast in Venice F. Hopkinson Smith Southern Magazine

How your heart warms and your blood tingles when you remember that first morning in Venice, your first day in a gondola. For hours you drift about. You want only the salt air in your face, the splash and gurgle of the water at the bow, and the low song Giorgio, the boatman, sings to himself as he bends to his blade. Soon you dart into a cool canal, skirt along an old wall, water-stained and worn, and rest at a low step. Giorgio springs out, twists a cord around an iron ring and disappears through an archway framing a garden abloom with flowering vines. It is high noon. Now for your mid-day luncheon. A few minutes later Giorgio pushes aside the vines. He carries a basket covered with a white cloth. This he lays at your feet on the floor of the boat. You catch sight of the top of the siphon and a flagon of wine. Do not hurry, wait till he serves it. But not here, where anybody might come; farther down, where the oleanders hang over the wall, their blossoms in the water and where the air blows cool between the overhanging palaces.

Later Giorgio draws all the curtains except the side next the oleanders, steps aft and fetches a board, which he rests on the little side seats in front of your lounging cushions. On this board he spreads the cloth and then the seltzer and Chianti, the big glass of powdered ice and the little hard Venetian rolls. (By the bye, do you know that there is only one form of primitive roll the world over?) Then comes the cheese, the Gorgonzola—active, alert Gorgonzola, all green spots—wrapped in a leaf, a rough-jacketed melon, with some figs and peaches. Last of all, away down in the bottom of the basket, there is a dish of macaroni garnished with peppers. You do not want any meat. If you did you would not get it. Some time, when you are out on the canal, or up the Guidecca, you might get a fish freshly broiled from a passing cook-boat serving the watermen—a sort of floating kitchen for those who are too poor for a fire of their own—but never meat. Giorgio serves you as daintily as would a woman; unfolding the cheese, splitting the rolls, parting the melon into crescents, flecking off each seed with his knife; and last, the coffee from the little copper coffee-pot, and the thin cakes of sugar, in the thick, unbreakable, dumpy little cups. There are no courses in repast. You light a cigarette with your first mouthful and smoke straight through: it is that kind of a breakfast. Then you spread yourself over space, flat on your back, the smoke curling out through the half-drawn curtains. Soon your gondolier gathers up the fragments, half a melon and the rest—always enough for two—moves aft, and you hear the clink of the glass and the swish of the siphon. Later you note the closely-eaten crescents floating by, and the empty leaf. Giorgio was hungry too.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

A Smokeless Powder.....Abbe Schnebelin's Explosive.....Harper's Weekly

The ordnance officers now testing smokeless powders and other high explosives near Newport may soon have to experiment with a new powder that comes from an unexpected source. This new powder is called "Schnebelite," and is the invention of a Roman Catholic prelate, Abbé Schnebelin. He recently gave a trial of his new explosive in England. In the first place, so as to demonstrate the simplicity of its manufacture and the rapidity with which it can be made without any special apparatus, the abbé made some of the powder in the presence of the crowd. Taking some of this powder in its manufactured state, the abbé placed it on an anvil. Then he hit the grains with a hammer, with the result of grinding the powder into finer particles, but without producing any explosion. Nor would friction cause an explosion. When a lighted match was applied to a small heap of the powder it burned as though it were grease or some fatty substance, but there was no deflagration. Nothing short of a hermetically sealed quantity is susceptible to concussion. The cartridges used at the trial were made up with the regulation English army bullets, and the range was a hundred yards. The bullets went through an eight-inch plate of Bessemer steel and through four inches of the wood. These experiments were made with the sporting powder, not nearly so strong as concentrated or warfare powder.

The difficulty with all of the smokeless powders so far tested by the officers of the Ordnance Department of the United States Army is that they will not keep. There are several of them that are admirable when entirely fresh, but after two or three months they are well-nigh worthless. This is a very fatal defect. It may be that even if the Schnebelite will not keep, its simplicity of manufacture is such that it can be made in the field. But the particulars of the new explosive that have reached New York are not full enough to justify an expert in powders in discussing the abbé's invention. Clergymen are usually men of peace, and it is most unusual for one to exercise his talents in devising man-killing materials to be used in time of war. Very likely the Abbé Schnebelin takes the same view of war as Dr. Gatling, the gun inventor. That gentleman holds, on humane grounds, that war should be made as terrible as possible. If guns and ammunition were so powerful and accurate that it was sure death to go into battle, then there would be no battles and no wars. We have surely not arrived at that point yet, but we are very much nearer than we were twenty or thirty years ago, and it may be that the invention of Schnebelite is an onward step towards universal peace.

History of a Paper of PinsThe Youth's Companion

The machine that makes pins turns out 7,500 of these tiny essentials in an hour. Before the pin is finished it goes through very many operations, which are described as follows: A reel of wire hangs over the machine, the free end of which passes between two rollers. As the wire leaves the rollers it passes between two matched dies, until it touches a gauge. Just as it does this the dies come together and clamp it firmly in a groove in their face. At the same time the machine cuts it off the

proper length. The gauge then moves away, and a little punch forms the head by striking the end which rested against the gauge. When this is finished the dies separate and deliver the pin into one of the great many grooves in the face of the wheel about a foot in diameter, and just as wide across its face as the pin is long. When the pin is taken by the wheel it has no point, but as the wheel turns it rubs the pins against an outside band, which causes each one to roll in its groove, and at the same time carries them past a set of rapidly moving files, which brush against the blunt ends and sharpen them roughly.

They next pass against the faces of two grinding wheels, which smooth the points, and then to a rapidly moving leather band having fine emery glued on its face. This gives them the final polish, and as they leave the band they are dropped into a box underneath the machine. After this the pins are plated with tin to give them a bright, silvery appearance. They are prepared for plating by being first immersed in weak sulphuric acid to remove all grease, and then dried by being placed—a bushel or so at a time, with about the same quantity of sawdust—in a machine called a tumbling barrel. This is simply a cask suspended on a shaft which passes through it lengthwise. Two or three hours' rolling in sawdust cleans the pins and wears away any little roughness which the machine may have caused. Pins and sawdust are taken together from the barrel and allowed to fall in a steady stream through a blast of air. The sawdust, being the lighter, is blown over into a large room-like box, while the pins, being heavier, fall into a bin below. After this they are spread out on trays having sheets of zinc in their bottoms, which have previously been connected with one of the wires of an electric battery. The trays are then placed in a tank containing a solution of tin in muriatic acid, and the other wire of the battery is inserted in the solution. Electrical action immediately begins and deposits metallic tin on the entire surface of each pin.

They are then washed in a tank of water and put into other tumbling barrels with hot sawdust. When they have been dried and cleaned of the sawdust, as in the former instance, they are put into a large, slowly-revolving copper-lined tub, which is tilted at an angle of about forty-five degrees. As this revolves, the pins keep sliding down the smooth copper to the lower side. This constant rubbing against the tub and against each other polishes them. It was the practice formerly to allow pins of all lengths to become mixed in the different operations, and, after polishing, to separate them by a very ingenious machine, but it has been found more economical to keep each size to itself. From the polishing tub the pins are carried to the "sticker," where they fall from a hopper on an inclined plane in which are a number of slits. The pins catch in these slits, and hanging by their heads, slide down the incline of the apparatus which inserts them in the paper. As the number of pins in a row on the paper and the number of slits are the same, an entire row is stuck at once by an ingenious device which takes one pin from each slit and inserts them all at once in the two ridges which have been crimped in the paper by

a wheel that holds it in place to receive the pins. At the same time the wheel crimps the paper it spaces the rows, so that when filled with pins by the machine the paper will fold up properly.

This whole machine is so delicate in its action that a single bent or otherwise imperfect pin will cause the machine to stop feeding until the attendant removes it; yet its operation is so rapid that one machine will stick 90,000 pins an hour. As the long strip of paper on which the pins are stuck comes from the machine, it is cut into proper lengths by girls, who then fold and pack the papers in bundles ready for shipment.

Making Silk Lace by Machinery..... The Brooklyn Eagle

To follow a thread of silk from its raw state, through its course of preparation to be worked up into delicate lace by the marvelously ingenious machinery, is an exceedingly interesting occupation. The silk is received in this country in bales shipped from Italy, China and Japan. It is in skeins in the raw state, either greenish-white or yellow in color. The finest silk comes from Italy. The thread is like a hair and is as long as the skein. The first operation is to throw it, or in other words bring as many threads together as may be required in very fine or heavier fabrics. When the thread is of the desired thickness it is boiled to remove the gum which is natural to it, and when dry it is wound on spools holding several thousand yards each. This is done by machines of from sixty to ninety spools each. The spools are then put on a jack, or frames of pins, on which they revolve and from which the silk is fed on a drum or warping mill through brass plates more or less perforated with holes, according to the number of threads to be placed in the warp. An ingenious device registers the yards as they run on the drum, so that when the desired length has been wound the machine is stopped. The warps vary in width according to the work in which they are to be used.

The next operation is to run the warps on the warp-beams. The beams are steel rollers of various thicknesses and in widths running as high as 154 inches. Transferring the warp from the drum to the beam is a repetition of the operation from the spool to the drum. To every machine there is a main warp which forms the groundwork of the pattern, supplemented by several auxiliary warps of various sized threads, with which the pattern is perfected. The main warp may be several thousand yards long, while the auxiliary warps are shorter and are replaced from time to time. When the skein is wound on the spools part of it goes in another direction, where the silk is run from the spools on to bobbins. The bobbins are the instruments that in lace-making form the design of the pattern by twisting around the warp threads. At this stage the machine is armed with the material ready to be worked up. And this is the point at which art enters. A corps of draughtsmen are employed making new designs and laying out the work.

The design being acceptable, a draughtsman's pattern is drawn to scale, one part of which goes to the operator on the machine, who threads it accordingly by running the threads from the warp beams which set at the bottom of the machine through a sley cloth and perforated steel bars and fastened on the roller at the top. This operation is of the most exacting character, and the greatest care must be exercised, as the misplacing of a single thread will bring disaster to the most

elaborate and carefully worked-out design. Each thread is handled separately and many hours are required to thread a machine of 154 inches in width. Within that space the pattern is repeated as many times as the width will allow, so that when the fabric is turned out of the machine as many as thirty strips may be found. Another copy of the draughtsman's pattern is sent to the Jacquard puncher, or what may be called a piano machine, where the pattern is punched on heavy cardboard on the same principle as the music rolls of an orchestrion, but with the difference that each piece of card (about 2½ by 18 inches) contains the design of a single movement of the machine. If there are 300 stitches in a pattern there will be 300 of these cards strung together. The machine being threaded, the cards are adjusted to the Jacquard attachment, without which lace might better be made by hand. The design cards operate droppers in the attachment bars, through which the threads pass and weave the pattern, each movement being perfect. On a machine 154 inches in width as many as 10,000 threads are used.

* The description of the working of one machine covers all. When the desired length has been run off, it goes to the examining room, where skilled women go over it and pick up any flaws that may be found, after which it goes to the dye-house to assume any color that may be chosen. From thence it is taken to the finishing room, where it is washed in a prepared bath and then stretched on drying frames in rooms kept at a temperature of 130 degrees. It now reaches its last stage preparatory to going into the world—the carding room—where the draw threads between the strips are wound on cards, and then—the milliner. In the manufacture of silk gloves substantially the same operation is gone through, except no pattern is used—the cloth being plain—and two warps are knitted together.

The Mechanical Uses of Compressed Air..... Engineering Magazine

Although considerable attention has been devoted of late in the technical press to compressed air and improved types of air-compressing machinery, few have paused to consider the multiplicity of duties to which this power is applied, and the variety of work in the successful performance of which it is an important factor. The employment of compressed air for sinking bridge caissons, operating rock-drills, coal-cutters and other mining machinery, manipulating air-brakes, tunnel-driving by the pneumatic process, etc., are familiar ones, and the pneumatic dynamite gun is a familiar example of the duty which is made possible by air under pressure. The pent-up energy which, when released under a pressure of 2,000 to 3,000 pounds per square inch, hurls a projectile containing 500 pounds of nitro-gelatine and dynamite through a mile of space in eighteen seconds, with an initial velocity of 800 feet per second, is a powerful factor in the art of war. Another employment of comparatively recent development—but designed for the preservation, not the destruction, of life and property—is the pneumatic device for block-signalling. The method of raising water from deep wells by means of compressed air is one that has recently commanded attention, and many of our largest factories and mills have discarded deep-well pumps and become dependent upon their air-compressors for their entire water supply. The utilization of crude petroleum for fuel purposes affords another example in which compressed air is highly necessary.

The air is used at a pressure of ten to fifteen pounds per square inch, and sprays the oil into a jet at the point of consumption. This system is utilized in about fifty different varieties of work, such as iron and steel forging; tempering, welding, annealing, making tin plate; for furnaces, glory holes, lears and ovens; in glass and pottery works; japanning, and heating retorts in gasworks. In all of these plants the air-compressor is a very important adjunct, for without it they cannot be operated. In India-rubber factories the hose is removed from the iron mandrels by forcing a current of air under fifty to sixty pounds pressure between hose and mandrels, thereby inflating the hose, and permitting it to be easily slipped off. The hose manufacturer also uses compressed air for testing his product, a test as high as 1,000 pounds pressure per square inch being demanded on some varieties. Pneumatic riveting machines are to-day used in all construction works of any size, this being another form of operating with compressed air, where the exhausting steam would render the use of the latter impossible. Pneumatic cranes and hoisting machinery open a very large field of usefulness for compressed air, for establishments are found in every branch of trade equipped with such apparatus.

The numerous systems of pneumatic tubes for transmitting mail matter and other parcels by air pressure have been too thoroughly described to require more than mere mention. The propulsion of cars by compressed air is another source of utilization of this power which has received the attention of engineers for some years past. With the increasing efficiency of the best types of air-compressors, and the resultant economy in compressed air production, the cost of this system is gradually approaching the most favorable comparison with other methods of street-car propulsion. Another utilization of compressed air at the World's Fair was that of painting the large buildings by means of a spray, the air forcing the paint through a hose to a nozzle, which is handled by the painter instead of his brush; playing away at the object to be painted much after the manner of the gardener on the lawn. The Australian sheep-shearing machine is another mechanical device operated by compressed air. It operates at forty pounds air pressure, and makes 6,000 revolutions per minute, the exhaust air preventing the generation of undue heat. An application of another old idea depending upon compressed air for its success has been recently attempted—that of raising sunken vessels by placing collapsible India-rubber bags in the hold of the vessel, and connecting these bags by means of hose to an air-compressor located upon a tug at the surface. When the bags are inflated a pressure of sixty to eighty pounds per square inch, it is claimed that enough water is expelled from the hull of the ship to restore very nearly its original buoyancy. In the purification of a city's water-supply compressed air is used largely. In addition to the various applications of compressed air already enumerated, it is employed to operate the steering gear of vessels, to supply divers in submarine operations, to mold patterns in foundries, and a Western railroad is reported to clean the seats of its passenger cars with jets of compressed air.

In fact, there seems to be no limit to the employment of this power, and inventions in the success of which it is an important factor, and new methods of performing old tasks which it renders possible, are continually being introduced. And with the recent improvements in the

direction of increasing the economy and efficiency of the prominent types of air-compressing machinery, and the further advantages realized from the developing increased power by re-heating the air, many foresee the era when a central plant will be established and a compressed-air main will be situated under every street, operating mills and factories, as in Paris and Birmingham; ventilating buildings in summer and warming them in winter; preserving perishable merchandise in cold storage; operating elevators, grinders, pumps, saws, printing-presses, lathes, and the countless other machinery of commerce. Others even go further and look for its introduction into houses, the same as gas and water, for ventilating, for warming in winter and cooling in summer, for operating elevators, sewing and washing-machines and even clocks. In compressed air we have a power ever ready to do our bidding, summoned or dismissed by the simple turning of a valve. It operates in place of steam without the least change of plant, obviating the employment of engineers and firemen, doing away with boilers and their accompanying disadvantages of waste steam, smoke, ashes, dirt, dust, risk of explosion, disagreeable odors, expense of cartage, increased rates of insurance, water tax, etc.

Gold Extraction by Electrolysis The Philadelphia Record

The extraction of gold in a simple and economical manner by an electrolytic process, capable of dealing with every kind of refractory ore, is stated to be the lately accomplished result of long study and experiment on the part of a London chemist. There are several electro-chemical processes already in use for obtaining gold from refractory ores, in which such deleterious substances as sulphur, iron oxide, arsenic, zinc, etc., are associated with the gold. But it is found that no one particular process is available for every class of ore. Hence much money is often expended on an extensive plan for treating a certain kind of ore, which has to be abandoned or supplemented by another plant, when the character of the ore changes.

The main requirements in these processes are: First, the circulation of the pulverized ore between positive and negative poles; second, a solvent liquid for the gold; third, means of collecting the electrolyzed gold, and fourth, the concentration of the positive pole. In the new universal process the first requirement is met by having a screw propeller set vertically near the bottom of the ore tank. The solvent is a dilute solution of potassium cyanide, and the collection of the gold is effected by a bath of mercury, which constitutes the negative pole. The positive pole consists of a mixture of powdered plumbago and rosin, consolidated by heat.

In operation, the ore, mixed with a certain portion of water, is placed in the tank, with the bath of mercury at the bottom. On starting the screw the mixture circulates down the center of the tank and impinges gently upon the surface of the mercury. It then travels up the sides of the tank, which are conical and on which the positive pole is laid, and back, down to the center, to be again driven into intimate contact with the mercury. The gold is thus brought into contact with an active instead of a sluggish mercury surface, over and over again, until every particle of gold has been seized and absorbed. It is stated that some of the most refractory and typically difficult ores have been submitted to this process, and that in some cases over ninety per cent. of the contained gold was extracted. The chief

advantages claimed for the process are that the gold is extracted directly from the ore without any other preliminary treatment than crushing; that the same chemicals are used over and over again; that the process efficiently extracts the gold and silver from the auriferous ores, whether refractory or free; that the precious metals are obtained at once from the amalgam in the metallic state, without further chemical treatment.

Formosa Camphor Industry.....British Foreign Office Report

One of the chief industries of Formosa is the manufacture of camphor gum from the camphor laurel-tree. It is fairly profitable work, but the difficulties connected with it are by no means light. In the first place, the camphor laurel grows in savage territory only, and the hillmen, the Hakkas, who border on that territory, have to make monetary or other arrangements with the savage chiefs to protect or refrain from destroying the stoves or stills which the farmers set up in their country. These arrangements are, as a rule, very unsatisfactory, for as soon as trouble arises, no matter what may have been the cause, they proceed without delay to vent their resentment on the stills, which are promptly destroyed. Several foreign firms are engaged in the trade, and their method of conducting the business is worthy of notice. Advances are made to the hillmen on condition that they set up a certain number of stoves, supply monthly a fixed amount of camphor at a price agreed upon, and repay the advances by installments at certain stated periods. Bonds are entered into, and securities are given by the hillmen.

As soon as the hillmen have settled all preliminaries with the savage chiefs, they run up a shed or rough building, the size of which depends upon the number of stoves it is intended to contain. If ten are to be erected, the building would be twenty feet long by twelve or thirteen feet broad. In the centre of the floor an oblong structure, some four feet high, ten feet long and six feet broad, is built of sun-dried mud bricks, having five fireplaces or holes at each side raised a foot or so above the floor of the room. The two ends of the structure are solid, and without fireplaces. The latter are so built that an earthenware pot can easily be inserted above the fire in each hole. An earthenware cylinder connects the mouth of each pot with the surface of the structure, or still, as it may more conveniently be called. Between the pot and the lower end of the cylinder there is a round, thin piece of wood fitting both the mouth of the pot and the lower end of the cylinder and perforated so as to allow the steam from the water in the pot to pass into the cylinder during distillation. The top of each cylinder is usually about a foot in diameter, and is level with the surface of the still. Such a still would present to the eye a mud structure, with ten round holes on the top and five fireplaces at each of the two longest sides. To complete it, however, ten large earthenware jars are required. These, during the process of distillation, are placed, inverted, on the top of the still immediately over the upper ends of the cylinders, so as to form the condensers. To prevent the escape of steam from the condensers, bands of jute are fitted firmly between their mouths and the top of the still.

Suppose, then, there is a heap of camphor-wood chips at hand from which it is required to extract the camphor. The pots are filled with water and the cylinders with chips; the jars are in position on the top of

the still, and the firewood is lighted under the pots. When the water boils the steam passes up through the perforated wood into the cylinders, heats and moistens the chips and ascends to the condensers, carrying with it the camphor fumes which the chips have given forth. The steam then condenses on the inside of the jars, and when the latter are removed a layer of white camphor crystals is found adhering to them. This is brushed off by hand and placed in baskets. The chips are then withdrawn from the cylinders, fresh chips take their place, water is added to the pots, the condensers are again placed in position, additional firewood is thrown into the fireplaces and distillation re-begins.

The camphor laurel attains an enormous height and girth in Formosa. There is to be seen a horizontal section of a stem which was at least six feet in diameter, and which at one time formed the entrance to the house of a savage chief. The doorway is cut out of the section. It is now a trophy belonging to a missionary, and has to be accommodated on the veranda of his house. Much difficulty is experienced by the hillmen in felling these forest giants, and recourse is had to firing so as to expedite their work. The tree once felled, the branches are removed and the trunk sawn up into planks. Branches and planks are then set upon by a number of men, each armed with a small scoop-shaped adze, every stroke of which removes a chip about an inch long. In time the giant is reduced to a heap of chips, which are treated for their camphor as described. The extract remains a grayish-white powder, which, unlike the camphor produced in Japan, does not solidify under pressure. A ready market is found for Formosan camphor, which is an important ingredient in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

Seeing by Electricity.....A Problem of To-day.....Newcastle Chronicle

We can write by electricity, can send pictures and designs by the same agency and talk to our friends at a distance by means of the electric wire. When the British Association visited Newcastle, England, Prof. Perry told his auditors that seeing by electricity was a possibility of the future, and he had shortly before drawn a picture of scientific achievements which would enable friends divided by large continents and oceans, not only to talk with each other, but to look upon their features. Even before that Prof. Bell was known to have been at work in his laboratory endeavoring to solve the problem, and though ten years have elapsed since the possibility of applying the well-known principles of light in the same way as the principles of sound have been applied, as in the telephone, was first suggested, the professor is still as hopeful of success as ever. There is no theoretical reason why light may not be conducted in the same way as sound, but Prof. Bell tells us that it will be very much more difficult to construct an apparatus for the purpose, owing to the immensely greater rapidity with which the vibrations of light take place when compared with the vibrations of sound. The difficulty, however, is merely one of finding a diaphragm sufficiently sensitive to receive these vibrations and produce the corresponding electrical vibrations, and it is encouraging to have it on the authority of such a man as Prof. Bell that at least a dozen men, eminent in science in various parts of the world, are at present engaged in endeavoring to find the solution of this problem. Prof. Bell candidly admits that up to the present his labors have been in vain, but he is full of hope as to the successful issue.

TREASURE TROVE: RESURRECTING OLD FAVORITES

The Death of Marlborough Walter Thornbury Poems

The sun shines on the chamber wall,
The sun shines through the tree,
Now, though unshaken by the wind,
The leaves fall ceaselessly;
The bells from Woodstock's steeple
Shake Blenheim's fading bough.
"This day you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They lead the old man to a chair,
Wandering, pale, and weak;
His thin lips move, so faint the sound
You scarce can hear him speak.
They lift a picture from the wall,
Bold eyes and swelling brow;
"The day you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

They reach him down a rusty sword,
In faded velvet sheath;
The old man drops the heavy blade,
And mutters 'twixt his teeth;
There's sorrow in his fading eye,
And pain upon his brow;
"With this you won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

Another year, a stream of lights
Flows down the avenue;
A mile of mourners, sable clad,
Walk weeping two by two;
The steward looks into the grave
With sad and downcast brow;
"This day he won Malplaquet"—
"Aye, something then, but now!"

How Achilles Died E. Ogle Collected Poems

The gray dawn glimmered, and the ebbing tide
Slipped from the naked sands about the ships,
And drained Scamander of its full-fed life.
But in the Grecian camp was life and stir,
Neighing of full-fed steeds, and clank of arms,
And trumpet calls, and marshaling of men;
For that this day the Master of the War,
Pelides' self, should take the field and sweep
The Trojan battle from the plains of Troy.

So men, unknowing, spake; and from his tent,
With godlike step, and godlike in his face,
Achilles came. And all about his limbs
The wondrous armor which the Fire-God wrought,
Helmet and cuirass, cuisses, and the shield
Sevenfold, and shapely greaves, that shot their light
Down on the naked marble of his feet.

His look was as of one who knew not care,
Nor memory of the past, nor things to come;
Not the dead comrade, nor the fell revenge,
Nor shame of slaughtered warriors at the pyre,
Nor lust of ravished maid, nor sullen strife,
Nor the short span and swiftly severed thread,
But only present triumph.

To the front

He strode; and shading with an upraised hand
His level glance, gazed at the Trojan lines,
Which, thrice as far as bowmen shoot the bow,
Were clustering, thick as ants in harvest-time
Cluster around their harried nest, and brave
With weak defense the ruin that impends.

But one was in their van who seemed, in shape,
In grace, and nimbleness, and fatal gift

Of beauty, like the shepherd-prince who lured
The love of Spartan Helen from her lord.
No man was near him, none seemed 'ware of him;
Alone he stood, unhelmed, and round his head
The rising sun, smiting the rising mist,
Broke in a sudden glory; and behind,
High up, the towers of angry Pallas frowned.
No armor had he, save that in his hand
A golden bow was bended to the full;
And as Achilles turned, with curving lip,
Contemptuous, to his men, an arrow sang,
And cleft the middle air, and dipped and plunged
Full on the naked marble of his foot.
Through high-arched instep, ankle, and the strings
That bind the straining heel, it sped, and nailed
The wolf-skin sandal to the crimson sand.

Slow on one knee he sank, his strong right hand
Staying his fall, and watched with steady eye
The full life draining from the wound, and spake:
"Mother, thy word is true. The end is come."
Nor ever spake again.

They bore him back,
And all the host fell back; and in the tents,
In place of wine, and mirth, and revelry,
Was woe of women and dismay of men.

The Snow Shower William C. Bryant Poems of Nature (Appleton)

Stand here, by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail;
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd,
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all—
Flake after flake
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height;
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,
 Flake after flake—
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain-side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies,
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water, no more is seen;
 Flake after flake,
All rest in the dark and silent lake.

The Stray Camel John G. Saxe Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A camel-driver, who had lost
His camel, chancing to accost
A wandering Arab in the way,
Said: "Sir, my beast has gone astray;
And went, I think, the road you came."
"Pray," said the stranger, "was he lame?"
"He was, indeed!" was the reply;
"And, tell me, had he lost an eye?"
"T is even so!" "And one front tooth?"
"In faith—you speak the simple truth!"
"And, for his load, was there a sack
Of honey on the camel's back?"
"There was, indeed! Now tell me, pray,
(Of course, he can't be far away)
Just when and where the brute you passed
And was he going slow or fast."
"Faith," said the stranger, "on my word,
I know no more than I have heard
From your own lips. Nor in my way
Have I observed for many a day
A camel like the one you claim;
I swear it in the Prophet's name!"

The camel-driver all in vain
Besought the Arab to explain;
He still insisted as before,
That of the beast he knew no more
Than from the owner he had heard.
Whereat the camel-driver, stirred
With wrath, expressed his firm belief
This knowing Arab was a thief;
Then to the Cadi off he went
And told his tale. His honor sent
And brought the stranger into court.

"You hear this worthy man's report,"
The Cadi said, "of what occurred,
And still you answer not a word,
Save that his beast you never saw.
Allah is great! And law is law!
How know you, then, that he was lame?"
"By this: That where the camel came,
Upon the sand one footprint lagged,
Which showed one foot the camel dragged."
"T is well explained; now tell me why
You said the camel lacked an eye?
And from his jaw one tooth had lost?"
"By this, that nowhere had he crossed
The road to browse the other side;
And, furthermore, I plainly spied
Where'er his teeth had chanced to pass,
A narrow line of standing grass,
Which showed, as clear as truth is truth,
The camel had one missing tooth!"
"And how about the honey?" "Well—
It surely wasn't hard to tell
The nature of the camel's load,
When, gathered all along the road,

A thousand bees—"There! That will do,"
The Cadi said; the case is through
And you're discharged! But let me hint
(A lesson plain as any print)
A deal of trouble may arise,
At times, from being over-wise!"

El Matador Lord Byron Poetical Works

Hushed is the din of tongues; on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold-spur, and light-poised lance
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And, lowly bending, to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers feately prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed matador
Stands in the centre, eager to invade,
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed;
 His arms, a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe;
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eyes' dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed; away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;
Now is thy time to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career,
With well-timed crouse the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear;
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force,
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another—hideous sight! unseamed appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray.
 And now the matadors around him play,
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand;
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the cunning hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies;
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
The decorated car appears; on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Literature Carved in Stone.....J. M. HustonArts and Crafts

When we see a nation which has expressed its highest ideals of beauty, in forms or phrases, the memory of which has come down through the ages to us, we may be sure that such results were brought about by the combined harmony of its architecture, music, painting, poetry and sculpture; all inspired by the same impulse and striving after the same goal. They have all walked and talked together in the cool of the evening. The peal of the organ, the chanting of the choir, are enveloped in the folding arms of a cathedral, and as the waves of music roll 'round and 'round amid the tree-like columns and groined arches, dying away, followed by the voice of the bishop, and with the halo of heavenly light streaming from the colored windows, who could refrain from thinking of the sisterhood of arts! The canons of the one apply to the judgment of the others. Lucian, to give an adequate idea of the beauty of Panthea, points to the most beautiful female statues of the old sculptors. What is this but a confession that here language of itself is meagre, poetry falters and eloquence grows dumb unless art serves as an interpreter? And none of the high arts supplements literature more than architecture; it builds the history of the ages in its stony fabric, growing slowly like great mountains, stone upon stone, tier upon tier, until at last its topmost part blooms into a flower. Its greatest productions are not the works of individuals but of society. Each wave of time leaves its alluvium, each race deposits its stratum, each individual contributes his stone; and the whole portrays man in his devotional, memorial, civil, military and domestic spheres, speaking of all manner and conditions of life. The Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Gothic are each dialects in the language of stone. And nowhere does the art speak more suggestively than when linked hand in hand with nature in the rock-hewn work of India, sleeping beneath the overhanging cliffs; these gems of art tell to posterity the stories of the birth of young princes and the death of old monarchs. All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, and architecture is a symbolic art giving objective expressions to the consciousness of man's religion and philosophy.

The religion of the Egyptian was one of enigma. The preponderance of the doctrine of immortality, of the inherent infinitude of the spirit, so saturated his soul that he reared shrines worthy the dignity of the Pharaoh who had passed into the unseen. What could delineate the character of the Egyptian, his mighty power, his mysterious religion, more than his pyramids and long-drawn aisles of Sphinxes leading to his pillared temples? The palaces under the shadow of the stately columns, budding like the lotus of the Nile, reveal the luxuriance of his life. The refined Greeks, who strolled in the public squares and agoras, under the azure sky, listening to Socrates, gazing at Pheidias, viewing the most picturesque landscapes and the ever-tossing Aegean mantled in her blue robes, their minds glowing with the most beautiful myths and a religion in poetic imagery and beauty, which peopled the rivers and groves with gods and made the fountains teem with nymphs, how could they but translate the mean-

ing of their religion and civilization into the language of architecture with that delicacy of observation, logical truthfulness, simplicity of form, which characterized the Greek above all others and which made his buildings speak forth the glory of Greek civilization with almost superhuman power. In the Parthenon, with its long horizontal lines, richly sculptured frieze and the massive and fluted columns of its open porch, we behold the culmination of Greek art. This majestic piece shall forever remain as an impregnable fortress of beauty for all men to gaze upon and wonder. Oh, Art! thou hast for once triumphed!

Greek architecture is likened unto a man perfectly formed, with all his parts symmetrically developed, but the Roman with its synthesis of Etruscan arch and Greek shaft, to a man clad in flowing robes. It is the expression of that vast political system, their patriotism, their national religion and their thirst for national glory; it is an architecture immense, simple and expressive, adapted alike to the balmy climate of Italy and the colder regions of Gaul and Britain. After a brilliant career, Rome's flickering light died out and the cold stones, laden with saddening stories, lie mutely by. Mark the ruins of the Coliseum, the Column of Trajan, the Baths of Caracalla, and bow before what was once the glory of the world. Christ was born in Bethlehem, and the germ of inspiration which he planted was destined to give the world a more glorious art than ere the sun shone on. Five centuries after his appearing St. Sophia was reared in His name, which caused Justinian to cry, "Glory be to God, who has judged me worthy of completing this great work. I have conquered thee, O Solomon!" And St. Sophia stands today in the heart of Constantinople as a book of history, telling the nations of the earth of the day when Constantine carried Christianity to the east, of the division of the Roman Empire, of the separation of the Latin Church, of the rise of the Greek Church and of the entrance of the Mussulmans into Constantinople, who now occupy the edifice once dedicated to Christianity. Above the old altar is a once beautiful mosaic of the Christ peeping dimly through the stucco work of the Mohammedans. The face seems to say, "Let us again see the light." But the dark days came over the world. See the monks pace the secret and retired cloisters of the convents and meditate. The Romanesque, with deep and heavy arches, dark and narrow aisles, told of the gloom and desolation which overspread the outer world when the poor were downtrodden under their feudal taskmasters and the only retreat was in the calm and quiet seclusion of the cloister. The Cistercian and Benedictine abbey churches of the middle ages were built as temples in which the Eternal and All-powerful might come down and take up his abode. And the cloister sleeping beside the church was the court in which the priests and Levites dwelt. The age which enriched the English language with *Piers Plowman*, the *Canterbury Tales* and the knightly spirit of chivalry, also gave the world a most exalted art. It was the dawn of a new civilization. And architecture raised its pointed arch fraught with new symbolic beauties, changing ideas and sentiments, and Europe is dotted with

lofty cathedrals stretching, with their upward sweep of lines, out of the infinite. Cologne, Amiens, Salisbury, together with their sisters, relate the story of the passage of the Church through the gloom of the dark ages into the clear tint of modern noonday.

A new era appears marked by the revival of Greek literature and art, and the Renaissance, which was led by Michaelangelo, weaves another story into the fabric of stony literature. It pictures Venice, the fair city of the sea, as a garden of Christian architecture and as the battle-ground of the Renaissance. There the Roman, Lombard and Arab battled for the mastery; the one striving for the gods of mythology, the other carving the images of the gods of hunting and war, and the Arab by his minarets crying to the world, "There is no God but one and Mohammed is his prophet." Yet the Renaissance has written beautifully in the book of stone, filling a page by the Christian beauties of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, and another page telling of the lives of Michaelangelo and Wren. Call architecture what you will—frozen music, stony religion or philosophy, or absolute beauty shining through sensuous stone, yet it is literature in stone, writing in its own way of the rural home of the laborer and of the abode of the prelate at Rome. It is as broad as human life and as deep as the human soul. In its writing we can read of the glory and downfall of Babylon, Tyre, Athens, Rome, and although buried beneath the sands of time, yet they tell us of human life, with its riches of poverty, with its trials and disappointments, of the brevity of life and nations, for "life is short, but art is long," and we know there was once heard in their streets the rippling laughter of merry maidens, and we can imagine the pomp and splendor of the regal court from an old fragment which still sees the light and speaks, although the language of its owner is now obsolete. And whether architecture basks in the attire of the Chinese, or in the mantles of Greece, it touches the keynote of the soul of all peoples and makes mankind one with the same wants and yearnings. Let us not forget that we owe to art and to posterity that which we have received from men gone before, and when the history of our civilization shall have been written, let it not be said that we have failed to write our history in the book of stone. May our temples and cathedrals be songs in stone for the *surcease* of the battle of capital and labor, of increased charities and exalted patriotism throughout the world.

Absurdities of Censorship....Tommaso Salini.....Autobiography (Century)

Our company reopened, then, at the Teatro Valle of Rome, and took the name of that city. The laws of political and ecclesiastical censure had come again into force, and we actors had to contend with very serious difficulties in observing the innumerable erasures and the ridiculous substitutions which the censors made in our lines. The words "God," "Redeemer," "Madonna," "angel," "saint," "pontiff," "purple," "monsignore," "priest," were forbidden. "Religion," "republic," "unity," "French," "Jesuit," "Tartuffe," "foreigner," "patriot," were equally in the index. The colors green, white and red were prohibited; yellow and black and yellow and white were also forbidden. Flowers thrown on the stage must not show any of those colors prominently, and if it chanced that one actress had white and green in her dress, another who wore red ribbon must not come near her. If we transgressed, we were not punished with simple warnings,

but with so many days of arrest, and with fines which varied in amount according to the gravity of the offense. I remember well that one night when I played the Captain in Goldoni's *Sposa Sagace* I was fined ten scudi for wearing a blue uniform with red facings and white ornaments, for the excellent reason that the blue looked green by artificial light. Another time our leading actress was playing *Marie Stuart* and had to receive the dying David Rizzio in her arms, and to kiss him on the forehead just as he drew his last breath. I had to pay twenty scudi for the kiss I had received without being aware of it! The priests plainly knew their own minds, and they did not falter in chastising the erring. The reader can well imagine the effect upon art of all this interference, and annoyance, and torture. Art, indeed, was treated as a culprit. Nevertheless, the public continued to fill our house, to applaud, and to be entertained; and it had then a much truer feeling for artistic beauty than it has to-day. The artists, too, were then animated in the highest degree with the honor that should be paid to a profession which, whatever else may be said of it, is, beyond all disputing, eminently instructive and improving.

Musical Genius of Tschaikowsky.....The Musical Courier

"He says great things in a great manner" was once writ of the man who died November 5 in St. Petersburg, at the age of fifty-three. An excellent text to preach a sad sermon upon the life and works of that remarkable composer, Peter Ilitsch Tschaikowsky. When some years ago we looked toward Russia for the new in music, we had Tschaikowsky in our mind. He fulfilled in his music much that Rubinstein had left unsaid. Unlike Rubinstein, he with all of his western culture kept his skirts clear of Germany. Her science he had at his finger tips, but he preferred remaining Russian to becoming Teuton. His ardent temperament was strongly affected by France and Italy. He has certainly loved Gounod's luscious cantilena, and has for years worshipped at the strange shrine of Berlioz. Of late years, as if his own clime chilled his spirit, he solaced himself in Italy and Spain. Curious taste for a stern Northman. There was always something Asiatic lurking in Tschaikowsky's harmonies. One never could be quite sure when the Calmuck, which is said to be skin deep in every Russian, would break forth in him. Gusts of unbridled passion smelling of the rapine of Gogol's wild steppe heroes sweep across Tschaikowsky's scores, and sometimes the taste of blood is too much for our Europeanized palates. But what a temperament is his; how his music pulses with the profound groundswells of passion and pain!

The composer was a poet besides being a musician. He preached more treason against his government than did Puschkin or those "cannons buried in flowers" of the Pole, Chopin. He never embraced the ultra party; therefore to Rimski-Korsakoff, Balikirew, Cui, Borodin and the others he was not Russian enough. His culture was varied; he could pen a "Romeo and Juliet," could grasp "Hamlet" and feel the pathetic pain of "Francesca;" set Tolstoi's serenade "Don Juan" to barbaric Iberian tones, write with tears at his heart that most moving "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," a song that musically epitomizes Goethe's great poem; give the world the F minor and E minor symphonies, the two piano concertos, the violin concerto and his operas! What a wonderful man and dead, alas! In the very

splendor of his fame! Tschaikowsky felt many influences before he hewed a clear-cut individual path in music. We continually see in him the ferment of the young East, rebelling, tugging against the restraining bonds of Western culture. But, like his countryman, Ivan Tourgenieff, he chastened his art; he polished it and gave up the cry, the song of his strange land in a worthy artistic setting. His sense color as expressed in his instrumentation is wonderful. His orchestra fairly blazes with the hues of his musical palette. He is higher pitched in his color scheme than any of the moderns, with the possible exception of Richard Strauss. But, while we get daring harmonies, we get no such unnatural union of instruments, no such forced marriages of reeds and brass, no artificial voicing, nor even odd instruments. For instance, he hardly ever uses the English horn or the contrafagotte as Brahms.

It was the normal orchestra that Tschaikowsky employed. His possible weakness was his inordinate predilection for the flute. It was his imagination that sometimes played him strange tricks. We get a lugubrious valse in the fifth symphony and a shower of stinging pizzicati in the fourth. He was not a great symphonist like Brahms. He had not the sense of formal beauty, preferring to work in free fashion within the easy lines of the overture, to which he subjoined the title "fantasie." The roots of this form are not difficult to discover. The Liszt symphonic poem and its congeries were for Tschaikowsky a bait at which he quickly nibbled. Dr. Dvorák is therefore in a sense correct when he declares that Tschaikowsky was not as great a symphonist as a variationist.

He takes small, compact themes, nugget-like motifs, which he subjects to the most daring and scrutinizing treatment. He polishes, expands, varies and develops his ideas in a marvelous manner, and if the results cannot be called symphonic, they are poetic, dramatic and superb. He has not the naïveté of Dvorák, but his voice is a more cultivated one. He has touched the master minds of literature—Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Byron and many others. He is a unique master of rhythms. His music has not the babbling brooks, the sunny skies, the shepherds and shepherdesses of Dvorák's, but is more psychologic, deals with primal emotions almost in the raw. He has more to say than any other Russian composer, and says it better. He was no mere music maker, such as Rubinstein often is, writing respectable, uninspired routine lines, but worked tremendously and earnestly. Hence we find in his music great intellectual energy, great power, oftentimes beauty of utterance, even though less spontaneous than Rubinstein's facile muse. The suites, the symphonies, the two remarkable string quartets and the piano concertos bear witness to his enormous energy manifest in all his best work.

He is eclectic and many woofs run through the skein of his music. Italy influenced, then Germany, France, and of late he has been letting the reins fall lightly on the neck of his Pegasus and riding in the fabled country of ballet, pantomime and other delightful places. It is hard to say which of his compositions will be the most enduring. His operas are not known here as yet, but Joseffy and Rummel have played his piano concertos, while Brodsky and Maud Powell have read us his violin concerto. The man was a thinker, a polished gentleman, a magnetic personality and a conductor of capital capacity. Theodore Thomas and Walter

Damrosch did much to make his music known here. Tschaikowsky's was an eminently nervous, modern, intense genius. He felt deeply and doubtless suffered greatly. His music is fibred with sorrow and passion. His gamut is not so wide as deep and troubled. He plucks the chords of passion and pain. He has feverish moments of almost madness, for he is seldom sane like Brahms or Saint-Saëns. He is heroic, tender and hugely fierce. His music bites; it is often acid, and the great serenity of Beethoven he seldom attains. He is fin de siècle, often morbid, seldom happy, but what weight, what power in his utterances! What rushing, swirling masses he sends scurrying across his canvases! He has power—poetic power—and the seldom encountered gift, or genius, of dramatic characterization. He indeed said great things in a great manner.

Brilliancy of Oriental Color.....The American Jeweler

The reason that colors in an oriental brooch or bracelet are so perfect is the same reason that an old oriental carpet is better than any other. An Asiatic dislikes to be dazzled, to be blinded with glare, to have his eyes hurt and his brain heated by unsubdued effects of light. Consequently, though he dyes his wools in intense colors, having few others, he so combines them, so mixes them with black and that dark cream, of which Europe has never caught the secret, that the total result is restful, and the very idea of glare or of full daylight on the patterns is entirely absent. It is precisely the same with oriental jewels. Their natural glare is kept down by combination and want of polish. The Asiatic, who carved in jade, and sank deep inscriptions into sapphires, could have faceted precious stones as well as the cutters of Amsterdam, who until lately used no machinery. But he did not desire to do it. He wanted subdued effects, and made of the garnet a carbuncle—which is a miracle of color without glare—or he cut off, as we have seen in many emeralds, a mere corner, so the beholder, instead of being bothered with flashing green, should peep at will into green depths. We do not say he was altogether right—as regards the diamonds he was entirely wrong—but we may rely on it that he knew his business, and when he failed that he intended to fail. His intense appreciation of turquoise was due not only to admiration of its color, which can be matched only by one or two flowers, but to the fact that it is the one gem that for all its brilliancy of color does not flash. To this hour the high-class Asiatic loves the cat's-eye as the European never can, because the light in it gives no pain, but reveals itself through a sort of dusky shade. The European has made lovely jewels, and will make lovelier ones, but he has never made jewels like those of the Asiatic, who with illimitable art can take from gold all its glitter without diminishing by one iota the perfection of its color, and will hand you a bit of enamel in which the green is as bright as the emerald, the red as fiery as the ruby, and the whole as restful to the eye as a piece of turf. The oriental jeweler has another merit, and in it lies the secret of a possible great development in the demand for European jewelers' work. He always gives to his jewels a certainty of value. His gold is gold of unadulterated purity, his silver truly silver of the standard, his gems the stones they are said to be, and his work paid for at an understood and invariable rate. The consequences are that he makes little and that the market for his commoner wares never ceases.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Desolation in the Cyclone's Track.....The Detroit Free Press

About noon a party of emigrants reached the Red River half a mile below us. We counted twenty-six white-topped wagons, Texas-bound, and there must have been close on to a hundred men, women and children. The Red was over its banks and a mile wide at that point, and the party encamped on the bluffs to wait for a fall. The horses were turned out, fires lighted, and the voices of the children and the songs of the women floated up to us as the noon-day meal was prepared by the blazing wood-fire.

It was a summer's day and almost cloudless. The grass on the bluff was green and thick, and forty feet below ran the flood. There was nothing to fear—nothing to cause the slightest anxiety. The flood would subside in a day or two and make the crossing safe. In the meantime they laughed and were happy.

"Look there!"

On a dead tree to our right, sitting side by side with folded wings and necks outstretched, are four great vultures—scavengers of plain and prairie. Never an hour between sunrise and sunset when you cannot see them circling in the air—never a day's travel when you will not hear their croak! croak! croak! as they call each other to a feast.

These birds have come on silent wing. They utter no sound. There is no movement except of their necks as they look down into the emigrant camp. It gives one a creepy feeling to watch them. The air has brought them no taint. There are no worn-out horses waiting to die. If there was a human being sick unto death down there the songs and shouts would be hushed. Have the horrible birds feasted and alighted up there to rest and sleep? No! They are lean and hungry-looking, and the vulture never tires. Our camp is much the nearest, but their attention is wholly occupied with the other. They have every living thing under their eyes. It is like the silent, ceaseless watch over a murderer condemned to death.

"See—what's that?"

The emigrants have approached the river by a long and narrow valley. We saw their wagons while they were yet miles away. Afar off on their trail, where sky and plain seem to meet, is a black spot, looking for a moment like a bruise on the white skin of a babe. At first a hand would cover it, but as we look it grows larger and larger, and darker and darker. It is a cloud which seems to have risen from the earth as if following an explosion. It spreads out to take in the width of the valley—it mounts up until it stands like a great wall against the sky, and we watch and wonder and tremble. About us everything is as quiet as the grave. Down in the camp of the emigrants a group of children are singing. Hark!

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
Our Father waits over the way—"

It is the words of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," and men and women join with the children. I turn my eyes from the cloud to the vultures. They still occupy the limb—their horrible necks are still outstretched. Back to the cloud, which has now assumed a strange,

menacing appearance. It seems to be whirling round and round for a few seconds. Then, with the rush of a cannon-ball and the resistless force of a tidal wave, it comes sweeping up the valley and strikes the camp. We hear a moan—wild, weird, awful—a roar—a crash. For a minute it is as dark as midnight down there. There is a breath of wind like ice. We hear a crashing and grinding on the other side of the river.

The darkness slowly drifts away. Where is the camp—the wagons—horses—men, women and little, singing children? The bluff is bare. There is not a living thing in sight—not the slightest trace of what was there five minutes ago. I glance up at the tree. The vultures are just taking wing to follow the current of the stream. They have not waited in vain. We rush down to the site of the camp and ask each other if it was all a dream. With a power which would have shaken the foundations of a mountain—with a clutch which would have lifted the grandest oak clear of the soil—with a rush that would have crumbled stone walls, the cyclone had swept everything over the bluffs into the flood. Not a soul escaped. Not an animal was left behind. Not the fragment of a broken vehicle—not the strap of a harness—not even a fire-brand could be found. It was as if man had never rested on the spot.

How "Pudd'nhead Wilson" got His Name.....Mark Twain.....Century

He was a homely, freckled, sandy-haired young fellow with an intelligent blue eye that had frankness and comradeship in it, and a covert twinkle of a pleasant sort. But for an unfortunate remark of his, he would no doubt have entered at once upon a successful career at Dawson's Landing. But he made his fatal remark the first day he spent in the village, and it "gagged" him. He had just made the acquaintance of a group of citizens when an invisible dog began to yelp and snarl and howl, and make himself very comprehensively disagreeable, whereupon young Wilson said, much as one who is thinking aloud—

"I wish I owned half of that dog."

"Why?" somebody asked.

"Because I would kill my half."

The group searched his face with curiosity, with anxiety even, but found no light there, no expression that they could read. They fell away from him as from something uncanny, and went into privacy to discuss him. One said:

"'Pears to be a fool."

"'Pears?' said another. "Is, I reckon."

"Said he wished he owned *half* of the dog, the idiot," said a third. "What did he reckon would become of the other half if he killed his half? Do you reckon he thought it would live?"

"Why, he must have thought it unless he *is* the downrightest fool in the world; because if he hadn't thought it, he would have wanted to own the whole dog, knowing that if he killed his half and the other half died, he would be responsible for that half just the same as if he had killed that half instead of his own. Don't it look that way to you, gents?"

"Yes, it does; if he owned one half of the general dog, it would be so; if he owned one end of the dog

and another person owned the other end, it would be so, just the same; particularly in the first case, because if you kill one-half of a general dog there ain't any man that can tell whose half it was, but if he owned one end of the dog, maybe he could kill his end of it and—"

"No, he couldn't either; he couldn't and not be responsible if the other end died, which it would. In my opinion the man ain't in his right mind."

"In my opinion he hain't *got* any mind."

No. 3 said: "Well, he's a lummox, anyway."

"That's what he is," said No. 4, "he's a labbrick—just a Simon-pure labbrick, if ever there was one."

"Yes, sir, he's a dam fool, that's the way I put him up," said No. 5. "Anybody can think different that wants to, but those are my sentiments."

"I'm with you, gentlemen," said No. 6. "Perfect jackass—yes, and it ain't going too far to say he is a pudd'nhead. If he ain't a pudd'nhead, I ain't no judge, that's all."

Mr. Wilson stood elected. The incident was told all over the town, and gravely discussed by everybody. Within a week he had lost his first name; Pudd'nhead took its place. In time he came to be liked, and well liked too; but by that time the nickname had got well stuck on, and it stayed. That first day's verdict made him a fool, and he was not able to get it set aside, or even modified. The nickname soon ceased to carry any harsh or unfriendly feeling with it, but it held its place, and was to continue to it hold for twenty years.

Under Fire of Cross-Examination.....New York Journal

The shrewdness in working-up and presenting the remarkable case against Lizzie Borden suggests the effort of a southern Ohio lawyer some years ago in "adducing the fullness of testimony." The case was that of a young man on trial for murder, and the witness under cross-examination a young lady who had, so it was alleged, seen the young man running away from the house of his victim. Said the attorney:

"Now, ah, Miss Jennings, where were you on the evening of December 4?"

"At home, sir, at my mother's house."

"How far away?"

"A short distance, sir."

"How far?"

"I don't know exactly, sir."

"Don't you know the distance in feet and inches?"

"N-no, sir."

"A-a-ah! Now, Miss Jennings, did you see the defendant on that night?"

"Yes, sir; he ran past our door."

"How fast was he going?"

"I don't know exactly, sir."

"A-a-ah!" Writes that down.

"Now, Miss Jennings, how old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"How old are your parents?"

"Father forty-four, mother forty-three."

"How do you know you are nineteen?"

"They told—"

"Tut, tut! No hearsay testimony goes in this court. What was the color of your grandmother's eyes?"

"I—I don't remember, sir."

"Ah-ha! How often did your grandfather shave?"

"Oh, I d-d-on't re—"

"Ah-a-ah!" Writes that down.

"Now, Miss Jennings, how did he die?"

"He was kicked by a horse, sir."

"What color was the horse?"

"How can I tell you, sir?"

The court: "Will the attorney for the defense please inform the court what he is driving at?"

"Why—ahem!—your honor—ahem!—an' may it please the court, here is a woman who is willing to swear away the life of a young man, an' I promise to show by 'er own testimony that 'er memory is not to be relied on. She don't even know, your honor, whether 'er grandfather was killed by a Connecticut pennyroyal er a Kaintucky thor'bred—"

The roar that followed closed the cross-examination long before the girl had been compelled to give the exact day of the month on which Adam stole the apple and blamed it on his poor, young, innocent wife.

Jumping the Lone Star ClaimKansas City Times

It was New Year's eve in the camp and the Gold Nugget saloon was doing a heavy business all along the line. Drinks were being rapidly dispensed over the counter and in the rear faro, roulette and draw-poker were flourishing. "Pete" was in high humor. He had "bucked the tiger" successfully to-night and had quit enough ahead to work his claim in Corkscrew gulch. True, he had not done his assessment work this year, and by law anybody could "jump" the "Lone Star" that very day at midnight. But Pete was not the man to be fooled with, as he already had two graves to his credit in Doc Turner's ranch (the name applied to the cemetery in honor of a local doctor), which contained the bodies of two "tenderfeet" who had "differed" from him and were accidentally shot. So the inhabitants of Galensville concluded he was a safe man to let alone, and he laughed at the idea that anybody would be so foolish as to "commit suicide," as he termed it, by attempting to jump his claim.

The old year had but a few minutes to live when Hank Smith tied up his horse among the tall, snow-laden pine-trees near the "Lone Star," and, loosening the thongs which fastened a pick to his horse's saddle, and transferring a couple of sticks of dynamite and some candles from his saddle-bag to his pockets, shouldered the pick and slowly mounted the tortuous trail. He had long awaited this moment. Four years ago he had owned the "Lone Star" himself, but sickness came and he could not work his assessment, and when he returned to the prospect and found Pete, armed to the teeth, in possession, he had accepted his hard luck with a good grace, but had "laid" for Pete ever since. But now his opportunity had come.

The tunnel was soon reached, and the moonlight, streaming aslant its black mouth, easily disclosed to his eyes Pete's location stake. He looked at his watch. It marked exactly midnight. Reaching down, he fiercely wrenched the stake from the ground and flung it far from him down the mountain. He then lit a candle and, finding a board, quickly sharpened one end of it, and smoothing off the broad end, wrote his location notice on it—rechristening the claim the "Bright Hopes"—and planted the stake firmly in the ground. Thinking he would go into the tunnel and "see how she looked," he took up candle and pick and started in.

Just as he did so he thought he heard a whistle. He paused and listened; some one was coming up the trail below, whistling softly. Quickly dousing the light, he

crouched behind a big boulder just at the mouth of the tunnel and drew his revolver.

A few minutes later Pete stepped in view with a week's supplies in a sack hanging over his shoulders.

Before he could put his burden down Hank suddenly rose up before him with the muzzle of his pistol almost touching the other's face.

"Hands up!" he cried. "I've got the drop on yer now." Pete, seeing the other man had a full hand, promptly threw up his, while Hank deftly relieved him of his firearms.

"Tain't worth fighting about," said Pete, carelessly. "There ain't a pound of ore in the hull claim."

"Oh, come off!" said Hank. "How about all that ore you shipped last summer?"

"That was out of a pocket I struck, which petered out mighty quick; but if you don't believe me, I'll go in the hole and show you," and, taking a candle, Pete started in the tunnel, Hank following, but keeping his hand within easy reach of his gun. The breast of the tunnel was soon reached, and Pete, holding his candle up before it, said: "There now, what did I tell yer? It's nuthin' but dead rock."

Hank took his candle and carefully examined the breast, roof and sides, but not a trace of mineral could be seen. "You're welcome to her," said Pete; "I've blown in all the money I want to; you can have a blast at her now if you want to."

Hank did not reply, but appeared to be lost in thought. Finally he said: "Hold my candle a minute, Pete," and, taking up his pick in both hands, he struck the breast a heavy blow, and the rock and mud with which Pete had plastered it to fool curious and unwelcome visitors fell away, exposing a vein of glittering white metal. Almost at the same instant there was a deafening report, and Hank fell to the ground with a bullet through his heart.

Pete, with a smoking revolver in his hand, which he had snatched from Hank's belt as he struck the blow, stood over him with a grim smile as he muttered "Another accident!" But retribution was close at hand. The reverberations of the shot had hardly died away among the neighboring peaks when a rock, which had long been loose, started by the sudden shock, fell from the roof, bringing tons of earth with it, and Pete and his third victim were crushed to death.

The Churchyard Scare Josephine Jackson.... Southern Magazine

There had been a death in the neighborhood two or three days before. Old Granny Rawls had gathered her robes about her and lain down to a long and dreamless sleep. She had been buried the day before. The grave-diggers who were in charge of that part of the funeral obsequies had started to dig her grave just on the side of the road, under a large, wide-spreading elm-tree. But when they had gotten it about half done, they struck a rock so large and so hard they were forced to abandon it and make her a grave further away from the roadside, in softer ground, where her friends laid her down tenderly, said a few words over her, and left her to her slumbers.

Billy, in his honest, but fruitless meanderings down the road towards home, was fain to wander too near the abandoned grave. The ground was moist, and his feet, none too steady on dry, smooth ground, played him false, slipped from under him, and, before he could think, landed him at the bottom of the open grave. He

scrambled around for a while, trying vainly to regain the road; but, becoming discouraged, sat down, and, naturally, decided to resume his nap.

In the meantime there was fun fast and furious at Marse Anderson Worthy's co'n-shuckin'.

They have finished the "co'n-pile;" hunted up and found Marse Anderson, "toted" him round the pile to the house; round the house to the table; crowned him with leaves and shucks or anything they could get their hands on; and finally carried him into the house and put him to bed.

Then Uncle Bob brought out his fiddle; and while he was "er-chunin' up," Dinah and Dilsey, Phyllis and Julie, Ma'y Jane and Tildy, and Har'et and Lizy, and all the dusky maidens of both house and field were hunted out of their cabins for the dances and reels that followed. They fiddle and dance, sing and "pat Juba," until Simon says it is time to quit and go home.

Doge's eyes were mirrors of intensified happiness, and his face shone with the lustre of realized dreams. While Bob fiddled, Scipio patted and Black John beat the bones, he had danced like one inspired.

"Pigeon wing," "double shuffle," "hoe down," "Caro," "Ole Buck," were flights of fancy that charmed and held his admiring, enthusiastic audience which collected round him to the utter neglect of reel and damsel, and an entire disregard of the vociferous command from the fiddler: "Tek' yo' pa'tner fur de naix reel." They "whooped him up," cheered and applauded him in the yellow glare of the blazing pine knots, till the welkin rang with echoes of their yells.

How long he would dance could have been told only by knowing how long his strength would hold out. Simon put a stop to it, however, by saying:

"Here, Doge! You come here and git up behime Janus now; an' don' you go 'sleep an' fall off'n dat ho's'; kase ef you does, we's gwine on an' lef' you in de road."

"No, sar, Unker Simon; I isn't sleepy."

"Well, you hol' on tight an' fas' to Janus now. 'Pears to me dere's er lots o' shootin' stars to-night, Janus. I seed seb'ral un um in er bunch drap right ober ahime de ridge a while ergo—an' dar goes anudder one right now."

"I 'spec' you got sump'in' in yo' eyes termek' you see shootin' stars," says Mose.

"You shet up dar, nigger," says Simon. "I mek' you see sump'in' terrec'ly, ef you don't git yo'se'f in dat big road an' go home. Come on, boys, mos' mawnin' now. Time we gits home it 'ull be good day. You knows we got ter go by de graveyard, an' ole Miss Granny Rawls des been buried. Janus, you go befo'."

Whatev'r put it into Janus' head at that time of night or at that place, to play a joke upon his comrades following him, when he knew that many of them were already shaking with fear as they neared that ghostly "City of the Dead;" or, whether Satan, who they do say sometimes comes back for a quiet stroll over this green earth, was abroad and in a spirit of mischief took possession of Janus and made him act as he did, I can't say; but certain it is that, as he neared the elm-tree he suddenly halted and waited for the crowd of ashy-faced darkies to come up. As they came over the hill in a bunch he raised his stick, that he had been using as a goad to urge "Ole Ball" forward, and struck the tree three sharp raps, calling out in his heaviest tones, "RISE, YE DAID, AN' COME TER JEDGMINT!"

"YAS, SUR, MARSE JESUS, I'SE ER-COMIN'," was an unexpected and paralyzing response that fell upon their startled senses, and simultaneously a form was seen rising from the open grave at their feet; for a nap on the cool, damp ground had somewhat sobered Billy.

But if they had been astonished and frightened out of their senses at this vision, complete insanity took possession of them as, in turning to fly from the spectre of Uncle Billy, they raised their eyes and beheld the stars falling from the sky!

Consternation and confusion seized them. Some fell upon their knees and began to pray. Others took to the woods, screaming and yelling:

"Good Lawd Er-mighty!"

"Judgment Day hab come!"

"Gabriel he dun blow his horn."

"De stars am er fallin' an' de daid am er-risin'!"

"Oh! marster, marster! Save us, save us!"

"Whar is Unker 'Lijie' ter pray fur us? Pray fur us, er we are lost sure!"

Simon, Mose, Pete, Yaller Bob, Big Dick, Janus, Hannibal, all went in different directions. Shouting and yelling over the hills, through the woods, across the fields, into the swamps, they sped like the wind, terrified and crazed at this new and terrible phenomenon in the elements—the words still ringing in their ears, "Yas, sur, Marse Jesus, I'se er-comin'!"

Yaller Bob was the first to reach home. He bounded through the window, left open on the veranda on account of the warm nights, into the room where "Marse John" was asleep, yelling, "Oh, marster, marster! Judgment Day is come,—de worl's comin' to a' een'. De stars is er-fallin', an' de moon is er-drappin' blood."

"Hello! Hello! What's all this about, Bob? Are you crazy?" But before Bob could give any lucid account of the affair, Simon and Mose rushed in, shouting with terror:

"De great day uv his 'raff is come, an' who shall be able ter stan'?"

"Oh, marster, marster! Pray fur us! Pray fur us! Save us, marster!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Simon? Are you drunk too, Mose?"

"No, sar! No, sar!"

"De elements, de elements! Marster——"

"An' ole Miss Granny Rawls she dun riz up f'um de grave, as we comed by dar; an' des den de stars dey 'gin ter drap right out'n de sky; an' de moon hit done tu'ned ter blood; an' de graves all er' stan'in, wide open up yon'er; an' all *dem* dess er-gwine 'bout dar same's dey's libbin', en er-callin' on us, 'Rise, ye daid, an' come ter jedgment!' An' I tell yer, marster, dey's er-risin'! De hills er full on um!"

"Oh, Simon, Simon! All this is nonsense. You are mistaken about the dead rising. I thought you had more sense than to get so excited over a shower of meteors. Didn't you ever hear of the stars falling before? It has been predicted for over a year," said Colonel Hartwell, hastily dressing himself. "Where are the other men?"

"Gawd knows, marster! Scatter'd ober de hills, an' in de swamps, like sheep w'en great, hungry wolves gits atter 'em."

"Hand me my boots here, Moses."

"Yas-sur! Yas-sur! But I'se 'feard we's all gwine ter be killed, we is, for sure, marster."

"And now my coat."

"Yas-sur! Yas-sur! We'd better be er-prayin'."

"Dick, throw on a log there, and make up a fire—it's a little chilly this morning."

"Yas-sur! Yas-sur! but I'm skeered we gwine ter hab *too much fire* ter-reckly."

"Blow the horn, Williams,"—to the overseer, who had just come in to see what all the commotion meant. "It is time they were all at home, anyway."

Williams blew the horn; but the only response to it were those already gathered in their master's room. Day had fairly dawned, and the shower of meteors was about over. The overseer, thinking the quickest way to restore order was to get the men to work at their daily vocations, ordered them to feed the stock; but they obeyed him with evident reluctance, as if afraid to get too far from "Marse John." While they were feeding, Janus rode up to the back gate on Ball.

At Half-Mast E. W. Frentz *Donahoe's Magazine*

Men on the wharf were looking through their long glasses at the vessel coming in. Two of them spoke almost at the same time. "It is the Jessie Roberts," they said. A little boy, who had been looking, too, started on a run up the wharf. He never stopped running till he broke, breathless, into a little house, low and weather-beaten and banked with sea-weed, under the brow of the hill. "Mother, mother!" he cried, "she's coming, she's coming! the Jessie is most in." The young woman, making bread, threw a faded shawl over her head and shoulders. She wiped her hands on her apron and started with the boy.

A little crowd was already on the wharf—folk drawn together by the coming bond of daily bread, won from the deep waters, and the dearer ties of husbands, lovers, brothers and fathers on board. Two of the owners were there. They saw their vessel back from the crafty sea and the stealthy fog. All her white sails were spread and drawing. The sun of the clear winter morning shone on her clean decks. Ice in the rigging gleamed like diamonds. She was deep in the water, an earnest of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of barrels of fish in the hold.

"I hope they've got a good fare this time," said a careworn woman. "We've got to pay something on our mortgage next week. I ain't had a stitch of new clo'es for more than a year."

The vessel fast grew bigger, and while those on the wharf watched she came about. Then the light left every face. No one said a word—no one made a cry or a groan. The men pressed nearer the edge of the wharf, and the women, white-faced and shuddering, shrunk back and drew together. Every eye was fixed on the vessel's mainmast, where the Stars and Stripes flew at half-mast. The topsail had hidden the flag until the vessel came about, and made it visible to the band of anxious ones collected on the wharf.

There they stood, waiting till the Jessie had been made fast. The woman from the little house, pale and trembling, held her boy by the hand. To her came the captain with uncovered head. His blue eyes were wet with water that, though salt, was not of the sea. He tried to speak, but failed. The woman hid her face in her hands. The captain took the boy by the hand, put his arm about the woman's waist and led them home through the crowd that gently opened to permit the two stricken ones to pass through.

IN HYDE PARK: DODO ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT*

London was now having its annual golden days; days to be associated with cool, early rides in the crumbly Row, with sitting on small, green chairs beneath the trees at the corner of the Park, with a general disinclination to exert oneself, or to stop smoking cigarettes; with a temper distinctly above its normal level, and a corresponding absence of moods.

The sky was blue, the trees, strange to say, were green, for the leaves were out, and even the powers of soot which hover round London had not yet had time to shed their blackening dew upon them. The shady walks that line the side of the Row were full of the usual crowds of leisurely, well-dressed people who constitute what is known as London. A tall young man was slowly making his way across the road from the Arch. He was a fair specimen of "the exhausted seedlings of our effete aristocracy," long-limbed, clean-shaven, about six feet two high, and altogether very pleasant to look upon. He wore an air of extreme leisure and freedom from the smallest touch of care or anxiety, and it was quite clear that such was his normal atmosphere. He waited with serene patience for a large number of well-appointed carriages to go past, and then found himself blocked by another stream going in the opposite direction. A horse bolting on to the Row narrowly missed knocking him down, and he looked up with mild reproach at its driver as he disappeared in a shower of dust and soft earth.

This young gentleman, who has been making his slow and somewhat graceful entrance on to our stage, was emphatically "London," and he too saw at once that something had happened. He looked about for an acquaintance, and then dropped in a leisurely manner into a chair by his side.

"Morning, Bertie," he remarked, "what's up?"

Bertie was not going to be hurried. He finished lighting a cigarette and adjusted the tip neatly with his fingers.

"She's going to be married," he remarked.

Jack Broxton turned half round to him with a quicker movement than he had hitherto shown.

"Not Dodo?" he said.

"Yes." Jack gave a low whistle.

"It isn't to you, I suppose?"

Bertie Arbuthnot leaned back in his chair with extreme languor. His enemies, who, to do him justice, were very few, said that if he hadn't been the tallest man in London, he would never have been there at all. "No, it isn't to me."

"Is she here?" said Jack, looking round at the carriages rolling through the park.

"No, I think not; at least I haven't seen her."

"Well, I'm—" Jack did not finish the sentence. Then, as an after-thought, he inquired: "Whom to?"

"Chesterford," returned the other.

*From *Dodo: A Story of To-day*. By E. F. Benson. Appleton & Co. Of this novel (see page 9), which in a few months passed through ten editions in its two-volume form, the London papers are enthusiastic. The *Guardian* spoke of Dodo as "unusually clever and interesting;" the *Spectator* called it "a delightfully witty sketch of society;" the *Speaker* said the dialogue was "a perpetual feast of epigram and paradox;" the *Athenaeum* spoke of the author as "a writer of quite exceptional ability;" the *Academy* praised his "amazing cleverness;" the *World* said the book was "brilliantly written;" and half-a-dozen papers declared there was "not a dull page in the two volumes."

Jack made a neat little hole with the ferrule of his stick in the gravel in front of him, and performed a small burial service for the end of his cigarette. The action was slightly allegorical.

"He's my first cousin," he said. "However, I may be excused for not feeling distinctly sympathetic with my first cousin. Must I congratulate him?"

"That's as you like," said the other. "I really don't see why you shouldn't. But it is rather overwhelming, isn't it? You know Dodo is awfully charming, but she hasn't got any of the domestic virtues. Besides, she ought to be an empress," he added, loyally.

"I suppose a marchioness is something," said Jack. "But I didn't expect it one little bit. Of course, he is hopelessly in love. And so Dodo has decided to make him happy."

"It seems so," said Bertie, with a fine determination not to draw inferences.

"Ah, but don't you see——" said Jack.

"Oh, it's all right," said Bertie. "He is devoted to her, and she is clever and stimulating. Personally, I shouldn't like a stimulating wife. I don't like stimulating people; I don't think they wear well. It would be like sipping brandy all day. Fancy having brandy at five o'clock tea. What a prospect, you know. Dodo's too smart for my taste."

"She never bores one," said Jack.

"No; but she makes me feel as if I was sitting under a flaming gas-burner, which was beating on to what Nature designed to be my brain-cover."

"Nonsense," said Jack. "You don't know her. There she is. Ah!"

A dog-cart had stopped close by them, and a girl got out, leaving a particularly diminutive groom at the pony's head. If anything, she was a shade more perfectly dressed than the rest of the crowd, and she seemed to know it. Behind her walked another girl, who was obviously intended to walk behind, while Dodo was equally obviously made to walk in front.

Just then Dodo turned round and said over her shoulder to her, "Maud, tell the boy he needn't wait. You needn't either, unless you like."

Maud turned round and went dutifully back to the dog-cart, where she stood irresolutely.

Dodo caught sight of the two young men on the chairs, and advanced to them. The radiant vision was evidently not gifted with that dubious quality, shyness.

"Why, Jack," she exclaimed, in a loudish voice, "here I am, you see, and I have come to be congratulated! What are you and Bertie sitting here for like two Patiences on monuments? Really, Jack, you would make a good Patience on a monument. Was Patience a man? I never saw him yet. I would come and sketch you if you stood still enough. What are you so glum about? You look as if you were going to be executed. I ought to look like that much more than you. Jack, I'm going to be a married woman, and stop at home, and mend the socks, and look after the baby, and warm Chesterford's slippers for him. Where's Chesterford? Have you seen him? Oh, I told Maud to go away. Maud," she called, "come back and take Bertie for a stroll; I want to

talk to Jack. Go on, Bertie; you can come back in half an hour, and if I haven't finished talking then, you can go away again—or go for a drive, if you like, with Maud round the park. Take care of that pony, though; he's got the devil of a temper."

"I suppose I may congratulate you first?" asked Bertie, extending his hand.

"That's so dear of you," said Dodo graciously, as if she was used to saying it. "Good-bye; Maud's waiting, and the pony will kick himself to bits if he stands longer. Thanks for your congratulations. Good-bye."

Bertie moved off, and Dodo sat down next to Jack.

"Now, Jack, we're going to have a talk. In the first place, you haven't congratulated me. Never mind, we'll take that as done. Now tell me what you think. I don't quite know why I ask, but we are old friends."

"I'm surprised," said he, candidly; "I think it's very odd." Dodo frowned.

"John Broxton," she said, solemnly, "don't be nasty. Don't you think he's a very charming boy?"

Jack was silent for a minute or two, then he said:

"What is the use of this, Dodo? What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say what you think. Jack, old boy, I'm very fond of you, though I couldn't marry you. Oh, you must see that. We shouldn't have suited. We neither of us will consent to play second fiddle, you know. Then, of course, there's the question of money. I must have lots of money. Yes, a big must and a big lot. It's not your fault you haven't got any, and it wouldn't be your fault if you'd been born with no nose; but I couldn't marry a man who lacked either."

"After all, Dodo," said he, "you only say what every one else thinks about that. I don't blame you for it. About the other, you're wrong. I am sure I should not have been an exacting husband. You could have had your own way pretty well."

"Oh, Jack, indeed no," said she; "we are wandering from the point, but I'll come back to it presently. My husband must be so devoted to me that anything I do will seem good and charming. You don't answer that requirement, as I've told you before. If I can't get that—I have got it, by the way—I must have a man who doesn't care what I do. You would have cared, you know it. You told me once I was in dreadfully bad form. Of course that clinched the matter. To my husband I must never be in bad form. If others did what I do, it might be bad form, but with me, no. Bad form is one of those qualities which my husband must think impossible for me, simply because I am I. Oh, Jack, you must see that—don't be stupid! And then you aren't rich enough. It's all very well to call it a worldly view, but it is a perfectly true one for me. Don't you see I must have everything I want. It is what I live on, all this," she said, spreading her hands out. "All these people must know who I am, and that they should do that, I must have everything at my command. Oh, it's all very well to talk of love in a cottage, but just wait till the chimney begins to smoke." Dodo nodded her head with an air of profound wisdom.

"It isn't for you that I'm anxious," said Jack, "it's for Chesterford. He's an awfully good fellow. It is a trifle original to sing the husband's praise to the wife, but I do want you to know that. And he isn't one of those people who don't feel things because they don't show it—it is just the other way. The feeling is so

deep that he can't. You know how you like to turn yourself inside out for your friend's benefit, but he doesn't do that. And he is in love with you."

"Yes, I know," she said, "but you do me an injustice. I shall be very good to him. I can't pretend that I am what is known as being in love with him—in fact, I don't think I know what that means, except that people get in a very ridiculous state, and write sonnets to their mistress's front teeth, which reminds me that I'm going to the dentist to-morrow. Come and hold my hand—yes, and keep withered flowers and that sort of thing. Ah, Jack, I wish that I really knew what it did mean. It can't be all nonsense, because Chesterford's like that, and he is an honest man if you like. And I do respect and admire him very much, and I hope I shall make him happy, and I hear he's got a delightful new yacht; and, oh! do look at that Arbuthnot girl opposite with a magenta hat. It seems to me inconceivably stupid to have a magenta hat. Really she is a fool. She wants to attract attention, but she attracts the wrong sort. Now, she is in bad form. Bertie doesn't look after his relations enough."

"Oh, bother the Arbuthnot girl," said Jack, angrily, "I want to have this out with you. Don't you see that that sort of thing won't do with Chesterford. He is not a fool by any means, and he knows the difference."

"Indeed he doesn't," said Dodo. "The other day he was talking to me, and I simply kept on smiling when I was thinking of something quite different, and he thought I was adorably sympathetic. And, besides, I am not a fool either. He is far too happy for me to believe he is not satisfied."

"Well, but you'll have to keep it up," said Jack. "Don't you see I'm not objecting to your theory of marriage in itself—though I think it's disgusting—but it strikes me you have the wrong sort of man to experiment upon. It might do very well if he was like you."

"Jack, you sha'n't lecture me," said Dodo. "I shall do precisely as I like. Have you ever known me make a fool of myself? Of course you haven't. Well, if I was going to make a mess of this, it would be contrary to all any one knows of me. I'm sorry I asked your opinion at all. I didn't think you would be so stupid."

"You told me to tell you what I thought," said Jack in self-defense. "I offered to say what you wanted, or to congratulate or condole or anything else; it's your own fault, and I wish I'd said it was charming and delightful, and just what I'd always hoped."

Dodo laughed.

"I like to see you cross, Jack," she remarked, "and now we'll be friends again. Remember what you have said to-day—we shall see in time who is right, you or I. If you like to bet about it, you may—only you would lose. I promise to tell you if you turn out to be right, even if you don't see it, which you must if it happens, which it won't, so you won't," she added with a fine disregard of grammar.

Jack was silent.

"Jack; you are horrible," said Dodo, impatiently, "you don't believe in me one bit. I believe you are jealous of Chesterford; you needn't be."

Then he interrupted her quickly.

"Ah, Dodo, take care what you say. When you say I needn't be, it implies that you are not going to do your share. I want to be jealous of Chesterford, and I am sorry I am not. If I thought you loved him, or would ever get to love him, I should be jealous. I wish

to goodness I was. Really, if you come to think of it, I am very generous. I want this to be entirely a success. If there is one man in the world who deserves to be happy it is Chesterford. He is not brilliant, he does not even think he is, which is the best substitute. It doesn't matter how hard you are hit if you are well protected. Try to make him conceited—it is the best you can do for him."

He said these words in a low tone, as if he hardly wished Dodo to hear. But Dodo did hear.

"You don't believe in me a bit," she said. "Never mind, I will force you to. That's always the way—as long as I amuse you, you like me well enough, but you distrust me at bottom. A woman's a bore when she is serious. Isn't it so? Because I talk nonsense you think I am entirely untrustworthy." Dodo struck the ground angrily with the point of her parasol.

"I have thought about it. I know I am right," she went on. "I shall be immensely happy as his wife, and he will be immensely happy as my husband."

"I don't think it's much use discussing it," said he. "But don't be vexed with me, Dodo. You reminded me that we were old friends at the beginning of this extremely candid conversation. I have told you that I think it is a mistake. If he didn't love you it wouldn't matter. Unfortunately he does."

"Well, Jack," she said, "I can't prove it, but you ought to know me well enough by this time not to mis-judge me so badly. It is not only unjust but stupid, and you are not usually stupid. However, I am not angry, which is the result of my beautiful nature. Come, Jack, shake hands and wish me happiness."

She stood up, holding out both her hands to him. Jack was rather moved. "Dodo, of course I do. I wish all the best wishes that my nature can desire and my brain conceive, both to you and him, him too; and I hope I shall be outrageously jealous before many months are over."

He shook her hands, and then dropped them. She stood for a moment with her eyes on the ground, looking still grave. Then she retreated a step or two, leaned against the rail, and broke into a laugh.

"That's right, Jack, begone dull care. I suppose you'll be Chesterford's best man. I shall tell him you must be. Really he is an excellent lover; he doesn't say too much or too little, and he lets me do exactly as I like. Jack, come and see us this evening; we're having a sort of Barnum's Show, and I'm to be the white elephant. Come and be a white elephant too. Oh, no, you can't; Chesterford's the other. The elephant is an amiable beast, and I'm going to be remarkably amiable. Come to dinner first, the Show begins afterwards. No, on the whole, don't come to dinner, because I want to talk to Chesterford all the time, and do my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Chesterford to ask me to play my part. That's profane, but it's only out of the Catechism. Who wrote the Catechism? I always regard the Catechism as only a half-sacred work, and so profanity doesn't count, at least you may make two profane remarks out of the Catechism, which will only count as one. I shall sing, too. Evelyn has taught me two little nigger minstrel songs. Shall I black my face? I'm not at all sure that I shouldn't look rather well with my face blacked, though I suppose it would frighten Chesterford. Here are Maud and Bertie back again. I must go. I'm lunching somewhere, I can't remember where, only

Maud will know. Maud, where are we lunching, and have you had a nice drive, and has Bertie been making love to you? Good-bye, Jack. Remember to come this evening. You can come, too, Bertie."

Jack went to her dog-cart, and helped her in.

"This pony's name is Beelzebub," she remarked, as she took the reins, "because he is the prince of the other things. Good-bye." Then he rejoined Bertie.

"There was a scene last night," said Bertie. "Maud told me about it. She came home with Dodo and Chesterford, and stopped to open a letter in the hall, and when she went upstairs into the drawing-room she found Dodo sobbing among the sofa cushions, and Chesterford standing by, not quite knowing what to do. It appeared that he had just given her the engagement ring. She was awfully pleased with it, and said it was charming; then suddenly she threw it down on the floor and buried her face in the cushions. After that she rushed out of the room and didn't appear again for a quarter of an hour, and then went to the Foreign Office party and to two balls."

Jack laughed hopelessly for a few minutes.

"It is too ridiculous. I don't believe it can be all real. That was drama,—pure, spontaneous drama. But it's drama for all that. I'm sure I don't know why I laughed, now I come to think of it. It really is no laughing matter. All the same I wonder why she didn't tell me that. But her sister has got no business to repeat those things. Don't tell any one else, Bertie."

Then after a minute he repeated to himself, "I wonder why she didn't tell me that."

"Jack," said Bertie, after another pause, "I don't wish you to think that I want to meddle in your concerns, and so don't tell me unless you like; but was anything ever up between you and Dodo? Lie freely if you would rather not tell me, please."

"Yes," he said simply. "I asked her to marry me last April, and she said 'No.' I haven't told any one till this minute, because I don't like it to be known when I fail. I am like Dodo in that. You know how she detests not being able to do anything she wants. It doesn't often happen, but when it does, Dodo becomes damnable. She has more perseverance than I have, though. When she can't get anything, she makes such a fuss that she usually does succeed eventually. But I do just the other thing. I go away, and don't say anything about it. That was a bad failure. I remember being very much vexed at the time."

Bertie was silent. He was on those terms of intimacy with the other that do not need ordinary words of condolence or congratulation. Besides, from his own point of view, he inwardly congratulated Jack, and this was not the sort of occasion on which to tell him that congratulation rather than sympathy was what the event demanded. Then Jack went on, still with the air of a spectator than of a principal character:

"Dodo talked to me a good deal about her marriage. I am sorry about it, for I think that Chesterford will be terribly disillusioned. You know he doesn't take things lightly, and he is much too hopelessly fond of Dodo ever to be content with what she will grant him as a wife. But we cannot do anything. I told her what I thought, not because I hoped to make a change in the matter, but because I wished her to know that for once in her life she has made a failure,—a bad, hopeless mistake. That is my revenge. Come, I must go home. I shall go there this evening; shall I see you?"

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Wilberforce's Interview with the Ghost... New York Weekly Times

The following remarkable incident in the life of the late Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and afterward of Winchester, is related as absolutely authentic, and the good Bishop himself is said to have many times rehearsed the story to his friends. Bishop Wilberforce was most prominent among his contemporaries of the English clergy, and was once a leader of the High Church Party. He, however, frequently found time to devote to the social side of life, and was sometimes styled the "Bishop of society" by those who knew him. On a certain occasion the worthy Bishop had accepted an invitation to stay at a country-house not far from London. Entering the drawing-room previous to dinner, on the evening of his arrival, he noticed a priest—evidently of the Roman communion—sitting by the open fire and taking no part in the general conversation. The Bishop was somewhat surprised at not being presented to the priest, and his astonishment was great when, a few moments later, dinner being announced, the guests retired, leaving the priest at his place by the fire. The hostess having assigned Bishop Wilberforce the seat of honor at her right hand, as soon as an opportunity of referring to the subject offered he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, Madame, but may I inquire who was the priest we left sitting apart in the drawing-room?" "Ah, you have seen him, then," replied the lady. "It is not every one who has that privilege. I cannot tell you who he is or from whence he comes. For many years this spectre has haunted the house and grounds—it has, in fact, been a tradition in the family. He seems to do no harm, and although he appears only occasionally, we have become accustomed to our friendly ghost." "How singular," remarked his Lordship. "But have you never addressed your priestly spectre?" "Indeed, I have had no opportunity, nor the desire, for that matter," responded the hostess, growing pale. "May I take the liberty now?" inquired the dignitary. "With all my heart, your Lordship," replied the lady. The Bishop arose and, returning to the drawing-room, found the priest where he had left him a few minutes before. Having no fear, the Bishop said kindly: "Who are you, my friend, and why are you here?"

The spectre seemed to sigh deeply and say, as though to itself, "At last!" Then, in a hollow voice, addressing the Bishop, it continued: "I am the spirit of a priest who left this world some eighty years ago, and I am here to impart to any one who will receive it a secret which died with me. I could not rest in my grave while a great wrong was being done which it was in my power to right. I have been returning all these years in the hope some one would address me, for it was not given to me to be the first to speak. All men have shunned me until now, and it is your mission to do my bidding. I was a priest of the Church of Rome, and was called to this house eighty years ago to receive the confession of a dying man. He was the sole possessor of a secret, the knowledge of which would alter materially the entail of this vast estate, and in his death the man wished to repair the terrible wrong he had brought upon his kin. At his request I wrote down the confession, word for word, and when he finished, had barely time to administer the final sacrament of the

Church, before he expired in my arms. It was very important that I should return to London that night, and in passing through the library to leave the house I concluded it would be safer not to carry the paper on which was written the confession away with me, but to place it in some secure, unseen spot, where I could obtain it the following day and deliver the document to the person for whom it was intended. Mounting the steps to the book-shelves, I took out a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which was the first book upon the uppermost shelf nearest the last window, and inserting the paper carefully between its leaves, I replaced the book and departed. A horse was awaiting me at the door, but ere we reached the entrance of the grounds he took fright; I was thrown and instantly killed. Thus died the secret of my confessor with me. No one has disturbed that book in all these years and no one has had the courage to address this messenger from the unknown. The paper will be found as I have stated, and now remains for you to correct the injustice which has so long been upon this noble family. My mission is over and I can rest in peace."

At the close of this speech the spectre faded gradually, and the Bishop was left gazing into space. Recovering from his astonishment, Bishop Wilberforce went at once to the library and found the book exactly as indicated by the spectre. In its secluded corner, upon the top shelf, thick with the dust of ages, evidently the book had remained unmolested many years. There was the document just as described, but now faded and yellow. The secret of the confession never became known to the world. The good Bishop regarded it as a confidence from the spiritual world, and always ended the story with the assurance that the priestly spectre was never again seen. It is a fact, however, that about the time of this extraordinary occurrence the magnificent estate passed into possession of a remote member of the family, who, until then, had lived in obscurity.

Punished by the Nymph of Paradise..... Brooklyn Eagle

According to the ancient ritualistic provisions in the shrine's history, it was evidently established as a politico-religious order and destined to become a formidable oriental power, its mission being to aid the distressed, comfort the afflicted, protect the innocent, harmonize rank and station, overthrow fanaticism, obliterate intolerance, bring the guilty to justice and perpetuate the welfare of mankind. Thus they become the exponents of a secret tribunal to judge and punish the traitor, the murderer, the despoiler of innocence, the violator and desecrator of sacred vows; to apprehend, judge and execute at one conclave, striking terror to the destroying element of crime by consigning the condemned to the rack, bowstring or pyre of the shrine, their fleet justice leaving a purifying admonition to those who knew not the fate of the departed.

The Legendary History of the Oriental Shrine thus depicts one phase of the secret tribunal: The grave, stern and masked tribunal sits in solemn council. Their terrible meditations and intent none could penetrate; their purpose was as undecipherable as their identity. The culprit, defiant of their secret power, when loosed from his hempen thongs, appears, arraigned for judg-

ment and stands before the piercing gaze of the tribunal, with its all-powerful "council of thirteen," doggedly sullen and undismayed by the array of block, bowstring, rack and blazing crucibles. If guilty, he neither seeks nor expects mercy, knowing that mercy for the impious prevails not here. Their cause is justice. The palpable proofs of guilt being sure, the result is as immutable as God's decree. But still does he his innocence protest. The frowning council grant one last privilege—a final proof to justify his plea by his Moslem faith. If so he dares, he advances alone to the sacred dais, and in token of his innocence embraces the holy nymph of paradise, "the houri of the shrine." With joyous pace the victim hastens to the colossal statue, where in marvelous grandeur, by crafty hand beauteously carved in stone, with outstretched arms and saintly face, sweet with calm serenity she stands, seeming even to pity from her throne. The mystic form he scarce embraces when, quick as transit of a meteor, he finds his frail body wrapped as in a vise. Those horrid arms, with keen and triple-edged blades, nail him powerless and quivering to her lance-clad breast with deadly and unerring power until, crushed, carved and gory, the expiring form is rent asunder. The houri statue swerves apart, relaxing her fiendish grasp of stone, and hurls the riven victim deep into the hideous engulfing trap below, where, grim, dark and loathsome, may be heard the distant and monotonous rippling of the turbid carnadine waters, echoing from the eternal chasm of the dead. The tribunal has done its duty. Retribution has fallen upon the fated malefactor, and the vengeance of the shrine is satisfied. This is but one of the storied mysteries of the oriental shrine.

Suffering of Transferred Personality..... St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Some extraordinary exhibitions of hypnotic power were given at the Charity Hospital in Paris by Dr. Luys recently. From descriptions of them it is unquestioned that they were developed from experiments which have been in progress in Paris for the last few years. One series of these experiments, at a private seance given by a member of the Ecole Polytechnique, I witnessed in the latter part of last summer.

Two women and three men were the "subjects." After briefly outlining his plans and the theories he proposed to explain, the professor seated one of the women in an easy-chair. He held before her a gingerbread figure of a woman, and, with a few mystic signs and phrases, transmitted, as he said, the living sensibility of the woman in the chair to the gingerbread. Then, with great deliberation, he dismembered the cake, breaking off one hand after the other, abbreviating the arms, mutilating the legs, and, finally, taking a bite out of the head. At every fresh assault upon the gingerbread, the subject shrieked and clutched at her own limbs. As the gingerbread woman became smaller and smaller, the shrieking woman became weaker and weaker, until her agony was little more than an incipient shudder and an almost inaudible sob. Of course the professor was not inspired by bloodthirsty instincts, and he spared the female, to exert the same influence upon her later for the mystification of other inquirers into scientific wonders. He restored her strength with a few words of gibberish, and as she arose from her seat, dazed and suffering from the indistinct remembrance of some torture, the professor invited one of the men, who had been a watchful spectator, to take the chair.

A camera was wheeled from a corner and pointed at the man, who, meanwhile had been suitably posed by an assistant, who now stood nearby, ready to strike a flash-light when he was directed to do so. The professor showed himself a capable photographer as well as a skilful scientist, and, after trifling with the focus and otherwise prolonging the entertainment, he gave the word that produced the flash-light, and the negative was made. It required but a few moments to develop the likeness, and then was seen a fairly good reproduction of the sitter's features. The sitter recognized the picture and conceded that it looked like him. The professor made a few passes with his hands above the head and on the forehead of the man in the chair. A thing as soulless as a corporation sat in the chair and another, as full of soul as a bride, was on the negative. Standing with his back to the subject, the professor, with great deliberation, drew a pin-point across the face on the negative, lining both cheeks. At the same instant the man uttered an exclamation of pain, raised his hand and passed it across his face. But most wonderful of all, a red mark appeared for a moment on the cheeks of the man, following exactly the course taken by the pin. In turn the sharp instrument was passed over the skin of the forehead, the lips, the ears, and in each instance the accompanying shrinking and pain of the subject were noticeable, as was likewise the red mark. Pricking the negative with the pin-point, even gently, was felt by the victim and indicated by his nervous action. The professor explained that, of course, no especial virtue attached to the negative. The same transference of soul could be made to a print from the negative, to an engraving, to an oil painting or any pictorial object.

The man was then placed upon the scientific shelf, and the second woman called. She was a delicate subject, readily susceptible to the influence of exteriorization, and showing her sympathy with the nondescript dummy that was supposed to represent her in the professor's hands. This was a rag baby, and, after going through the usual ceremony, the professor plunged a knife deep into the cotton vitals of the baby repeatedly. With every stroke the female in the chair shrieked and looked about her in the most pathetic manner, seeking some means of escape, leaving no doubt in the minds of her audience that she thought she suffered every agony the rag baby was being subjected to. It was not until the cotton had been slashed into bits and the woman had shrunk into her chair as though expiring, that the professor ceased, and brought her back to her senses. The sensibility of another man was transferred to a glass of water, and when the professor's finger merely touched its surface, the man cried aloud, and continued to do so, wildly and hysterically, until the water was thrown from the goblet upon the ground, when the subject gave forth a final cry and collapsed entirely. Other experiments were equally fantastic.

Sensations of Drowning C. A. Hartley..... Cincinnati Times-Star

To stand helplessly on the river shore and witness the struggles of a drowning fellow-being is a harrowing experience, and little less heart-rending to contemplate, but, in matters of this kind, like many others, "things are not what they seem." At any rate, death by drowning is not as horrible as it may seem to the onlooker. The thought of being dragged along the muddy bottom of the river and found later in some out-of-the-way, willow-tangled spot is what adds to the

horrors of such a death. The dread of such a fate is really worse than the fate itself. I once left this world by that route as nearly as one can and get back. It was an accident, and was some twenty years ago. A companion and myself were bathing in the Ohio river. At the point where we were a large raft of logs was lashed to the bank, and for quite a long while we amused ourselves by jumping from the raft into fifteen feet of water to see who could bring up the largest number of white gravels each time. We went down several times with varying success. The last time I made the effort I filled my lungs with air and leaped far out into the river and went to the bottom head first. I groped about for a handful of gravels and spent more time in the search than I should have done. The water was warm, however, and I had no fears of drowning. When I could stay down no longer I started swiftly for the surface, and when within a foot or two of the top of the water my companion, not knowing exactly where I was, jumped headlong into the river. His head struck me squarely between the shoulders and knocked the last ounce of air out of my lungs and a deluge of water at once took its place. The weight of his body falling on me produced a terrible shock and I sank to the bottom of the river like a stone. That is where I got my experience in drowning. When the water rushed into my lungs and stomach it felt for all the world like a pleurisy pain, which has also given me a tussle in later years, but was over in a second. Then my body settled quietly to the bottom and my arms fell limp at my side. In my half-conscious condition I could see all my relatives and acquaintances crowding about and looking down on me with tearful faces. All the events, it seemed, of my prosy career passed slowly in review, and the good, bad and indifferent acts stood out before me in bold relief. Even little school-boy tricks claimed attention. I knew I was drowning and remember thinking, "Why, this is not so hard after all!" I wondered where my body would be found, and shuddered at the thought that it might never be found. I also wondered whether or not my companion had become alarmed and run away and left me to my fate, or whether he was diving here and there to find me. Then I pictured my burial, and how the clods would resound on my coffin when it was lowered into the chilly grave, and my fate would be pointed out to other boys by anxious mothers as a warning.

At the next stage I could hear bells softly ringing in the distance, together with little tinklings and chirrups sounding in my ears. Then I began to see pretty pictures. The colors of the rainbow danced before my eyes and intermingled and formed into all sorts of odd shapes. I had no pain and no fear of what was expected to follow. I seemed to be enchanted at the scene before me. Everything was light and calm and moved about without any visible impelling force. It was like looking into a large mirror with every beautiful thing that the most vivid imagination could conjure up revealed thereby. The last stage which I entered increased the beauty of the surroundings. All discordant noises ceased and were superseded by the softest, sweetest music that could be thought of. Apparently I had been transported to a place flooded with bright, calm sunshine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, but seemed like a clear autumn day. Then I seemed to rise from the ground and float off into space like thistle-down. Higher and higher I went until I seemed

to look down on the world from a great height, and then came a blank. The next thing I knew I was lying on the raft with my companion looking down on me with a pale face. After several unsuccessful attempts he had succeeded in finding me and getting me out of the water. By vigorously rolling me over a log he had succeeded in rekindling the little spark of life that remained. For the next half hour I think I suffered a great deal more than for the same length of time before or since. I shall never forget how it feels to drown, but would not advise any one to try it to find out for himself. Resuscitation is too painful.

Haunted by a Suicide.....A Drummer's Experience....Globe-Democrat

I had been traveling for some years for B. & Co., of New Orleans, when one day I was transferred to a new territory in another part of the State where I was little acquainted. One night I reached the little town of R. and found the only hotel in the town full, the occasion being a county convention. I was able, after considerable trouble, to obtain only a small attic room. I retired early and was soon asleep, but after a time was aroused. I could recollect hearing no noise which could have awakened me. I lay for a while with my eyes half shut trying in vain to drop off to sleep again. I finally turned over to find myself face to face with a man lying on the bed with me, and with his eyes staring into mine. He was lying on his side, and the collar of his night-shirt unbuttoned, revealing a ghastly gash across his throat from which the blood seemed still falling in slow, heavy drops on the pillow.

With a cry of horror that rang through the house, I sprang out of the bed, tore open the door and went flying to the office, rousing the landlord and the sleepy clerk, and indeed every one in the hotel, by my shouts for help. "What's wrong?" said the landlord, catching me by the arm and looking as if he thought I had gone crazy. "Why, there's a man in my bed with his throat cut and he is either dead or dying," I gasped in agony. The guests went running to the room with the landlord following more slowly. The clerk poured out a drink of whiskey for me, for I was shivering, although it was in July, and then inquired as to the appearance of the man whose spectral presence alarmed me.

After I had described him and his position and the terrible wound in his throat, he said: "If I were you I would say nothing about what I saw to any one; that man's been seen there before and he is only a—dream." He hesitated over this last word and I saw there was something hidden under this occurrence. Just then the landlord came back, followed by the guests, who were inclined to be cross at having their rest broken, and all assured me that there was no one in the room, and that I must have had the nightmare. I got angry at this, but went up to examine the room myself; but it was as they had said, there was no one there; nor could I find any trace of the back side of the bed having been occupied. I knew I was not asleep when I saw the horror by my side, and returning to the office, I demanded of the landlord an explanation of the mystery. Not until I had threatened to tell the boys that the room was haunted did he weaken, but he finally owned up that a couple of years before a man had cut his throat while occupying that room, and that several guests who had been put to sleep in it had reported next morning that they had dreamed of the self-slain man. I spent the rest of the night in an arm-chair in the office.

PRATTLE: CHARMING BITS OF CHILD VERSE

The Dead Pussy Cat.....A Child's Lament.....Pearson's Weekly

You's as stiff an' as cold as a stone
 Little cat !
 Dey's done frowed out and left you alone,
 Little cat !
 I'se a strokin' you' fur,
 But you don't never purr,
 Nor hump up anywhere
 Little cat —
 W'y is dat ?
 Is you's purrin' and humpin' up done ?
 An' w'y fer is you's little foot tied,
 Little cat ?
 Did dey pisen you's tummick inside,
 Little cat ?
 Did dey pound you wif bricks,
 Or wif big nasty sticks,
 Or abuse you wif kicks,
 Little cat ?
 Tell me dat,
 Did dey holler wenever you cwied ?
 Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
 Little cat ?
 Oh ! W'y didn't you wun off and hide,
 Little cat ?
 I is wet in my eyes —
 'Cause I almost always cwies
 When a pussy cat dies,
 Little cat,
 Tink of dat —
 An' I's awfully solly besides !
 Dest lay still dere down in de sof gwown,
 Little cat,
 Wile I tucks de gween gwass all awoun,
 Little cat.
 Dey can't hurt you no more
 W'en you's tired an' so sore—
 Dest sleep twiet, you pore
 Little cat,
 Wif a pat,
 And forget all de kicks of de town.

Little Cousin Jasper.....James Whitcomb RileyCentury

Little Cousin Jasper, he
 Don't live in this town, like me—
 He lives 'way to Rensselaeer,
 An' ist comes to visit here.
 He says 'at our court-house square
 Ain't nigh big as theirn is there!—
 He says their town 's big as four
 Er five towns like this, an' more !
 He says ef his folks moved here
 He'd cry to leave Rensselaeer—
 'Cause they's prairies there, an' lake^s.
 An' wile-ducks an' rattlesnakes !
 Yes, 'n' little Jasper's Pa
 Shoots most things you ever saw !—
 Wunst he shot a deer, one day,
 'At swummed off an' got away.
 Little Cousin Jasper went
 An' camped out wunst in a tent
 Wiv his Pa, an' helt his gun
 While he kilt a turrapun.
 An' when his Ma heerd o' that,
 An' more things his Pa's bin at,
 She says, " Yes, 'n' he'll git shot
 'Fore he's man-grown, like as not ! "

An' they's mussels there, an' minks,
 An' di-dippers, an' chee-winks,—
 Yes, 'n' cal'mus-root, you chew
 All up an' t' on't pizen you !
 An' in town, 's a flag-pole there—
 Highest one 'at's anywhere
 In this world ! —wite in the street
 Where the big mass-meetin's meet.
 Yes, 'n' Jasper, he says they
 Got a brass band there, an' play
 On it, an' march up an' down
 An' all over round the town !
 Wisht our town ain't like it is!—
 Wisht it's 'ist as big as his !
 Wisht 'at his folks they'd move here,
 An' we'd move to Rensselaer !

Swinging to Dreamland.....William S. LordHush-a-Bye Baby

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland ;
 There, sweet, in slumber go ;
 My song will blend in seemland
 With songs the angels know ;
 Thy hammock will be golden
 And like the crescent moon,
 And in its hollow holden
 Thou wilt be sailing soon.
 Go swinging, swaying, swinging
 High up among the stars ;
 At mother's wish upspringing
 Shall sleep let down the bars ;
 Altho' thy hammock golden
 Is like the crescent moon,
 Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
 Wake bright and laughing soon.

A Little Feller.....A Sunday Protest.....Pittsburgh Bulletin

Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
 With pop and ma'am a-readin' all the while,
 An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,
 An' lookin' s if they didn't know how to smile ;
 With hook an' line a-hangin' in the woodshed,
 An' lots o' 'orms down by the outside cellar,
 An' Brown's creek just over by the mill-dam—
 Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.
 Why, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller
 Right on from sun-up when the day commences ;
 Fur little fellers don't have much to think of,
 'Cept chasin' gophers 'long the cornfield fences,
 Or diggin' after moles down in the wood-lot.
 Or climbin' after apples what's got meller,
 Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' mill-pond—
 Say, Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.

But Sunday's never lonesome fur a li'l' feller
 When he's stayin' down to Uncle Ora's ;
 He took his book onct right out in the orchard,
 An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories ;
 All truly true, that happened onct fur honest,
 An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,
 An' how some angels came an' shut their mouths up,
 An' how they never teched that Dan'l feller.

An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt Marilda's :
 She lets us take some books that some one gin her,
 An' takes us down to Sunday-school 't the school-house ;
 An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur dinner.
 An' onct she had a puddin' full o' raisins.
 An' onct a frosted cake all white and yellor ;
 I think, when I stay down to Aunt Marilda's,
 That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Heredity and Environment.....Richard T. Ely.....The Outlook

The human will introduces an element of uncertainty which makes it impossible that the social sciences should ever attain the precision of the mathematical sciences. There are certain regularities, most instructive and most important, which can be traced, and to which we may give the term social laws; but these laws are, it is held, different in many respects from those of the physical sciences, and one cause of the difference is the will of man. We must, in our social studies, take account of the human will and the nature of man. Recent progress in political economy is due to some extent to the introduction of psychological considerations. It has been well said that some of the chief objections to radical Socialism are psychological in their nature. While this is true, and while we must take the mind of man as a basis, it is important to trace the influence of the two other forces, which are, in fact, by no means entirely distinct from the first, but help to make the first what it is. The precise relations between these various forces cannot be described, but there are certain general considerations of importance which may be advanced. A historical retrospect is useful at the present time.

One hundred years ago it was held that men by nature were free and equal, and that inequalities were due to artificial circumstances. Adam Smith bases his social philosophy upon the doctrine of essential equality. He tells us that the difference between the bricklayer and the great statesman must be traced to environment. If the bricklayer had had the early training of the social statesman and the statesman the early training of the bricklayer, they would exchange positions. The beneficent order of nature underlies his teachings, and the regulations and restraints of government seem to be in his mind the chief cause of injurious differences among men. Let government cease to interfere, and each man will seek his own interests and will be able to guard his own interests. At times, indeed, Adam Smith appears to forget what he admits in places, namely, that early surroundings and training have made men unequal, because his recommendations of social reform frequently presuppose actual perfect equality of men in the matter of both strength and resources.

The philosophy of essential equality, which found passionate expression in the Declaration of Independence in the same year in which Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* appeared, was a prominent feature of the social philosophy of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Many carried it much further than Adam Smith. Jean Jacques Rousseau gave out the watchword "Return to Nature," because he held that man would thus escape from the maleficent artificial circumstances which caused all social ills. Another step was taken early in this century by Robert Owen. Robert Owen, as is well known, was in his day one of the leading manufacturers of England, and was so successful that he became known as the "Prince of Cotton-spinners." He acquired a large fortune, became a communist, and conducted social experiments which consumed his entire fortune. Robert Owen taught that man was essentially the product of circumstances. The differences in religion and social position he traced to his doctrine of circumstances. He differed with Adam Smith because he never forgot

present inequalities, most unjust as he maintained, which he traced to differences in surroundings, promoting one individual and degrading another. These circumstances, which made men what they were, he held, could be and should be socially controlled, and the result of wise control would be a race of men as nearly perfect as the conditions of life on our planet permit.

Robert Owen conducted experiments among his own employees at New Lanark, in Scotland, which attracted the attention of the civilized world. Nobles and princes visited New Lanark, and praised highly his good work. It cannot be denied that, when all possible deductions are made for exaggeration, his experiments were most remarkable. It may not be too much to use of them that expression which is so often abused, namely, "epoch-making." He had to work on poor material, the offscouring almost of Great Britain, and, by wise educational measures and a healthful environment, he established a community in which harmony and love reigned to such an extent that the expression of admiration was general. The good manners and kindly disposition of children in their mutual intercourse was often remarked. The kindergarten and factory legislation can be traced to the efforts of Robert Owen, and the present socialistic movement in England, as well as the co-operative movement of that country, acknowledges connection with him. The doctrine of circumstances as advanced by Owen is one which emphasizes very strongly social responsibility. Society, and not the individual, he held, is responsible for pauperism and crime and all personal shortcomings. Society naturally was inclined to reject this immense weight of responsibility forced upon it.

Another step was taken when the doctrine of heredity was advanced by workers in natural science and others. This doctrine sought to explain individual character and fortune very largely by a reference to ancestry. Man is what he is, it was claimed, because he has had such and such forefathers. This is a doctrine which tends to lessen social responsibility. It is a more aristocratic doctrine than that of circumstances. Many facts have been brought forward in substantiation of this doctrine. The experience in the breeding of lower animals was one which most naturally occurred to those thinking earnestly upon heredity. Various social studies which have been made tend, at first blush, at any rate, to emphasize heredity. All those who have given attention to crime and pauperism in the United States are familiar with the story of the Jukes, so well told by Richard Dugdale. To Margaret, "The Mother of Criminals," can be traced numerous pauper and criminal descendants who have, all told, cost the State of New York millions of dollars. The "Tribe of Ishmael" is the name given in Indiana to the many descendants of two or three persons weak in body, mind and character. These descendants fill the hospitals and jails in the neighborhood of Indianapolis. A city missionary in Berlin has traced to two sisters, who lived not long ago, paupers, prostitutes, thieves, murderers. The descendants of these two sisters have served hundreds of years in prison. A most remarkable social experiment was conducted in Oneida, N. Y., which, on account of the delicacy of the subject, has never received the scientific

attention which it deserves. At this place there was a communistic settlement, composed very largely of able and highly educated men, who attempted to apply strictly scientific principles in the breeding of men. Dr. Ely van de Walker, of New York City, has given some attention to the subject, and he pronounces the result quite remarkable. It is claimed that the children born are far above the average in many particulars, in their physical qualities at least.

Further thought appears to bring a reaction in favor of environment. The facts of social parasitism could not be long observed before it became apparent that heredity brings circumstances with it. Are the resulting crime and pauperism due to heredity, or to the circumstances which unfortunate heredity brings in its train, or to both? Experimentation on a considerable scale has given a partial answer. The Children's Aid Society, of New York, and other similar agencies have changed the circumstances of those whose heredity was unfortunate, and the outcome has been changed character in the vast majority of cases; probably it is safe to say in nine out of ten cases. Thousands of children born of the worst parents have been taken from surroundings in the slums of cities which would have made of them paupers, prostitutes and criminals, and they have become useful and honorable citizens. With some degree of certainty it can be predicted that the circumstances of the worst slums mean to the child brought up in them ruin, and perhaps with quite as great a degree of certainty it can be predicted that a change to an altogether favorable environment will mean social salvation. If heredity is, in such cases, as it may be admitted, an adverse force which must be overcome, yet favorable circumstances are sufficient to overcome it, and circumstances have by far the greater weight than is generally admitted or believed.

Recent studies of heredity appear also to give less importance to it, on the whole, than earlier ones. It is now frequently asserted by scientists that acquired qualities cannot be transmitted. An English economist says of Weismann, whose essays upon heredity are well known, that he has reopened the case for Socialism. What he means is this: Socialism lays emphasis almost entirely upon circumstances, and Weismann's investigations have so emphasized the importance of circumstances as opposed to heredity that once more the case for Socialism requires discussion in all its detail and radiations, before the bar of public opinion.

The present views, perhaps, are best expressed by the words "social solidarity." All men are bound together in their material and moral well-being. Man lives to himself in no respect. The salvation of his soul is not purely an individual process. Material and social environment of men have a large influence upon their well-being in every respect. Man cannot acquire a fortune in a desert or even in a fruitful land if he lives alone, nor can he as an isolated human being ever attain any heights of moral excellence. It is generally admitted that there are those whose circumstances are so unfavorable that, taking men as they are, there is no reason whatever to expect that they can be redeemed until their circumstances are changed. Methodists, Episcopalians, leaders of the Salvation Army, all tell us that among the poorest and most degraded a social reformer must precede, or at least accompany, the evangelist. At the same time the human will is recognized, because it is admitted that, with favorable cir-

cumstances, an appeal must be made to man's free agency; that he must be brought to resolve upon right action. Individual responsibility can scarcely be said to be lessened. If it is lessened at all, it is lessened for those who are so low down that they scarcely feel their responsibility for their position. Social responsibility, on the other hand, is immensely strengthened, and as members of society we must all feel the weight of this responsibility. Social responsibility in the end becomes the responsibility of individuals, and it is on this account that many feel inclined to reject the doctrine of social solidarity. They cry out, like Cain of old, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But their indignant protests can no more remove responsibility than could Cain's denial alter the fact he was his brother's keeper.

Duty of Citizenship ... D. G. Thompson ... Politics in a Democracy (Longmans)

No special reformatory measures are of avail till character in the citizen is so changed that somehow there is a restoration of the sense of duty as a motive force. Our people are too solicitous about their rights; too little concerned about their duties. It is not thus in every democracy. Mr. Bryce, in an article entitled The Teaching of Civic Duty, relates the following incident: "Some years ago, in a lovely mountain valley in the canton of Glarus (Switzerland), I was conversing with a peasant land-owner about the Landesgemeinde (popular primary assembly), which regulates the affairs of the canton. After he had given me some details, I asked him whether it was not the fact that all citizens had the right of attending and voting in this assembly. 'It is not so much their right,' he replied, 'as their duty.'" Professor Bryce adds: "This is the spirit by which free governments live."

Neglect of the cultivation of the sense of duty takes the heroic out of human nature. No doubt there is some truth (though not unqualified truth) in the charge that in the American democracy great men have ceased to be and can nevermore arise. For, it is argued, if the leader be only a follower, an observer and not an originator, occupied with the state of mind of his own army instead of planning against the enemy, he will tend to become an ordinary time-server, incapable of great deeds. But this argument is based upon the military idea of greatness. The destinies of people are not, in our happier country at least, determined by the clash of arms. Such power as once, on the Plains of Abraham, a young man of thirty-three, with less than 10,000 soldiers, was able to wield, to win a great empire on this continent, can only be employed by young men of our day in a thousand differentiations, scattered here and there, apparently wasted in exhausting and disheartening details. Yes; we may lament, the giants are dead! No "god-like Achilles" walks on heroic ground, with impetuous tread, glorious for aggressive warfare; no William the Silent, "tranquil among the raging billows," emerges triumphant through his steadfastness in defense, bringing freedom to his nation and exciting the wonder of the world. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have passed away, and did they live, their glory would be of the past. Indeed, when by death all things are consecrated, there is not even left the opportunity and pleasure of dying well. Yet, after all, should we wish for the deadly combat in which many must perish unnoticed, that we may win honor and fame? Should we raise the storm, with its dangers and destruction, in order that our greatness may shine forth? The mate-

rial of which heroes are made can exist in any time and almost any circumstances; and no true hero ever wished glory at the expense of disaster to others. The truly great are they who most perfectly adapt themselves to their age, and who, with the willingness to serve, find their opportunity in some phase of the life which goes on around them. Then, if a wider prospect be opened to them, they are able to avail themselves of it successfully; if the circumstances allow, they are as certain to develop into the heroic size as any whose deeds have made them immortal. Abraham Lincoln never thought of glory; but when the occasion arrived, he came out from his simple and prosaic life and sat where the eyes of the world gazed upon him, where thrones were below him, and where all the honor of the nations of the earth was brought involuntarily unto him.

Nevertheless, the fact is painfully evident in our own country, that when men are put into places of prominence they do not expand to heroic proportions with that degree of uniformity one could wish. The men who dignify it are not put into office. If the "simple great ones," of whom Tennyson declares that they have "gone forever and forever by," were now to occupy official station, they would not be tolerated, for they would not recognize the truth that to be a master one must be an apt and obedient servant. Indeed, they would probably be as ridiculous as Don Quixote—high-minded and chivalrous, but an impractical "crank." It is perfectly true that the men who succeed in official station are those who know how to adapt means to ends; to placate, to satisfy, to harmonize conflicting interests; to fry out from the fat the oil with which the wheels may be greased to make the machine run more easily. If they are able to do these things, it is also deemed irrelevant whether they are fit to conduct a Sunday-school or a concert-garden; whether they are able to earn a living in business, or only capable of adorning a street corner or a rum-shop. Nor is the fact either that they are powerful in prayer and exhortation, or are strong at the whiskey bottle, any objection to their eligibility to office, so long as they do what is required and serve faithfully their masters.

Since, when we want a man to build a house, we do not care whether or not he is able to paint a portrait, and when we need a shoemaker we do not inquire if he can play the piano, it might be thought that this specialization of function would be wholly a good thing. So it is, no doubt, as we have argued, but still within limits. If nothing else be thought of, however, a time comes when we are startled to discover where we are. The Alpine tourist who takes that smooth and grassy path down the mountain is sometimes appalled at finding that he is on the brink of a precipice. To save himself, his full energies are required. So, under all circumstances, it is often the case that though the direct path be enticing, the longest way round is the shortest way home, and perhaps the safest one as well.

Love and Marriage.....Their Social Import.....The Westminster Review

Love and marriage are seldom treated in English literature with the seriousness they deserve. Love is regarded as the fitting theme for any amount of milk-and-water sentiment, and marriage is looked upon as the appropriate subject for an inexhaustible number of sorry jests. If treated with a little kindness, marriage is considered in the light of the wedding ceremony. Henceforth the sometime lovers fall into the common-

place ranks of "married people," from whom all illusions have fled. It is open to us to believe that this persistent trifling with these subjects is only an example of the habit of Englishmen to hide their most serious feelings. It is a sign of weakness to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve, and to confess to any deep feeling, either in love, religion or grief. Death alone is treated with seriousness, and for that reason out of all due proportion; marriage is a more serious business than death, for death is but the termination of one life, while marriage may be the beginning of many lives. We lament the death of a friend as though it were avoidable, we submit to the consequences of marriage as though they were inevitable. We look upon human life as a miserable mistake, yet perpetuate it without compunction. If, as evolutionist ethics instruct us, the end of life is well-being, the well-being of individuals and the well-being of the species, there are no experiences which more directly or profoundly affect this well-being than love and marriage, and there are none that deserve more serious consideration. Whether we regard them from the personal and individual point of view, or from the point of view of the future welfare of humanity, there are no circumstances which so deeply concern the physiologist, the psychologist, and the moralist; yet how little they are regarded. In Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Ethics*, the very latest epitome of the latest philosophy, out of one thousand pages only about twenty are devoted to marriage and the marriage relation. From Mr. Spencer we learn that the ethical sanction of marriage consists in the fact that without marriage we should not have been born, and therefore we ought to marry that others may enjoy the same existence:—"The truth which it chiefly concerns us to note is that, assuming the preservation of the race to be a desideratum, there results a certain kind of obligation to pay this tax, and submit to this sacrifice. Moreover, something like natural equity requires that, as each individual is indebted to past individuals for the cost of producing and rearing him, he shall be at some equivalent cost, in simple recognition of justice, for the benefit of future individuals."

It is very doubtful if persons about to marry are ever influenced by such a cold-blooded ethical consideration. Those who marry for love are carried away by an unreasoning impulse, and ethical considerations have little to do with marriages of convenience. Love and marriage, whatever else they may be, are Nature's means of securing what appears at present her chief care, the perpetuation of the species, and man, including woman, has very little liberty in the matter. It is a strange thing that this, which is primarily important to the human race, should be treated as a trifle, a minor incident in life, a subject for sentiment or satire; while any reference to the real underlying fact is regarded as immoral or indecent. Love is a state of the soul, but it differs from all other states in its intensity and duration. If we experience curiosity, anger, weariness, grief, we can divert ourselves, and change our mental state; but nothing of the kind can be said about love. Not only does it completely absorb the man, his senses and his thoughts, but it remains constantly with him, and if it is not satisfied, it is transformed into an eternal suffering which absorbs all other states of the soul. It has another effect upon him—"His spirit expands to the beyond, and would embrace all space, all the universe. He feels vaguely or instinctively that the pas-

sion which consumes him is only the feeble echo of some gigantic and sovereign power, that at this moment he is only one of the smallest atoms of the infinite, the passive expression of the universal divine harmony." Thus it is that pure sexual love transforms men into poets and philanthropists. Love is such a joyous enlargement of the being, that the individual aspires to embrace all nature, and fold all humanity in his arms. Doubtless the ecstasy diminishes and the generous feelings it begot subside, but for a time at least, sometimes for the rest of life, the individual has wider sympathies and a larger heart. Many, however, become the prey of ambition, of sordid desires, of unavoidable and carking care, and the light of love is forever extinguished.

"Love wakes men, once a lifetime, each,
They lift their heavy eyes and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then close the book.
And some give thanks and some blaspheme,
And most forget, but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."—[Patmore.]

Two individuals of the opposite sex, who mutually experience this state of the soul in each other's presence, feel the absolute necessity of finding satisfaction in a union, physical as well as ideal. Hence comes marriage, and hence the difficulty and the tears. Marriage is a permanent union; but who can guarantee the permanency of love? Is it not beyond the power of the will? and, if so, how can its decay be prevented? Cannot the state of the soul, which demanded the union, be maintained, and the real be kept under the mastery of the ideal to the end? Are we to regard it as impossible physiologically? Satisfaction produces satiety, satiety weariness and disgust, and then the curtain had better fall. Is it that Nature, having attained her end, is careless what becomes of her instruments, and herself tears the veil which hid the coarse reality? Are we not ourselves most to blame if marriage is the executioner of love? Two individuals, who before marriage would give all for love, after marriage will give very little indeed for it, and let some other "state of the soul" usurp its place. Pleasure, social distinction, riches, are pursued with unremitting energy, and love is thrust out. For love is a jealous god, and will have no competitor. The truth of this may be demonstrated by the fact that those who lead quiet, unassuming, unambitious, unavaricious lives are generally the happiest in the married state. It is not marriage but the world, in the old religious sense, that is the destroyer of love. Give it hospitality, and it will remain as a permanent and welcome guest at your hearth.

Dangers of Punishment.....C. H. Hopwood.....New Review

Neither vengeance nor arbitrary impatience of wrongdoing are fit and proper principles of punishment. The judgment seat should be occupied with a sympathy for wretchedness, pity for the criminal tempering the just indignation which cruel violence, wickedness and depravity naturally excite. The offender is not to be persecuted or exterminated. The violent unworthy harangues and unfair topics urged by some advocates should be moderated by firmness. The object of the sentence should be a consistent vindication of the law, joined with a desire that the poor wretch should, if possible, have a chance of reclamation and

not be driven to despair. Long sentences destroy the moral fibre, the strength of will of the convict and corrupt his nature to the last degree. From being the perpetrator of mere theft and dishonesty, by such severity man is converted into a helpless waif at the sport of circumstances, a hardened villain ready to be the tool of more capable but less desperate and less courageous scoundrels. Let this be considered. One who is made a thief through pressure and want may be converted into a burglar. Burglary may be of different shades in the law, between the mere lifting of a latch during certain hours of the night and the forcible entrance of a house with all the appliances of a past master of the profession. The indiscriminate punishment of ten years for the offense, often inflicted in practice, makes a fight, a desperate defense for the chance of escape, worth trying. Hence the use of the revolver and murder made probable. Yet if a more sensible or moderate punishment were the rule, the criminal taken in the act would surrender peaceably, and valuable life would be spared. The teaching of the past illustrates this. Formerly, every burglary was punishable with death. The consequence was that it became necessary to the safety of the marauder to destroy every one who might be a witness against him. The punishment was altered, and murder by burglars has become rare.

Two classes of offense are visited with atrocious severity—the stealing of post letters, and the crime of coining and putting off of base coin. The opinion on which this is founded is that crushing severity will put down these misdeeds, and cruel and relentless has been the infliction. Such an opinion ought to yield to reflection and experience. This hardness has always been employed, and yet the offenses have recurred with unerring certainty. If any one will consider he will see that no man would commit an offense if he felt sure of being captured. No, he believes his precautions, his skill, his craft, make the deed safe and escape certain. What effect, therefore, is the possibility of detection and a heavy consequent sentence likely to have upon the mind of a man confident of safety and success? Detection is more effectual than punishment. Our present habit of piling imprisonment proceeds more from thoughtlessness and the effect of example than from deliberate adoption. When it is the result of cool judgment it deserves to be denounced; it is submitted that it is unjustifiable, stupid because unnecessary, barbarous in any case, and often productive of crime. Take this authentic instance: A poor woman convicted of two or three thefts was then tried for stealing some butter and received one year's imprisonment; she came out and stole some other provisions, and received seven years' penal servitude; that sentence served, she stole a piece of meat, and was again awarded seven years of penal servitude. She served that period, came out, stole a duck from a poultreer, and received a third sentence of seven years. Twenty-one years for stealing a few shillings' worth of food! The Howard Association has published a number of similar dreadful sentences for trifling offenses, but there is no need to print them afresh. The most casual reader of the daily papers will come across many a shocking disregard for the value of human life, in comparison with that of the property pilfered, in the maintenance of a stern code of morals, little adapted to the trials and temptations of ordinary life. The detail of such cases is enough to make the heart bleed. Who now will defend them?

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Picturesque Seed Pods.....Geo. D. Leslie.....Letters to Marco (Macmillan)

There is much pleasure to be derived by any ordinary observer who has a garden in the study of the various forms of seeds and of the construction of their cases. Has it ever struck you, as an artist, that there is more picturesque architectural structure displayed in the seed and its case than in all the rest of the plant and its parts? Flowers are very beautiful, but the colored petals of which they are usually formed possess not half the architectural beauty of the seed-receptacle. Take for instance a poppy-head of seed, with its cup and ornamental little roof-top, beneath the eaves of which are the little windows through which the seeds fall out when ripe; the flower when in bloom is but a tumbled mass of loveliness compared to this compact and neat arrangement, which may be considered as a regular little house with thousands of little lives within it. Look at the wonderful combination of strength and lightness displayed in the walnut shell, the picturesqueness of the covering of the horse-chestnut, or the quaintness of the winged seeds of the sycamore: how different they all are, and how artistic.

The seed-heads of the lily tribes, again, are extremely full of artistic interest. Most of the spring flowering sorts have drooping or bent-over flowers, which arrangement serves to protect the pollen from spring winds and rain. The crown imperial and fritillaries in general, the snowdrops, the daffodil, and most of the early blooming lilies are examples of this; but as the seed-heads ripen they straighten themselves up, and in this position get more warmth and light. All these seed-heads have great character, reminding one of the beauties of Gothic architecture, and resembling knights' maces, or beautiful vases or chalices with quaint lids to them. The crown imperial seed-case, which is the exact counterpart of a mace, will straighten out and up until it surmounts the tuft of green leaves that crests the bloom, which would otherwise shade and render its ripening difficult. The packing of the seeds within these cases is equally beautiful in arrangement, and differs greatly according to the character and shape of the seed. The seed-cases of the larger division of plants which are not lilies are likewise infinitely various, and many of great beauty and picturesqueness. The violet, for instance, has a large and beautiful pod, possessing the scent and somewhat of the color of the flower; when the seed is ripe the pod splits open down its six seams, and forms quite a pretty flower, so to speak, for the second time. The seeds themselves are intensely slippery, which allows them to fall readily about and down into the chinks and holes in the earth. Again, how grotesquely comic are the snap-dragon seed-pods, at the same time how fine and grand in line; they are like the skulls of some animal with eye-holes and nasal bones, also a little like in profile to a prawn's head. When empty, these dry heads form the most tempting harbors of refuge to small insects. Nigella, or "love in a mist," has a seed-pod reminding us of Durer's art, grotesque in the highest degree.

Many plants depend on the edible character of the coverings of the seeds for the dissemination of the seed itself; the rose family do so almost entirely, birds and man stepping in to assist as it were. Hips and haws,

plums, apples and pears, currants, gooseberries and elders, are often sown by birds. I am continually finding the three last growing in odd places, sown by the birds. The largest flower does not by any means always have the largest seed. Butcher's-broom, which is a curious evergreen of the lily tribe, and nearly related to asparagus, has a flower no bigger than a pin's head right in the centre of the green leaf, yet the seed, a solitary one, is as large as a pea, and contained in a crimson berry still larger. Then there is the fig. The bloom of this I can never discover at all; the little green figs seem to appear with the buds at the close of winter, and swell up until they ripen, full of seeds.

Bamboo of the Orient.....Its Wondrous Uses.....Pall Mall Budget

The Orient is wreathed with bamboo. A considerable proportion of the houses in the East are built of bamboo, and at one season of the year many thousands of natives are fed on bamboo. There is nothing else I should find so impossible to wipe from my memoried picture of the East as bamboo. It is the one characteristic common to all the East. Indigo, rice, opium, tea, coffee, cochineal, gems, spices—they all mean the East, but no one of them means the entire East. Bamboo is symbolic of all the East. It lifts its graceful feathery heads among the cocoanut trees and cinnamon trees of Ceylon, it touches with rare beauty every few yards of the Chinese landscape. It breaks up into lovely bits the fields of India. It grows at the base of the Himalayas. It softens again the soft, fair face of Japan. It thrives in Singapore, it runs riot in Penang. And wonderfully deft are the various natives in their use of the bamboo. The Chinamen excel in its manipulation. I have come home after a sojourn in the East of some years, with an idea that the Chinamen excel in almost everything mechanical in which they have an entirely fair chance. There are few things a Chinaman cannot make out of bamboo, houses, boxes and baskets, furniture, palanquins, 'rickshaws, hats, shields, carriages, scaffolding, fences, mats, portieres; those are a few of its simplest uses.

There is nothing else in the vegetable kingdom at once so pliable and strong as bamboo. The fingers of Chinese children weave it. The hands of Indian women pluck it. Yet from it is made scaffolding, upon which stand a multitude of Chinese workmen. Once, in Hong Kong, I saw the Chinese prepare for their "Soul Festival." The "Soul Festival" is a unique expression of the artistic yearnings of this peculiar people. It occurs once in every four years. A temporary house is built of bamboo. It is lined with shelves of bamboo; on those shelves are placed pictures, vases, flowers—in brief, anything and everything that marks Chinese progress in the fine arts. The "Soul Festival" is the Chinese World's Fair. But a World's Fair from which all the world is rigorously excluded except China. There was a great deal about the "Soul Festival" I saw that was incomprehensible to me. And a Chinese mystery is apt to remain a Chinese mystery to the most inquiring European. They are not prone to explain themselves to us. One thing, however, was clear to me at the "Soul Festival." That one thing was the preponderance of bamboo. Not only was bamboo an im-

portant ingredient of the building, and of half the semi-useful articles displayed, but it was in evidence on the majority of the pottery, and in many of the pictures. It was the saving grace of the most hideous carvings. It gave the utmost touch of beauty to the finest ivories. Bamboo is as light as it is strong. That makes it invaluable for receptacles that must be carried. I used often to stop in the streets of Shanghai to buy Chinese sweetmeats from a "chow-chow seller" who had a portable booth or cabinet. I wondered at the ease with which he carried it, until one day I lifted it myself. It was inexpressibly light. It was made of bamboo. The minor Chinese bridges are made of bamboo. Very quaint and effective they are. I went to a Chinese court of justice. The judges sat upon bamboo chairs, about a bamboo table. The doors of a Chinese prison are barred with bamboo lattice-work. The shields of the Chinese soldiers are made of bamboo. Of bamboo are made the flutes of the Chinese musicians. The Chinese poulterer carries across his shoulder a straight bamboo rod and on it are hung his feathery wares. The captive song birds of China chirp their sad music behind the bars of bamboo cages. The Chinese woman, who toddles from her window to see your strange pale European face, leans over a bamboo balcony.

In Bengal I have seen women carrying bundles of bamboo three times their own height and quite their own circumference. They cut it, the women of the coolie class (hard-working class), and carry it for miles on their heads. They have a little pad of rags between their skulls and their tremendous burdens. They bring the bamboo to the nearest village and sell it to some bamboo shop. The "Mohurrum," is the thriving time for one branch of the bamboo trade, for at the celebration of the Mohurrum festival thousands of tazias are carried about the streets before they are thrown, as sacrifices to the native gods, into the Ganges or its nearest substitute. The tazias are marvelous concoctions of paper and tinsel, more or less typical of Indian religious history or myth. They are carried upon carts, or upon the shoulders of religious enthusiasts. All the Indians for that matter are religious enthusiasts. But whether the tazias are carried on carts, or by men, they rest upon bamboo scaffoldings. And most of them are built upon bamboo framework. The Mohurrum is one of the two great Mohammedan festivals.

Bamboo is a delightful vegetable. Only the young, tender shoots can be eaten, but they are very palatable. They are dressed with a cream sauce, such as Americans serve asparagus points with. The natives use them in an insipid broth. They are a toothsome accompaniment to any game curry. They are often used in all the nicest curries. I claim to have invented bamboo salad, and I assure you it is very nice. You boil the young, tender tips, but not too thoroughly. Then put them in the ice chest. When they are thoroughly cold, serve them with a French dressing or with a rich mayonnaise. You can serve them with or without lettuce, cucumber, etc. But serve a little celery with them if possible, and whether you use the French dressing or the mayonnaise, season it with cayenne until it is quite piquant. The bamboo tips are also very nice served as a confiture with preserved ginger and candied mangos. I was looking the other day over the price list of an Eastern condiment house here in London. But no Eastern delicatessen was there. The fruits, the queer combinations that give the Eastern flavor to your food

and make every mouthful more delicious and pungent than the last, they are not to be had here. But it is happiness to remember them. But it is the picturesque aspect of the growing bamboo that I would emphasize. Except in Japan, almost all the beauties of the East are positive—aggressive in color and in line. Bamboo is soft of hue, graceful, indefinite of outline. It softens and modifies many a mile of Indian scenery which without it would be crude. I remember with genuine gratitude one glorious clump of bamboo in Jubbulpore. It was so delicate in tint and shape that it toned to tender half colors the rough dyes of the garments of the natives who clustered about it. I always made a point of including it in my afternoon drive, and many a starlit night I walked some distance to see it outlined, like wonderful gray-green lace, against the opalescent sky.

Dwarfing Plants in Japan Henry Izawa. *Garden and Forest*

The art of dwarfing plants is so little known in other lands that a short description of its process is not out of place here. The pines may truly be considered the most important of all trees in Japan, and great care is taken in their cultivation and preservation. The most popular ones are *Pinus densiflora*, *Pinus parviflora* and *Pinus Thunbergii*. They are generally grown from seed, and great care is taken to select the choicest quality of seed. In the spring of the second year, when the seedlings are about eight inches in height, they are staked with bamboo-canapes and tied with rice straw, the plants being bent in different desirable shapes. In the next fall they are transplanted to a richer soil and are well fertilized. In the following spring the plants are restaked and twisted and tied in fanciful forms. This mode of treatment is given until the seventh year, when the trees will have assumed fairly large proportions, the branches being trained in graceful forms, and the foliage like small clouds of dense green. The plants are now taken up and placed in pots one and a half feet in diameter, and are kept well watered every succeeding year; great care must be taken to keep new shoots pinched back. After another three years of this treatment, the trees are virtually dwarfed, there being no growth thereafter.

The dwarfing of bamboo is another important branch of the Japanese nursery business. A few weeks after the shoots begin to grow, and when the trunks measure about three inches in circumference and five feet in height, the bark is removed, piece by piece, from the joint. After five weeks, when the plants get somewhat stout, the stem is bent and tied in. After three months, when the side-shoots grow strong enough, they are all cut off five or six inches from the main trunk; they are then dug up and potted in sand. Care should be taken not to use any fertilizer, but plenty of water should be given. Cut off the large shoots every year in May or June, and after three years the twigs and leaves will present admirable yellow and green tints. Dwarfed *Thuya* are produced by grafting. Let a *Thuya Lobbi* seedling grow in fertile soil until it becomes about five feet in height, then in the middle of spring we cut off all the branches, leaving the trunk and top branch. With a quarter-inch chisel a cut is made in the thickest portion of the trunk, an inch deep, at distances of two or three inch space, so that the trunk can be bent more easily in the desired direction. Rice straw is twisted around the trunk, which is bent in many curious forms and fanciful shapes. In the spring of the second year of this treatment the plants are potted in rich soil; in two years

more, when the plants have assumed permanent forms, *Thuya obtusa* is grafted on the stem of *T. Lobbi*.

The process of grafting is, in brief, as follows: We give plenty of fertilizer to the plant of *Thuya Lobbi*, and, in early spring, take two-inch shoots of *Thuya obtusa*, cut the ends slantwise and insert them in the smaller portions of the *Thuya Lobbi* trunk, using one graft to every inch on the trunk. We then wrap the grafts with rice straw and take them to a shaded, windless room with the temperature of thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. For three weeks the temperature is raised one or two degrees daily, and by that time a little breeze may be admitted; the temperature of the room is kept at sixty degrees for two weeks, and at seventy degrees for two weeks, and then leaves will start from the grafted twigs. In the latter part of spring, when the temperature in and out-of-doors becomes uniform, the plants can be safely transferred to some shady position out-of-doors. In the fall, when all the grafts have taken good hold, all the remaining shoots of *Thuya Lobbi* are cut off. Transplant every year in good rich soil; six years will be sufficient to produce handsome dwarfed *Thuyas*.

Nature's Artillery in Field and Forest..... The Youth's Journal

A naturalist tells how he brought back from a botanizing excursion one of the small plants known as heron's bills and placed it in a flower-pot on the window-sill. It thrived, unfolding each morning one or more of its dainty purple blossoms, which soon fall though; and above these the stalk which bears the fruit rose gradually, assuming, as it ripened, the well-known form of a heron's beak, from which it derives its name. One evening, as the family were seated at supper, a missile, hurled through the open window by an unseen hand, fell upon the table; then a second, third, fourth and fifth followed in quick succession. The mysterious marksman was none other than the plant, which was beginning to scatter its fruit. The delicate little arrows were not yet at rest, though no longer under the influence of the force which had winged them thither. Several, which had fallen flat upon the table, lay still; but those whose sharp points had penetrated the tablecloth, twisted and turned their spiral extremity until the head, which incloses the seed, was buried from sight in the linen fabric. The people at table were surprised and pleased. They had observed, by the merest chance, one of those wonderful processes which effect the distribution of the seeds in the vegetable kingdom. The naturalist took advantage of the occasion to explain these processes to the younger members of his family: as privileged listeners we will try to glean from his discourse something that may prove acceptable to even a wider circle. The little arrow is exquisitely adapted to its purpose. The sharp, beak-like point readily pierces the sandy soil where the plant usually abounds; the hairy barb offers no hindrance to boring downward, and at the same time prevents a retreat from the course chosen; the lower part of the slender leaf which forms the extremity is twisted like a corkscrew, to give greater freedom to the rotary, boring motion of the upper part; and a half-dozen hairs projecting from the corkscrew part prevent the dart from falling so as to lie entirely flat, in which position it would fail of its mission. Each blossom of the heron's bill bears five such fruit cells. The impulse is imparted by the sudden unrolling of the leaf when the fruit is ripe,—the projectile being often thrown a distance of seven or eight feet. The leaves

are very sensitive to dampness and cold; and keep turning till they have buried the seed-cell under the ground.

Another similar plant, called the stork's bill, scatters its fruit in the same way, but lacks the ingenious apparatus for providing shelter beneath the soil from frost and ravenous birds. The balsamine, touch-me-not, or snap-weed, another botanical bombardier, hurls its seeds in a somewhat different manner. The outer walls of the five capsules containing the seeds have a much greater tension than the soft inner walls; so much that the slightest irritation after ripening, even a gentle tickling with a blade of grass, will cause them to curl up, at the same time bursting open and throwing out the seeds with great force. They often revenge themselves upon their tormenter by firing a full volley into his face. The seeds of the yellow wolfsbane, or lupine, often used for food, adhere to the inside seam of the husk, which assumes an almost horizontal position. After ripening, the seam bursts open suddenly, and with such force that the seed, under the impulse of the separating and coiling sheaths, is shot with violence ten or twelve paces.

In his journey to Italy, Goethe describes a striking incident which is related to this subject. He had gathered several seed capsules of the acanthus; arriving at his lodgings, he laid them in an open box on the table. One night, soon after, he heard a crackling noise, followed by a number of sharp and distinct, though very slight reports—as though some small bodies had been thrown against wall and ceiling. The thing was very mysterious and uncanny; but in the morning he found the capsules burst open and the seeds scattered around the room. That explained it all. The dry air of the house had ripened the fruit within a few days. Thus the classical plant, whose foliage furnished the model for the rich capitals of the Corinthian architecture, played a mystifying prank upon the most classical of modern poets. So far we have concerned ourselves with the light artillery; but in the tropics are many plants of heavy caliber which possess this marvelous power. The huge squirting cucumber, when quite ripe, or when touched ever so slightly, falls from the stalk on which it grows, and ejects the seeds. Lamarck warns against approaching this cannoneer, as the juice, if it enters the eye, may cause serious inflammation.

The cause of this wonderful adaptation to their environment in these plants may be found in the struggle for existence. Those plants which are the best fitted to spread themselves will increase in greater numbers than their less favored fellows. They also transmit the peculiarities which gave them this advantage to the next season's growth. In this way these peculiarities, slight at first, but increasing with each year, become distinctive characteristics in the course of a century. The same law prevails everywhere,—in the animal world also. It has been noticed, for instance, that the insects inhabiting islands had either very short wings, of little use for flying, or no wings at all. This adaptation keeps them in existence; for, if they had wings which permitted them to fly to any distance, a strong wind would most likely carry them out to sea, there to perish. The fact is that the long-winged insects which inhabited the island when it was first separated from the mainland, have been carried out to sea and have perished. Those with the shortest wings survived, and transmitted their short wings to the next generation. So on for centuries, nature ruthlessly weeding out those with wings, until only those without these appendages remained.

LOVE LETTERS OF SOME FAMOUS PERSONAGES*

JOHN KEATS TO
FANNY BRAWNE

Sweetest Fanny,—You fear sometimes I do not love you so much as you wish? My dear Girl, I love you ever and ever and without reserve. The more I have known, the more have I lov'd. In every way,—even my jealousies have been agonies of love; in the hottest fit I ever had I would have died for you. I have vexed you too much. But for Love! Can I help it? You are always new. The last of your kisses was ever the sweetest, the last smile the brightest; the last movement the gracefulest. When you pass'd my window home yesterday, I was fill'd with as much admiration as if I had seen you for the first time. You uttered a half complaint once that I only lov'd your beauty. Have I nothing else then to love in you but that? Do I not see a heart naturally furnish'd with wings imprison itself with me? Even if you did not love me I could not help an entire devotion to you: how much more deeply then must I feel for you, knowing you love me. My Mind has been the most discontented and restless one that ever was put into a body too small for it. I never felt my Mind repose upon anything with complete and undistracted enjoyment—upon no person but you. When you are in the room my thoughts never fly out of the window; you always concentrate my whole senses. The anxiety shown about our Loves in your last note is an immense pleasure to me; however, you must not suffer such speculations to molest you any more; nor will I any more believe you can have the least pique against me. Remembrances to your mother.—Your affectionate, J. KEATS.

PRINCE ALBERT TO
QUEEN VICTORIA

My own Darling,—We got over our journey thus far rapidly and well, but the tide has been so unmannerly as to be an hour later than the calculated time, so that I cannot sail before three. Nevertheless Smithett promises to deposit me at Ostend by half-past seven. I have been here about an hour, and regret the lost time I might have spent with you. Poor child! you will, while I write, be getting ready for luncheon, and will find a place vacant where I sat yesterday. In your heart, however, I hope my place will not be vacant. I, at least, have you with me in spirit. I reiterate my entreaty, "bear up," and do not give way to low spirits, but try to occupy yourself as much as possible. You are even now half a day nearer to seeing me again; by the time you get this letter it will be a whole day; thirteen more, and I am again in your arms. The railroad is wonderful, especially that part between this and Folkestone. I have gone through part of the fortification with some of the commanding officers, and am now writing in the handsome cabin of the "Princess Alice." They are on the point of raising the anchor, which makes a hideous clatter. Our caravan is complete. Yours most devoted, ALBERT.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
TO MRS. SHELLEY

My beloved Mary,—I do not know whether these transient meetings produce not as much pain as pleasure. What have I said? I do not mean it. I will not forget the sweet moments when I saw your eyes,—the divine rapture of the few fleeting kisses. Yet, indeed, this must cease; indeed, we must not part thus wretchedly to meet amid the

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comfortless tumult of business,—to part, I know not how. Well, dearest love, to-morrow—to-morrow night. That eternal clock! Oh, that I could "fright the steeds of lazy-paced Time!" I do not think that I am less impatient now than formerly to repossess—to entirely engross—my own treasured love. It seems so unworthy a cause for the slightest separation. I could reconcile it to my own feelings to go to prison if they would cease to persecute us with interruptions.

. . . . I must return. Your thoughts alone can waken mine to energy; my mind without yours is dead and cold as the dark midnight river when the moon is down. It seems as if you alone could shield me from impurity and vice. If I were absent from you long, I should shudder with horror at myself; my understanding becomes undisciplined. How divinely sweet to imitate each other's excellencies, and each moment to become wiser in this surpassing love.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
TO MRS. HAWTHORNE

My Dearest,—Your letter was brought to me at East Cambridge, this afternoon; otherwise I know not when I should have received it, for I am so busy that I know not whether I shall be at the Custom House these two or three days. I put it in my pocket, and did not read it till just now, when I could be quiet in my own chamber; for I always feel as if your letters were too sacred to be read in the midst of people, and (you will smile, dearest, when I tell you) I never read them without first washing my hands. And so you have been ill, and I cannot take care of you. Oh, my dearest, do let our love be powerful enough to make you well. I will have faith in its efficacy,—not that it will work an immediate miracle, but it shall make you so well at heart that you cannot possibly be ill in body. Partake of my health and strength, my beloved. Are they not your own, as well as mine? Yes,—and your illness is mine as well as yours; and, with all the pain it gives me, the whole world, darling, should not buy my right to share in it. My dearest, I will not be much troubled, since you tell me (and your word is always truth) that there is no need. But, oh, be careful of yourself, remembering how much earthly happiness depends on your health. Be tranquil,—let me be your Peace, as you are mine. Do not write me, unless your heart be unquiet, and you think you can quiet it by writing. May God bless you!

RICHARD STEELE TO
MISS MARY SCURLOCK

Madam,—With what language shall I address my lovely fair to acquaint her with the sentiments of a heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and when I am with you you use me with so much distance that I am still in a state of absence, heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove you have worn, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect that I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handkerchief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be secured at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Miss Scurlock, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore, say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted, humble servant, RICH. STEELE.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Laundering the Stomach.....A Boon for Dyspeptics.....New York Sun

"Laundering the stomach" is one of the newest things in medical practice. If the wiseacres are to be believed, it means a revolution in the treatment of dyspepsia. "Laundering the stomach" is a medical slang phrase, not to be too literally taken by dyspeptics. It does not involve the washing or ironing of the organs of digestion in the sense that the terms are used in most households on Monday. The idea of washing the stomach, or to be more exact, the idea of rinsing it out with warm water, originated in Paris, like many other of the good things in life. In Paris it was used with most gratifying results in the treatment of celebrities who were chronic sufferers from dyspepsia. Recently, Dr. Edson and other New York practitioners got hold of it, and, after ten weeks' experimentation, they declare without hesitation that within a year's time the physician who does not take in laundry-work will be far behind the times. The operation consists of nothing more or less than thrusting a small rubber tube down your æsophagus into your stomach and pouring in through the tube a quart of warm water, which is afterwards siphoned out in much the same way as the farmer empties the contents of one cider barrel into another.

The average human stomach holds a quart, although bibulous persons often do not recognize this limit. Therefore a quart of warm water constitutes a "dose," and four doses are given to the patient at each treatment. The water is allowed to remain in the stomach for a brief space, during which a gentle rinsing movement goes on, nature lending the doctor a helping hand, as she invariably does when she agrees with him. The apparatus required for the treatment consists of a soft rubber tube six feet in length, a rubber funnel, a receiving basin, a pitcher, a gallon of water, and a sensible doctor. It is no small trick to put a rubber tube down a human æsophagus, nor, for that matter, is it a trick to be attempted by a novice, who, in all likelihood, would get the tube into the windpipe instead of the æsophagus. The patient throws back his head so that his æsophagus is in as nearly an upright line as possible. The doctor thrusts the tube in slowly, and it slides down the mucus-lined canal as easily as if it were a spoonful of Christmas pudding and the subject a five-year-old boy. After the treatment is finished, the patient is a trifle weak, and, in the words of one who has tried it, "Your stomach feels the way your foot does when it is asleep." It won't be long before a man, meeting a friend on the street, will hear him say: "In a hurry. I feel all out of sorts and I'm going to have my stomach laundered."

Medical Value of HypnotismJ. R. CookeThe Arena

In reviewing the world's history, the careful student is deeply impressed with the fact that truths which have so long shed their effulgent light upon us, have been neglected or wholly misunderstood. It seems, indeed, incredible that the now universally accepted doctrine of asepticism should not have been sooner discovered by the surgeons; in other words, it has taken the physicians of the world nearly 6,000 years to learn the simple fact that, if all wounds are kept perfectly clean, they may heal readily, without the formation of pus. So men have talked for ages indefinitely about

the effects of mind upon matter, and the power of one mind over another. But it has remained for our glorious civilization to classify these various phenomena, and in a measure to define their boundaries and study the laws which govern them. The discovery of hypnotism promises, indeed, to be as great a blessing to the sick of our own day as was opium some centuries ago.

Conservatism, when moderately exercised, is a healthy check upon all study; but the attitude of the medical profession toward this means of relieving pain, has prolonged the suffering of countless thousands who might have been wholly relieved, or, in those cases which could not be cured, the way through the valley of the shadow of death might have been made smooth. The following are some of the arguments used against the application of hypnotism in disease: First, It is claimed that it is enervating to the will. Second, That it makes the patient dependent upon the will of another. Third, That it renders him liable to be influenced by persons of evil intent. Fourth, That its application is very limited, and that only nervous or hysterical individuals are subject to its influence. That hypnotism has a place in the treatment of disease, I shall endeavor to show in this paper, and that it can be used without injurious effects upon the patient; also, that it may take the place of narcotics in the treatment of a large class of diseases in which they are now used. This I shall illustrate by a few cases from my private and hospital practice. The effect of hypnotism upon delirium is well illustrated by the following three cases, briefly reported:

Case 1. During my student days I was called to visit a man in the poorest districts of this city, who was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. On entering a low, dingy room, filthy beyond all description, I found lying in one corner, upon a pile of rags, a man, writhing and tossing and moaning piteously. Between his moans he would exclaim incoherently: "Pull me out of this boiling water! My wife has thrown me into a sea of boiling water!" His words were accompanied by movements of feet and hands, imitating the act of swimming. His wife informed me that this had been his condition for thirty-six hours, and that during that time he had taken no food or drink. I gave him medicine by the mouth, which was immediately rejected. Realizing the necessity of quieting him, and fearing to give large doses of opiates to obtain this end, I determined to try hypnotism. Seizing his right hand in mine, I called the patient very sharply by name. After gaining his attention, he was commanded to look steadily at a coin held in my left hand. At first it was difficult to hold his attention, as he tended to lapse into his wanderings. I commanded him to repeat with me the words "thirty-six." Then he was told that he could not stop saying "thirty-six." This he was allowed to continue for a couple of minutes, when I peremptorily commanded him to sleep. He sank into a profound sleep, still obeying readily any suggestion which I made to him. I impressed upon him that he had been pulled out of the hot water, and that he felt cool, while I continually repeated, "Sleep—sleep." The most interesting feature in the case was the fact that natural sleep followed by transition from the condition of hypnosis. He would obey hypnotic suggestions for seventeen minutes after being hypnotized; then he would

sleep quietly for three or four hours, and obey no suggestion. His pulse fell from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fourteen per minute. Hypnotizing him exercised no perceptible effect upon the temperature, which remained over one hundred and five for the next six hours succeeding the first treatment, and was gradually reduced by means of cold water applied by sponging. This patient was hypnotized eight times to control delirium, each treatment giving him about four hours' relief, followed by complete recovery.

Case 2—alcoholic pneumonia with violent delirium. One cold night last winter I was called hastily to go through a driving snowstorm to a patient who was reported as "very ill." Entering a beautifully furnished room, I found a man singing, shouting and screaming alternately, and talking in the intervals with imaginary friends. Perceiving me, he bade me a hearty welcome, and requested me to drink with him. Taking the pulse, I found it was rapid, thready and weak. I could not induce him to be still long enough to permit of a thorough physical examination of the chest; but I readily detected from the signs that there was consolidation at the base of the lower lobe of the left lung. Knowing the seriousness of alcoholic pneumonia, and observing the exhausted condition of the patient, it was apparent that he must be kept quiet—but how? Large doses of morphia or other opiates were out of the question. I again tried hypnotism, and, although it was a difficult task, succeeded in getting him asleep in half an hour. When he was aroused from the hypnotic condition, his mind was clear, and under the proper treatment, his recovery was satisfactory. The third case in which delirium was present, was that of a child ten years old, suffering with influenza. I controlled the delirium by hypnotism, and the child recovered, with no deleterious results.

Hypnotism has served me well in two cases of that terrible disease, locomotor ataxia. In the early stages of this affection, the patient suffers with severe shooting pains and various indescribable sensations through the lower limbs, insomnia, and, in some cases, great nervous irritability; also progressively increasing difficulty in walking. While it would be absurd to say that the disease was interrupted in its fatal progress by hypnotism, I am positive, from my experience in these cases, that great amelioration of the suffering was attained through its agency; the patients being kept comfortable without the use of opiates, all of which disorder the digestion and hasten the inevitable result. Without going into details, I will state that I have practiced hypnotism on thirteen insane patients. It utterly failed in three cases of advanced paralytic dementia, also in one case of acute mania from alcoholism and overwork, and proved of only transient benefit in two cases of hysterical mania. The remaining seven were cases of profound melancholia, and I will describe one, as illustrating the type of the rest. The patient was a lady twenty-eight years of age, and presented the saddest picture of misery that it was ever my fortune to meet. She would sit for hours with her face in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbing piteously and begging for her child, which she imagined had been killed. When her infant was brought to her, she denied its identity, and said she was being imposed upon. She persistently refused food, and did not sleep for five days. The sufferings described in Dante's Inferno could not compare with the wretchedness of this woman. She was readily hypnotized at the first sitting, and while in that state partook

of food and drink at my command. She was ordered to take her infant in her arms, and was told that when she should awaken from the trance, she would recognize it. She did so at once. Some of her delusions lasted for several weeks, but under forced feeding, massage, and rest, she entirely recovered.

Eighteen cases of chronic alcoholism have been treated by hypnotism under my observation. Twelve were not benefited at all. Two were temporarily relieved, but relapsed. Of the remaining four, one died from intercurrent disease, and the others were apparently cured. I will describe one in detail. The patient, a man thirty-six years of age, a sailor by profession, was first seen by me in a state of delirium tremens, in December, 1889; he had been a hard drinker from his sixteenth year. After he recovered from this attack, hypnotism was tried upon him three times a week. While in the hypnotic state, water was given to him, and he was told that it would take from him his desire for liquor. He was also commanded, if he should crave liquor, to come immediately to me. After the fourth treatment, he presented himself one morning at seven o'clock, and informed me that he must have a glass of liquor, and that he would have taken it before if he could, but that some unseen power restrained him. I hypnotized him, gave him a glass of water, and told him he would be perfectly satisfied. When he came out of the hypnotic sleep, he complained of feeling badly at the stomach; an examination proved this organ to be somewhat out of order, and medicines were given to correct the trouble. I learned from both himself and his family, in the early spring of the present year, that since that time he had continued entirely temperate. He showed me his bank book in evidence, and proudly said that the three hundred dollars it represented was the first money he had ever saved in his life. I have successfully treated one case of kleptomania, two cases of excessive irritability of temper, and a number of minor difficulties which are not worth mentioning. Hypnotism is a two-edged sword. Wielded by an unskilled hand, it may cut both ways, deep into the faculties of intellect, and into the nervous system generally. It should be applied with great care, if at all, with patients tending to any form of religious mania. Also it should be used only by a skilled hand upon patients of an unbalanced mind, accompanied by what is known in medical parlance as paranoia. This condition manifests itself in great exaggeration of the ego. Such persons have a remedy for all the ills, both mental and physical, which afflict the body politic. Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, was probably a notable example of this disease. One case, which came under my observation, was made much worse by this treatment. The man believed that he was inspired to write an article which would lead to the cure of all deaf mutes. He was hypnotized, and it made a profound impression upon his nervous system, inducing symptoms resembling acute mania.

Mysteries of the Body Andrew Wilson London Illustrated News

Some days ago a person remarked in my hearing that, while science dealt with both the big things and the little things of life and nature, it had in reality thrown very little light indeed on the more intricate bodily processes in virtue of which life is carried on. The plaint of my friend was that science knew about things "in the rough," but could not descend to take cognizance in the same degree of things of minute estate. "So much the

worse for science and mankind at large," I replied, "were your assertion true." As a matter of fact, there is no field of inquiry which has yielded such a large harvest to the truth seeker of late years as that of microscopic research. There is scarcely a great discovery which has been made within the past decade in which our knowledge of the infinitely little, as shown forth by the microscope, has not figured most prominently. Disease germs and countless other lower forms of life have been traced out in their development and tracked to their origin. Living things whose dimensions are to be estimated by the thousandth parts of inches are as well known to us to-day as is the ostrich or the elephant. So far from the "little things" of the universe escaping our attention, I should be inclined to maintain that they largely monopolize science to the exclusion of big things.

The remark of my friend suggested that within the compass even of human structures (and that strictly following out Pope's aphorism) one may find many phases of life such as will warrant the declaration that to the microscope we owe a vast amount of knowledge of ourselves. It has often been asserted that man is a microcosm—a world within himself; and this is highly true if we apply the saying to the microscopic structures of his frame. No sooner do we begin to investigate the composition of man's tissues than we discover that, so far from a human being having any right to be regarded as a single entity, he might claim a title to be considered a compound or colonial organism. One man in his time is said to play many parts, according to the Bard of Avon; physiologically, it may be said, one man is very many parts or entities working together to form and to maintain an harmonious whole. This statement is easily proved. We do not speak without knowing when we make such an assertion. Glance through the body's constitution, and you will find, first of all, that, wherever you have life and vital activity, it resides in a particular kind of living jelly which everybody knows (by name, at least) as "protoplasm." This is the "matter of life"—it is life stuff, in the truest sense; since no other matter on the face of this earth, save protoplasm, shows the phenomena or actions of life. Now, what is true of a man's body in this respect is equally true of the body of every other living thing—animal or plant. When we come to investigate how this protoplasm (or a speck of which the whole body in its germ state once consisted) is disposed in our frames, we discover that it is represented in its most active state by microscopic bodies to which the name of "cells" is given.

These cells, then, are the workers of the body. They are the population of the vital kingdom. The democrats are the cells—useful and necessary and respectable members of society—which toil and labor to build up bones, to form muscles and to make the various secretions. The aristocrats are the nerve cells, which are by no means an idle plutocracy, however, but which work hard enough in the ruling, direction and governance of the frame. One group of cells does not interfere with the work of another group. Each piece of labor, from the building of bone to the making of gastric juice, is carried out independently and thoroughly by workers set apart for the given purpose. The economy of a bee's hive is not more rigidly ordered than is the work of our own body in respect to its labors and their specific duties; and in the vast proportion of their affairs these workers of ours are self-directive, even while they own the supremacy of brain and nerves as their controlling

power. If we think of the countless operations which have to be undertaken from hour to hour to maintain our bodies in action, we may begin to realize what perfect co-operation really means, and what this colonial constitution of ours implies. For example, saliva has to be secreted, for the purpose of digestion, in the mouth, and for other functions as well. This fluid is supplied by three pairs of salivary glands. Now, the working and essential parts of these glands are living cells, which, out of the blood (as the raw material) supplied to the glands, secrete saliva, which is the manufactured product. Again, tears have perpetually to be made for washing the eyes. This secretion is supplied by a couple of tear glands, and making out of the blood a very different secretion to that of the mouth. The cells of the gastric glands make, from the blood, gastric juice. Again, we see a change of duty as we pass to a different set of cells.

The cells of the liver compose that large organ, and discharge its multifarious duties. They are the living units of which the liver is composed, and are thus part and parcel of the living colony we term our body. The cells of the sweetbread make the digestive juice of that gland—another change of duty and another race of cells. The brain cells guide and direct the body's highest acts equally with lower nervous operations. Cells in the skin repair our wounds and throw off other cells which are cast away as the outer skin wears. The bone cells renew and repair that dense structure and build up the solid portions of the frame. In a word, every act of life is performed by the cells, each group of which remains distinct as a colony of workers charged with the performance of a specific duty. Truly, then, it may be held that our life is a divided existence physically, while from another point of view it is an harmonious existence, because of the perfect co-operation of these wonderful workers of the body—the living cells.

Peach Fever.....Dr. C. L. Anderson.....Maryland Medical Journal

"Peach fever" is an occupational disease not infrequently seen among the employees in the fruit packing and canning establishments of Maryland and Delaware and may be divided into two varieties: First, the psychotic variety, marked by mental exaltation, ideas of grandeur, seen in persons having a lively imaginative faculty; second, the true peach fever, caused by contact with the fruit in the course of its being picked and packed for market. This variety is defined as a "morbid condition of the respiratory and cutaneous surfaces, with some consequent systemic disturbances, due to irritation from the pubescence of the skin of the common peach—the *Amygdalus persica*." The Schneiderian membrane first becomes irritated and tumefied, and yields a large flow of serum and mucus. The frontal sinuses, the conjunctivæ, and the larger bronchi may take on, by extension, the same kind of disturbance; cough and asthma may be excited in susceptible subjects. On the skin, the chief display of this amygdaline inflammation will be found about the wrists, forearms, neck and forehead. It commonly begins and ends in a macular or papular eruption, but it may go on to a true dermatitis and to pustulation. The febrile rise may be as high as two degrees, which may be taken to indicate the amount of systemic discomfort. Thin-skinned and neurotic young women suffer more and longer than the pachydermatous men and the older women. The more experienced workers seem to become proof against the irritant after some years.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Titles of Honor and Nobility.....St. Louis Globe-Democrat

An English Bishop is properly addressed as my lord. Seigneur was the title originally given to the ruler of a district. Barons are styled the right honorable lord—and addressed as my lord. All members of the families of peers have their titles of honor, varying with rank. A Duke is styled his grace the duke of —, and addressed as my lord duke or your grace. There are five orders of nobility in England—the Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount and Baron. "Your honor" is now devoted to Judges. English Judges are addressed as "your lordship." In formal letters to a Duke it is etiquette to begin, "my lord duke, may it please your grace." A Marquis is styled the most honorable, the marquis of —, and addressed as my lord marquis. The Speaker of a representative body was the officer chosen to address the crown on their behalf. An Archbishop is styled the most reverend, his grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or York, etc. All Catholic princes give the Pope the title of holy father or venerable father; in replying he calls them my dearest. A Prince of Wales is of age from his birth, and a chair is placed for him on the right of the throne in the House of Lords. Knights are entitled to use the prefix sir to their names, while their wives are addressed as your ladyship or my lady. Viscounts are styled the right honorable the viscount of —, and addressed as my lord. Their sons and daughters are honorable. The title Holiness, as given to the Pope, dates from the fourteenth century. Before that time it was used by Kings and Emperors. Majesty is an old title with modern use. It was first assumed by Diocletian, and its use gradually spread until it is now universal among Kings. Cardinals were formerly entitled most reverend and most illustrious. In 1630 Urban VIII. directed that the title eminence should be given them. Sire was originally used to designate the proprietor of a farm. Rising in dignity it was afterward applied to a nobleman, then used in addressing a monarch. The title Colonel comes from a word almost the same in several languages, signifying a column. The Colonel was so called because he led or commanded the column. The title Mayor comes from the French, and originally signified "one who keeps guard." He was the head steward of a city, administering its affairs in the name of the King. At different times the Pope has been known as his paternity, beatitude, grandeur, apostolic majesty, Vicar of St. Peter, Vicar of Jesus Christ and servant of the servants of God. The official title of the chief executive officer of the United States is simply "the President." There is no authority for the title "His Excellency," applied to the President. Monseigneur was formerly a royal title. Now it is applied to a Bishop with ambassadorial powers. As an appellation it was applied to the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV.

The title Lieutenant comes from a word signifying, "holding the place." A Lieutenant-Colonel holds the place of a Colonel in the absence of the latter; a Lieutenant holds the place of a Captain. The constable was formerly one of the highest officers of a kingdom. In England the office was sought by the greatest nobles. Edward Strafford, Duke of Buckingham, was in 1521 the last great constable. Highness is an old title that was first used by the later Roman Emperors, then by

Bishops, then by the Princes of Italy. Thence its use spread to Germany. It is now applied to the princes who are vassals of an empire. Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens write to each other as brother and sister; reigning Grand Dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing Kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honors are designated as cousins.

An Earl is styled the right honorable, the Earl of —, and addressed as my lord. The sons of Dukes, Marquises and Earls are honorable, the daughters are addressed as lady. The eldest sons take, by courtesy, the father's second title. Queen Victoria has an immense number of titles, but officially is commonly content with "Victoria, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the colonies and dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India." All the English sovereign's sons receive especial honors as Princes; they take precedence of all subjects; they are addressed by the title of Royal Highness; they are served at table on bended knee, except in presence of the sovereign; all subjects are to uncover the head in their presence and to kneel when admitted to kiss their hands. The Sheriff was once a shire-reeve, or county steward, having the care of the finances, income and order of a community. In England the Sheriffs are appointed by the sovereign; in the United States they are elected by the people. In the former country the office is both judicial and ministerial; in the latter it is almost wholly ministerial. The several Orders of Knighthood in Great Britain are thus commonly designated: Knight of the Garter, K. G.; Thistle, K. T.; St. Patrick, K. P.; Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, G. C. B.; Knights Commanders, K. C. B.; Knights Grand Commanders of the Star of India, G. C. S. I.; St. Michael and St. George, G. C. M. G.; Indian Empire, G. C. I. E. Excellency is now applied to Ambassadors. It was formerly a royal title, and during the middle ages Princes were sometimes put to death for treason because they assumed this title. It was first bestowed only on the Ambassadors of Monarchs and denied to those of a Republic, but in the seventeenth century, Venice, after an immense amount of correspondence, succeeded in obtaining it for her Ambassadors, and since then it is applied to all envoys.

The title of Admiral is a modification of a Latin word, signifying commander. In the sense of a naval commander, it was introduced into Europe by the Venetians in the fourteenth century. The English Lord High Admiral has the government of the navy. The Admiral of the fleet is the next highest officer; the Vice-Admiral and the Rear Admiral follow. The Admiral's flag is displayed at the maintop-gallant masthead, the Vice-Admiral's at the foretop-gallant masthead, and the Rear Admiral's at the mizzentop-gallant masthead. The official titles of the Prince of Wales are numerous. His official style is as follows: The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince, Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. I. I., G. C. I. E., P. C., Field Mar-

shal in the Army, Colonel-in-Chief First and Second Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, Colonel Tenth Prince of Wales' own regiment of Royal Hussars, honorable Colonel of several Indian regiments, of the Second Brigade, Eastern Division, Royal Artillery, of the Third Battalion, Duke of Cornwall's light infantry, of the Third Battalion Gordon Highlanders, also of the Oxford and of the Cambridge University, Middlesex Civil Service, Sutherland Highlanders and Third Swansea Rifle Volunteer Regiments, Honorable Admiral in the Fleet, Personal Aid-de-camp to Her Majesty, Honorable Captain of the Royal Naval Reserve, Elder Brother of Trinity House, President of the Society of Arts, President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Trustee of the British Museum, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, Student of Jena, Field Marshal in the German Army, Colonel of the Fifth Pomeranian Hussars, Colonel of the Danish Hussars of the Guard, etc., etc., etc.

What a Billion Means.....Sir Henry Bessemer.....London Times

It would be curious to know how many of your readers have brought fully home to their inner consciousness the real significance of that little word "billion," which we have so often seen used in your columns. There are indeed few intellects that can fairly grasp it and digest it as a whole, and there are doubtless many thousands who cannot appreciate its true worth, even when reduced to fragments for more easy assimilation. Its arithmetical symbol is simple and without much pretension. There are no large figures—just a modest 1 followed by a dozen ciphers, and that is all it contains. Let us briefly take a glance at it as a measure of time, distance and weight. As a measure of time I would take one second as the unit and carry myself in thought through the lapse of ages back to the first day of the year 1 of our era, remembering that in all those years we have 365 days and in every day just 86,400 seconds of time. Hence, in returning in thought back again to this year of grace, one might have supposed that 1,000,000,000,000 of seconds had long since elapsed, but this is not so. We have not even passed one-sixteenth of that number in all these long eventful years, for it takes just 31,687 years, seventeen days, twenty-two hours, forty-five minutes and five seconds to constitute 1,000,000,000,000 seconds of time.

It is no easy matter to bring under the cognizance of the human eye a billion objects of any kind. Let us try in imagination to arrange this number for inspection, and for this purpose I would select a sovereign as a familiar object. Let us put one on the ground and pile upon it as many as will reach twenty feet in height. Then let us place numbers of similar columns in close contact, forming a straight line and making a sort of wall twenty feet high, showing only the thin edges of the coin. Imagine two such walls running parallel to each other and forming, as it were, a long street. We must then keep on extending these walls for miles, nay, hundreds of miles, and still we shall be far short of the required number. And it is not until we have extended our imaginary street to a distance of 2,386½ miles that we shall have presented for inspection our 1,000,000,000,000 of coins. Or, in lieu of this arrangement, place them flat upon the ground, forming one continuous line like a long golden chain with every link in close contact. But to do this we must pass over land and sea, mountain and valley, desert and plain, crossing the equator and return-

ing around the southern hemisphere, through the trackless ocean, retrace our way again across the equator, then still on and on until we again arrive at our starting point, and when we have thus passed a golden chain around the huge bulk of the earth we shall be but at the beginning of our task. We must drag this imaginary chain no less than 763 times around the globe.

If we can further imagine all those rows of links laid closely side by side and every one in contact with its neighbor, we shall have formed a golden band around the globe just fifty-two feet six inches wide and this will represent our 1,000,000,000,000 of coins. Such a chain, if laid in a straight line, would reach a fraction over 18,328,445 miles, the weight of which, if estimated at one-fourth ounce each sovereign, would be 6,975,447 tons and would require for their transport no less than 2,325 ships, each with a full cargo of 3,000 tons. Even then there would be a residue of 447 tons, representing 64,081,920 sovereigns. For a measure of height, let us take a much smaller unit as our measuring rod. The sheets of paper on which The Times is printed, if laid out flat and firmly pressed together as in a well-bound book, would represent a measure of about one three-hundred-and-thirty-third of an inch in thickness. Let us see how high a dense pile formed by a billion of these thin paper leaves would reach. We must in imagination pile them vertically upward, by degrees reaching to the height of our tallest spires, and passing these the pile must still grow higher, topping the Alps and Andes and the highest peaks of the Himalayas, and shooting up from thence through the fleecy clouds, pass beyond the confines of our attenuated atmosphere and leap up into the blue ether with which the universe is filled, standing proudly up far beyond the reach of all terrestrial things—still pile on your thousands and millions of thin leaves, for we are only beginning to rear the mighty mass. Add millions on millions of sheets and thousands of miles on these, and still the number will lack its due amount.

Let us pause to look at the neat plowed edges of the book before us. See how closely lie those thin flakes of paper; how many there are in the mere width of a span, and then turn our eyes in imagination upward to our mighty column of accumulated sheets. It now contains its appointed number, and our 1,000,000,000,000 of sheets of The Times super-imposed upon each other and pressed into a compact mass has reached an altitude of 47,348 miles! Those who have taken the trouble to follow me thus far will, I think, agree with me that 1,000,000,000,000 is a fearful thing, and that few can appreciate its real value. As for quadrillions and trillions, they are simply words, mere words, wholly incapable of adequately impressing themselves on human intellect.

Curiosities of Taxation.....Maltus Q. Holyoake.....Temple Bar

There are many peculiar taxes in force in other countries, which may engage the attention of a Chancellor of the Exchequer "in search of a"—tax. Mr. Goschen, when in that position, stated that he did "not find it so easy to invent new sources of revenue which would give general satisfaction." The Russian government, a few years ago, decided to tax kerosene oil and matches—virtually, a tax on light. Many can remember the late Lord Sherbrooke's abortive attempt to tax matches in this country. In some parts of China a tax is imposed on all women entering the bonds of matrimony. Travelers to those parts are obliged to take a wife, and when they leave

the ladies take fresh husbands, to the benefit of the revenue. Those who follow the advice of the late Adah Isaacs Menken, and "marry young and often," are an acquisition to such a state. In Servia, vanity is taxed in the shape of ladies' bustles. In Melbourne, Christmas cards are taxed one-fifth per cent. Christmas, New Year, Easter and birthday cards would doubtless produce an appreciable revenue in England. It has been stated that in Weimar the authorities levied a duty on musical parties. The regulations were not given, but, doubtless, solos, duets, trios and quartettes are subject to proportionate rates. Violins, cornets, and Mr. Ledbury's favorite instrument—the flute—should incur special charges. Quite lately, an annual tax of ten francs has been imposed on pianos in France. Music has paid tribute to taxation in other ways. A musical troupe recently crossing the frontier of Saxony, carried with them a crown of laurels awarded them at a triumphal performance. The custom-house officers taxed the laurels as spice. Massene, the composer, it is related, was also charged duty on a crown of laurels on the German frontier. In his case the wreath of fame was deemed to be woven of "medicinal plants." In Montreal organ-grinders pay a license of twenty dollars, and are only allowed to play at stated times. In Vienna they are also licensed and regulated as to hours. In France, a certificate of character, a distinctive badge, and limitation of hours is insisted upon. No licenses for street musicians have been issued for nine years in Germany.

In St. Petersburg no outdoor musical performers are permitted, but in romantic Italy there is a very practical regulation excluding those under eighteen years of age from the privilege of a license. In New York wandering minstrels contribute to the revenue one dollar each, and are prohibited from playing within a certain distance of specified buildings or dwellings, and outside fixed hours. Barrel-music in the open is not allowed to exist in sunny Spain, but "gaily the troubadour twangs his guitar," for which, however, a license is required. The state finances in Russia are recruited by a graduated income tax, commencing at one per cent. on incomes between 1,000 and 2,000 roubles (a rouble equals 3s. 2d.), and increasing at the rate of one-tenth per cent. on every additional thousand or fraction of a thousand roubles. A duty of a quarter kopet (about one-tenth of a penny) is also imposed on the eggs of all kinds of poultry, which tax on food realizes several millions of roubles. Cycles are subject to a tax of eight shillings in France, and of a similar amount in Brabant. In England it has been suggested, and even desired by the cyclists themselves, that they should be licensed. Sir William Harcourt, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, declined to fiscally discourage a healthy recreation, and Mr. Goschen, his predecessor in that office, was also unwilling to tax a form of locomotion which he considered had been of inestimable benefit to young men. Sir Charles Dilke, when President of the Local Government Board, refused to entertain the proposition for similar reasons.

"They do these things better in France"—or worse. Advertisements in the form of posters and placards are required to bear a tax stamp in France, which is distinctly a tax on trade and publicity. The Senate of North Dakota, one of the States constituted in America but a few years ago, it was announced, gave legal incorporation to lotteries for taxation purposes; and in Italy, where the people complain that the taxes are exorbitant, the voluntary tax paid by the poorer classes in the form

of lottery amounts in a year to over three million pounds. At Laterza, the Italians recently broke out in open revolt against the municipality which had increased the hearth tax, and took the civic buildings by assault, wounding the Syndic, but they do not agitate against the lottery tax. "In old Madrid" last year there was terrible and fatal rioting among the men and women who hawk vegetables, fruit and other articles in the streets, owing to the imposition of a tax on Spanish hawkers.

In 1889, M. Dunajewski, the Austrian Minister of Finance, who was described as "the nimblest politician in the world for inventing new taxes," decided to tax the totalisateurs or betting agencies. Totalisateurs are established on all German and Austrian race-courses. The system is to divide all the money invested on the losing horses among those who backed the winner, after deducting eight per cent. commission for the agency. There is no cheating or welshing possible in the plan. A ten per cent. duty on winnings was decreed. In France the pari-mutuel, a similar system of betting, is taxed seven per cent., five per cent. of which is devoted to the relief of the poor. Bookmakers are also taxed. There is also a municipal tax of ten per cent. deducted from the receipts of theatrical and public entertainments, which is also assigned for the benefit of the unfortunate. This revenue is principally distributed in the shape of grants to public charities and hospitals, thus making pleasure come to the rescue of poverty and the relief of pain. In Sweden, commercial travelers visiting that country have to pay one hundred kroner (about \$27) for every month, or part thereof, they may remain, for the privilege of transacting their business.

Statistics of American Cities...Studies of the Census...New York World

The following interesting facts about the cities of the United States are based on the twelve elaborate tables of figures, which, under the heading "Social Statistics of Cities," will form part of the report of the eleventh census. The returns were obtained and the calculations made with a vast amount of industry and care by Mr. Harry Tiffany, who was the special agent of the Census Bureau. Mr. Tiffany obtained returns from 345 cities, containing 27.59 per cent. of the total population of the United States. More than half of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey live in the cities, and this gives the North Atlantic group the lead in the proportion of urban population. The cities of the East still attract great numbers of new settlers. This constant reinforcement of new blood, much of it rural, emphasizes the fact which has worried so many writers on social topics within the past few years, that an increasing number of young men prefer cheap clerkships and city life, to tilling the fields their fathers tilled. Perhaps it is on the principle of "better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." It is more particularly to New England and the East that this question of drain on the rural population applies. There is still a big proportion of country folk to city dwellers in the South, Central and South Atlantic groups of States which have the least proportion of inhabitants of cities of any of the States. Mississippi has the lowest proportion of all, the great bulk of her population being outside of the boundaries of her cities. In the North Central group of States, which has made the biggest actual gain of urban population, some other explanation must be sought than draughts on the rural districts, because South Dakota and Kansas, for instance,

have very large agricultural communities. Most of the people who dwell in cities live at a comparatively low level. This is not a comment on the morality or mode of life that obtains in the cities, but is a literal statement having reference to the height of the houses above the sea. Tall tenements, apartments and flats, and skyscraping office buildings and hotels are not to be taken into account in the calculation. It is made strictly on a ground basis, and returns from 339 cities show that half the population in them grubs along at less than 300 feet above the sea, and of the total population, 35.06 per cent. lives from sea level to 100 feet up, 12.56 per cent. in the next 100 feet higher, and 3.29 per cent. in the next. New York's highest land point built on is 285 feet above the sea. Chicago's greatest altitude is 657 feet. The people in North Adams, Mass., enjoy a wide choice of atmosphere, the difference between the lowest and highest points in that city being 2,400 feet. In Galveston, Texas, there can't be much rivalry between upper and lower strata of the population, because the difference between lowest and highest points is only six feet.

New York is the most crowded city in the Union. She has fifty-nine citizens for every acre of her area, and taking only the built-up part into consideration the average per acre—the actual distribution of the people—is increased to ninety-four per acre. In vivid contrast to this is the amount of elbow-room enjoyed by the citizens of San Diego, Cal., where there is less than a third of an individual—.31—to the acre, and nearer home is Auburn, Me., with only .34 of an inhabitant to each acre actually built over. The density of the population in New York city can be even more vividly imagined when it is taken into account that Manhattan Island forms hardly more than one-half of the total city area—only fifty-one per cent.—and that ninety-five per cent. of the population lives on Manhattan. Four of the downtown wards, covering a total area of only a little over one square mile, have an aggregate population bigger than that of Cleveland, Buffalo, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, Washington or Milwaukee. A review of the data obtained from all the cities shows that the average percentage of open space to total city area is only twelve. The percentage is greatest in the South Atlantic group of States and least in the North Atlantic group. This is due to the fact that in the majority of New England cities the present limits are the same as the old town boundaries, and municipal improvements are confined to the wards where the most people live. The area occupied by many of the American cities greatly exceeds that taken up by the principal cities of the old world. Both Chicago and Philadelphia, measured by square miles, are bigger than London. Each of eleven American cities spreads over more territory than does fair Paris. Berlin is exceeded in area by seventeen cities of this country.

For every mile of streets in New York there are 2,635 people. The average number of people to each mile of streets in 233 cities is 412. There are only twenty to the mile in San Diego. The total length of the streets in 275 cities, with an aggregate population of 15,779,026, is 42,246 miles—17,246 miles more than the circumference of the earth. Of this length of streets 12,392 miles are paved. The older cities of the North Atlantic and South Atlantic groups naturally lead in the percentage of streets paved. The newer cities in the North Central and Western States are behind, and will give plenty of work to paving contractors for years to come.

More than half of the paving is of the gravel and macadam kinds. There is also a big proportion of stone pavement, both cobble and block. Wood paving occupies 8 per cent. of the total mileage, and asphalt and all other kinds 3 per cent. each. Nearly all the cobble-stone pavement is used in the North Atlantic and South Atlantic States. The North Atlantic and North Central divisions use most of the stone blocks. A considerable proportion of all the asphalt laid down is in the North and South Atlantic groups of States; while 90 per cent. of all the wood paving is used in the North Central States. Macadamized streets and graveled streets are mostly found in the smaller North Atlantic and North Central cities. As cities grow they discard macadam and gravel, and replace them by more permanent pavements. Boston and Worcester enjoy the distinction of being the only two cities in the Union that have all their streets paved. The best paved streets in the country are those of Springfield, Mass., and for the worst there are several competitors. Washington, Philadelphia, Providence, Reading, Richmond, Hartford and Nashville have more than half of their street mileage paved. Cities with only 10 per cent. or less of their mileage paved are Omaha, which has 10 per cent.; Trenton, 7 per cent.; Scranton, 6 per cent.; St. Paul, 4 per cent.; Minneapolis, Fall River and Lincoln, 3 per cent.

Philadelphia has 750 miles of paved streets, Chicago has 629, Baltimore 459 and New York 358. Newark has only 48 miles, St. Paul 40, Minneapolis 25 and Fall River 3 miles. The average cost of all street work to each inhabitant in all the cities is \$1.73, but the amounts of expenditure are very unevenly distributed. The unhappy citizens of Council Bluffs pay \$15.48 per capita, while the people of Hastings incur the trifling expense of 14 cents per capita. In the larger cities, St. Paul, with \$5.92, and Memphis with \$5.03 per capita, lead the list, while New Orleans expends only 25 cents and Newark 27 cents per capita. The proportion of the amount expended for street cleaning to the total for all the cities is 16.69, ranging from 60 per cent. in Newark and 51.21 in New York to 1.19 in Memphis and 1.51 in Richmond. The highest per capita expenditure for street cleaning in 1890, in European cities, was 24 cents in Berlin, and the lowest 2 cents in Munich.

Decisive Marriages of English History.....The New Review

The marriage of Bertha with Ethelbert of Kent prepared the way for the conversion of England to Christianity. The marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was one of the chief factors which determined the Reformation. The marriage of Emma of Normandy with Ethelred the Unready gave the Conqueror an excuse for asserting his claim to the throne of England. The marriage of Henry I. with Matilda, of Scotland, reconciled the people to the conquest by restoring the line of Cleric. The marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine made England the first Continental Power in Western Europe, and thus produced the long struggle with France. The marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York closed the wars of the Roses. The marriage of Henry VII.'s daughter Margaret with James I. led to the union between England and Scotland. The marriage of Mary, James II.'s daughter, with William of Orange, gave direction to the Revolution of 1688. The marriage of Sophia with the Elector of Hanover gave us Kings with German interests, and consequently again involved us in Continental struggles.

DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

The Cockswain's Story.....H. G. Paine.....Harper's Weekly

You know that little Dago who
Stood on the burnin' deck,
Because his father was too dead
To bid him quit the wreck?
Some folks may think it fine to write
A po'm on w'at he did,
But, say, he warn't a marker
To our Captain's little kid.

We was cruisin' just off Sandy Hook,
A-shootin' at a mark,
An' little Jack stood on the bridge,
An' thought it all a lark.
"Stay right up there!" his father said,
An' knew the little kid
Would meet no harm, because he'd do
Exact as he was bid.

When, just like that, a shell with fuse
Alight come rollin' aft,
An' men an' boys they skipped one side
Just like as they were daft.
'Twas just a silly trick o' some
Fresh mischief-makin' Mid.,
But it seemed all dead in earnest to
The Captain's little kid.

He give one hasty look aroun',
His lip curled up in scorn,
Then swung hisself down on the deck,
An', true as you were born,
He grabbed that burnin' fuse in both
His little hands, he did,
An' yanked it out! Say, did we shout
Then for the Captain's kid?

The Captain come, an' he was mad.
"How dared you disobey?"
"Well, Pops," the little chap spoke out,
"You see, 'twas just this way:
You wasn't here, but, Pops, I knew
Just w'at you would 'a' did,
An' so I took my chances. Was
I right?" The plucky kid!

The Captain, w'y, he just broke down,
An' fairily piped his eye,
An' nodded "yes": he was that choked
'Twas all he could reply.
That's w'y the men all stick to Jack:
He touched their hearts, he did.
Say, that Dago wasn't in it with
The Captain's little kid!

Old John HenryJ. W. RileyPoems Here at Home (Century)

Old John's jes' made o' the commonest stuff—
Old John Henry—
He's tough, I reckon,—but none too tough—
Too tough though's better than not enough!
Says old John Henry.
He does his best, and when his best's bad
He don't fret none, nor don't git sad;
He simply 'lows it's the best he had:
Old John Henry!

His doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand—
Old John Henry—
A smilin' face and a hearty hand
'S religion 'at all folks understand,
Says old John Henry.

He's stove up some with the rheumatiz,
And they hain't no shine on them shoes o' his,
And his hair hain't cut—but his eye teeth is:
Old John Henry.

He feeds hisse'f when the stock's all fed—
Old John Henry—
And sleeps like a babe when he goes to bed,
And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread,
Says old John Henry.
He hain't refined as he'd ort to be
To fit the statutes o' poetry,
Ner his clothes don't fit him—but he fits me;
Old John Henry!

Wreck of the Julie Plante.....French Canadian Dialect.....N. Y. Sun

On one dark night on Lac St. Pierre
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
When de crew of de woodscow Julie Plante
Got scared and run below.
For de win' she blow lak de hurricane,
Ban by she blow some more,
When de scow bus' hup on Lac St. Pierre,
'Bout 'alf a mile from de shore.

De capitan she walk the front deck,
She walk de hind deck, too;
She call de crew from hup de hole,
She call de cook also.
De cook his name was Rosie;
He come from Mon'real;
He was chambermaid on a lumber barge
On de big Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from de nor eas' west
De south win' she blow too,
When Rosie cried: "Cher capitan!
Mon Dieu, what shall we do?"
Den de capitan she trow out de anchor,
But still de scow she drift,
An' de crew he can't pass on de shore,
For why, she lose de skiff.

De night was dark lak one black cat,
De waves roll 'igh and fas',
When de capitan she took poor Rosie
An' lash it to the mas',
Den de capitan she put on life preserve
An' jump hoff on de lac,
He say: "Goodby, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sac."

Nex' morning very hearly,
'Bout 'af pas' two, three, four,
De capitan, crew an' de woodscow
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak de hurricane
Ban by she blow some more,
When de woodscow bus' hup on Lac St. Pierre,
'Bout 'alf a mile from the shore.

MORAL.

Now all good woodscow sailor mans,
Tak warning by dat sthorm,
An' go an' marry some nice little French gal
An' live on one big farm.
Den de win' may blow lak de hurricane,
An' ban by it can blow some more,
But you can't get wreck on de Lac St. Pierre
As long as you stay on shore.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Ideals of Heaven.....Religious Faiths.....Providence Journal

Immortality of the soul is a doctrine which has induced innumerable speculations concerning the state in which the soul's existence is continued beyond the grave. It has been taught by some theologians that all human intelligence moves in cycles, going from one to another according as its conduct is good or evil, slowly descending until, irreclaimably bad, it becomes a demon, or slowly ascending until merged in Deity or perfection. Others have concluded that the immaterial soul is vested with a body of some substance unknown to us at present, but corresponding to the body worn during natural life, and that their spiritual body is the one which will be the soul's habitation throughout eternity. Out of a multiplicity of theories, nearly all modifications of those defined, has sprung the general one that after death the human soul subsists either in a state of happiness as a reward for the good done during life, or in a condition of misery for the evil accomplished. The idea of heaven and hell has, therefore, been very widespread, and as almost every nation has had a place of punishment after death, so every one has also believed in a state of bliss as a reward for those who have done well. Heaven itself, that place wherein "we all, with sandals loosed, may rest" and take delight, is variously fancied by various peoples and beliefs. Ancient Greece had faith in a heaven of reward. No one but a Greek could enter in, maintained the least liberal, unless the alien was exceptionally godly, and could speak Greek enough to make himself understood by the doorkeeper at Mount Olympus. What you were on earth that would you also be in heaven—king, cobbler or scavenger.

Later ages, doing away with the idea of the immortality of the soul, abolished also among both Greeks and Romans the idea of heaven. The earth life was believed to be the only one, and consequently when Caesar, the high priest, made his famous speech in the Senate, while the case of Cataline and the conspirators was on trial, he argued that to put these men to death was to confer on them a benefit. This life, he said in substance, is the only life; by putting these men to death you relieve them from the shame and mortification to which they are subjected by being compelled to witness the failure of their conspiracy and the contempt showered upon them by all good citizens. Death, for them, is a reward and not a punishment. To the sensitive Jew it appeared that there were three heavens, or rather the word "heaven" was used in three acceptations; first, to designate the surrounding atmosphere, and thus mention is made of the fowls of heaven and the birds of heaven; secondly, to indicate that portion of space occupied by the celestial bodies, and thus the stars of heaven are spoken of; thirdly, to indicate the dwelling-place of the Eternal, which was also known as Paradise. The most brilliant figures were employed in descriptions of the glories of heaven. The orthodox Jew conceived the Messiah as a mighty conqueror who, in trampling down the enemies of the Jews, would ride in blood to the girths of his horse. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air would feed for seven years of the carcasses of the slain, and the length, breadth and precise depth of the stream of gore that would flow from Jerusalem to the sea were exactly described. The New

Jerusalem, to be founded by the redeemer of the Jews, would extend from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea, from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates. The meanest house would be a mile high, the palace of the king would reach to the stars. In that happy age a single grain of wheat would be as large as the two kidneys of an ox, nor would men need to work for food, for the breeze blowing among the wheat stalks would shower down the finest flour. Gold would be more plentiful than the dust of the streets. In the New Testament there are two conceptions of heaven: According to the great missionary apostle Paul, heaven is found "where Christ is," and he further explains that even when the presence of the Redeemer is realized, then and there heaven exists. This idea, however, does not exclude the conception of another heaven in another mode of existence, a place where Christ forever lives, where He makes intercession for His people and where He is finally joined by them. Purely spiritual, this idea as set forth by Paul is strongly in contrast with that presented by John in the Apocalypse.

John, like the Talmudical rabbis, conceives of heaven as the New Jerusalem of the Messiah. It is a great city. Its length, breadth and height are equal, and each dimension is 12,000 furlongs, or 1,500 miles. Its wall is of jasper, and 144 cubits, or 258 feet in height. Its streets are paved with gold. Its foundations are of the most precious stones known to the oriental lapidary. Its gates are of pearl, each being carved from a single jewel. Angelic sentinels mount guard at the gates and keep watch to prevent the entrance of a possible enemy. The River of Life flows through it. The Tree of Life grows on the banks of the river. Its fruits ripen and fall off during every month of the year. They are of magically healing quality—"for the healing of the nations." There is no temple, for the entire city is the abode of deity. There is no night there, the light of day forever shines. Above all, it is a place of absolute purity. Repeatedly, John takes pains to inform his hearers and readers that nothing in any way unholy or unclean can by any possibility be permitted to enter into it. John's idea is that of the Jewish rabbis, with some Christian additions. This picture is an idealized sketch of the Jerusalem that every orthodox Jew believed would be realized at the coming of the Messiah, and the strength of the Messianic idea in the mind of a man of Jewish blood is shown by the fact that poor old John, a State slave in the marble quarries thirty years after Jerusalem had fallen beneath the battering-rams of Titus, could find no more vivid picture of heaven than the Jerusalem that every Jew believed would be erected by the Messiah. Most of the other conceptions were suggested by artists and poets. When altar-pieces were needed, no subject could be more appropriate than a representation of the joys of the redeemed, and the treatment given to the topic by the painters, fixed in the popular mind a great many points. Men were to become angels, and the redeemed inhabitants of heaven in the masterpieces of the ninth and tenth centuries first represented them with wings. The Mohammedan paradise is simply the heavenly abode of earthly pleasure. The Koran says much concerning the pleasures of paradise, but what it reveals is of the coarsest, most material

character. The Moslem heaven has gardens and orchards and flowers and fruits; there are fountains which send forth showers of perfumes on the faithful; there are couches lined with silk embroidered with gold. When the faithful servant of the Prophet dies, he is received at once in pavilions hung with curtains of gorgeous colors, where await him "beauteous damsels, refraining their eyes from beholding any but their spouses." They have complexions like rubies and pearls; they have "fine black eyes, and are kept in pavilions from public view." There the Mohammedan will be permitted to drink all the wine he wants, a gratification forbidden him on the earth; the braziers of glowing charcoal will forever smoke with the richest perfumes; the sun will give no such burning heat as is felt on the deserts of Arabia, but will diffuse a soft radiance; the palaces of the redeemed will be of rich marbles decorated with magnificent gems; gold will be too plentiful to be worth mentioning; every believer will have swarms of attendants, and will, from time to time, regale himself with a sight of the torments of the infidels and heretics, whose hell will be plainly visible whenever he takes the trouble to go and look at them.

No writer of ancient or modern times has been so explicit on the subject of heaven as Swedenborg, the great mystic, who in his revelations "Of Heaven and Hell," gave the most detailed and particular account of the scenes he claimed to have witnessed in the other worlds. According to his revelations, inhabitants of the upper world greatly resemble the people of the earth. They live in houses which are the counterparts of those of this earth: the houses are in some places collected into cities, in others they are scattered here and there, heaven being in some quarters densely populated, in others but sparsely. They wear clothing of different kinds, according to their wisdom: the better class of angels dressing in self-radiant garments, the lower grades having opaque or parti-colored clothes. They eat, they drink, they marry and are given in marriage. They buy, they sell, they barter. Everything on earth has its correspondence in heaven with all evil features eliminated. There are farmers and traders and mechanics. There are preachers, who hold forth in a church with seats like those of a theatre. Swedenborg was permitted to listen to the preaching, which was replete with wisdom. The three heavens are divided into innumerable societies, the individuals composing which are grouped according to their love or faith. The whole heaven is in form like a man, and each society is formed like a man. Their houses have drawing-rooms and bedrooms; their cities have pavements and sidewalks; the palaces are of a substance that resembles gold; the leaves of the trees look like silver. The speech of the angels is like that of man, and there is but one language. It is, however, impossible for the angels to speak the language of man. They have the arts and sciences, and their writing "consists of various inflected and circumflected forms: and these are disposed according to the form of heaven." There are rich and poor there as on earth. "The lot of the rich who go to heaven is of such a nature that they find themselves in the possession of opulence beyond others. Some of them dwell in palaces, all the interior and furniture of which shine as with gold and silver, and they have abundance of everything that can promote the uses of life." The society of heaven is not restricted to Christians alone; there are many "Gentiles" there. Swedenborg met and conversed with Cicero among others. He also met a company singing in concert, and

learned from the representations made to him that they were Chinese. There are numerous idolaters there, who, on first entrance, are cured of their idolatry by being introduced "to certain spirits who are substituted in place of their gods or idols; which is done for the purpose of divesting them of their phantasies, and when they have remained with those spirits for some days they are withdrawn." According to Swedenborg, "of all the Gentiles, the Africans are most esteemed in heaven; for they receive truth of heaven more easily than others."

Some years ago a curious book made an effort to locate heaven, and by turning the light of revelation on the subject, aided by the side lights of science, succeeded in proving that heaven is located in the sun. The accepted theory that the sun is a vast globe of incandescent matter is a mere trifle; the writer brushes it aside with a few brief statements and proceeds to declare his own hypothesis. The appearance of fire, he declares, is true as to the outward surroundings of the sun. Our central luminary is surrounded by a photosphere of flame 100,000 miles thick. This, as a rule, is all we see, save on the rare occasions when a cyclone in the photosphere gives us a glimpse of the darkness within. On the interior of this photosphere is a vast void, fixed and non-luminous, and within this again is the body of the sun. Here is heaven. It is more than a million times as large as this earth, and by reason of the non-luminous void surrounding it, possesses a delightfully mild and equal climate. There is light, there is heat, but neither is in excess. The physical characteristics are very similar to those of the earth. There are mountains and valleys; there are hills, plains and meadows; there are trees and shrubs and flowers. Everything is perfect, everything is eternal. There is the garden of the Lord with, as the author expresses it, ten thousand times ten thousand varieties of plants and flowers. In the centre of the garden is the New Jerusalem described by John, 1,500 miles square, 1,500 miles high, covering an area of 2,250,000 square miles, or about two-thirds that of the United States. With delightful exactitude, the writer undertakes to inform the world as to the number of rooms that could be made in a city of this size, making all due allowance for streets and alleys. Thus, he thinks, is significance imported to the passage, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Having located the blessed on the globe of the sun, it is an easy matter to dispose of the lost by putting them in the photosphere, the temperature of which he is pleased to declare exceeds 12,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit, so that both the other worlds, until a new theorist arises, may be considered as satisfactorily located.

What suggests pain and suffering to the southern or Christian peoples, means pleasure, the best delight, to the people of the far north. For example, Esquimaux heaven is located in the centre of the earth, and its chief recommendation is the fact that good, roaring fires are always kept up. The Norse Walhalla was situated either in the air or in the frozen regions of the north. The occupation of the inhabitants consisted in fighting all day. At dusk battle was suspended, wounds were miraculously healed, and contestants drank, sang and shouted until the light of day called them again to battle. Several tribes of Central Africans place heaven at the tops of the highest mountains, and fear even to go in sight of these after dark lest the dead be offended. Hindoos place heaven in the illimitable space beyond the sun, moon and stars. Some sects among the Per-

sians thought it was to the north of the Vale of Cashmere, while others contended that after the judgment had taken place the Valley of Damascus would be converted into a paradise. The Chinese heaven is located somewhere in the sky, and inhabited by so many gods that the number of men on the earth is not for a moment to be compared to them. Peruvians imagine that heaven was located at the summits of the Andes, and to their minds its chief recommendation was the fact that the fields there needed no irrigation. Ethiopians located it in a cool country, they were not certain where; but on one point they were positive, that elephants could then be caught without the trouble of digging a huge pitfall. In addition to these there are numerous intellectual heavens, reasoned out by philosophical theorists, who think the race certainly destined to an evolution which will not cease till perfection shall have been attained. These, however, are too many and profound to be explained in a few paragraphs; and, moreover, this sketch is concerned not with the calm deductions of reason, but with the emotional, the dream heavens, perceived by that faculty which is an amusement by day and a terror by night—imagination. These are the heavens of the people, and in such they repose a belief more absolute than any derived from evidence.

Hinduism and its Believers.....Musa Bhaj.....The Conqueror

Of the different religions in India, strictly speaking, three are aggressive, and hence noteworthy—Christianity, Mohammedanism and Hinduism. The last named of these is by far the most popular. No less than 200,000,000 of people, or over two-thirds of the entire population of Hindustan, are professedly Hindus. To the casual observer from a foreign land this religion would appear sluggish and too hoary in its superstitions and religious ritual to have any effect in these our days, so prolific of change, rush and novelty; but a careful observation would reveal to him the astounding energy of believers in this religion, and the hold upon the millions which its quaint, non-Christian dogmas possess.

Alas, it is only too customary for the Western critic of the Eastern religions (and especially of Hinduism), to be extremely one-sided in his views and present the mere caricature of what the religion really is. To many, Hinduism is regarded as hardly anything above fetish worship. The shady side of the religion of the Hindu has been almost always dwelt upon by one-sided critics. Their superstitious attachment to the Brahmins (the Levites of India), their liberal contributions to "well-fed, fat and lazy" Brahmins, their social sores and faults, and their fanaticism, have all been so thoroughly ventilated by and among friends of Indian missions, as to have supplemented in no small degree already existing prejudiced and faulty notions of the material to be worked on in India, and the religious capabilities of the nation. I wish to point out the lessons we can derive from this gigantic religious system, that grips with vise-like tightness the social and religious proclivities of no less than 200,000,000 of the civilized world. The Hindus are really earnest in their religion. When one gets through the rugged exterior of multitudinous ceremonies, superstitious rites and apparent hypocrisy, he will find the poor starved soul of the zealot hungering and thirsting after the Great Unseen. The devoted Hindu never gets weary in going through his daily pujah (religious service), in which his mind tries to fix itself on God and get a ray of joy or peace into his poor soul from the

glorious presence of the Deity whom he ignorantly but devoutly seeks and worships. It is not at all uncommon to see hundreds of people spending literally all-nights in listening to the repetitions of their sacred stanzas to the accompaniment of weird notes from an old-fashioned two or three stringed instrument played by a religious devotee. Even the ordinary classes of the people would remain away from their dinner or tea by the hour, spellbound by the religious enthusiasm awakened in them by the zealous teacher.

The Hindus are active and self-sacrificing. These enviable qualities with which merciful Providence has so liberally endowed the nation are features in their religious character that often cause even foreign critics to wish for them a more profitable and beneficial cause to be expended on than the never-satisfying ceremonial of a religion not of divine origin. All hours of both night and day the temple ritual is uninterruptedly kept up. From the intelligent and cultured college student or public official to the poorest and comparatively illiterate day laborer none would miss their early morning devotions. In many instances this assumes the formal bath in the river, or at the public well, at 5 or 6 a. m., and devotional exercise in the temple ere they return home for breakfast and then to the day's work. Truly has it been said by keen Western observers of India's millions that they are a nation under conviction! The activity of the anxious Hindu's soul is as prolific in its spiritual efforts in this matter-of-fact, agnostic-spirited nineteenth century as in the "dark ages." With a strong conviction of an irresistible eternity in darkness and gloom if he fails to make amends for wrong-doing or rebellion against God (the result partly of the teachings of the pure side of Hinduism, and partly the work of the blessed Spirit of God, moving on the conscience of the nation), the religious Hindu is ever striving to find out some way of satisfying the inner cravings of his soul. Numerous instances have occurred of Hindus living in wealth and luxury (leaving alone the "common people") having torn themselves as in days of old from their plenty and comfort and the enjoyment of everything included in a worldling's highest ideal, and consecrated themselves to lives of voluntary poverty and the most ascetic severity, in regard even to providing things necessary to keep soul and body together. They have striven by every imaginable means to mortify desire for the most ordinary and common-place creature comforts, so that they might, perchance, discover the highest human ideal as to finding salvation. In self-abnegation they have roamed from place to place, literally living out, in their mistaken zeal, the experience of the words:

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness.

The amount of corporal punishment and penance and of torture inflicted on their bodies by means unsparing in severity, would sound incredible in the ears of a modern Western nation. The astounding sincerity with which pilgrims walk on iron-spiked wooden shoes, punishing their left or right arm by leaving it to wither away by compulsory disuse and immovable fixture in one position; the use of iron-spiked couches for their bare bodies; the exquisite inventions of penance, too numerous to mention here, but practiced in their jungle vigils and pilgrimages to temples on almost inaccessible crags, or mountain heights, and such like, would sound more as a tale of centuries-old religious zeal rather than

of daily occurrence in this our day, amidst the rapid progress of Western civilization and its secularizing, permanent-way and rolling-stock!

Then there is a perfect organization, which works on its own Oriental hinges, providing some twenty-two millions of priests, ministers, preachers, traveling friars and religious devotees, serving as "specials" or "revivalists." These are supported by the people to look after the religious interests of the country, thus securing their hold on the 200,000,000 of Hindus. Scores of temples keep continually rising in different parts of the peninsula, many of which have come under my own personal notice, in India. These are sufficient proofs of the cast-iron links that encircle this nation of mine.

American Mysticism.....Geo. W. Cooke.....The Spiritual Life (Ellis)

Mysticism is the form of religion most radical and progressive. Wherever it has appeared it has set itself against formalism in religion, and in opposition to ritual and dogma. In the Quaker it dispenses with the communion service and other rites; in Madame Guyon it held that the church ritual is unnecessary; even in Bernard it set itself against the barren routine of the Church. Not less is it opposed to dogma, because it is not willing to take reason as the final arbiter in matters of belief. It finds its being in the heart, in the life of the emotions. It is therefore restless under all forms of religion which are not based on the inward life, and which do not find God through his presence in the soul of man. It always aims at seeing God face to face, by direct vision, through intuition or through feeling. When the soul once finds God in this way, it becomes impatient of all second-hand and ritual methods. It becomes a terrible critic of the Church, and of every manner of ecclesiasticism. It was his tendency to mysticism which made Emerson so much an unbeliever with reference to the externals of religion. Far above any other man this country has yet produced, Emerson was the interpreter of the spiritual life as to its universal characteristics. His books cannot be classed with those which are called devotional. They are too critical, too intellectual, too searching and iconoclastic to be so enumerated. Yet his is a mystic superimposed on a rational temper; and he is a man of faith in the garb of an unbeliever. He is the prophet of the new faith, which sees God everywhere, and which worships him in the moral life. He told what he saw with the fullness and depth of his nature so all who read may feel with him the sweetness and purity of the revealing.

If Emerson had been somewhat less the critic, he would have been the greatest of the modern interpreters of the spiritual life. His temper is devout, his habitual thought is spiritual, his aim is ever toward holy living. To him God is a present reality, the spiritual world not only the most real but the only world. Many times in his essays he rises to the height of the prophet's vision; and he speaks very often as a seer. Had Emerson been more emotional, lived truly the life of the heart, he would have been the greatest of the Mystics. His rational temper made him a critic rather than a preacher, an iconoclast rather than a devout believer. Yet his is the one prophetic mind of our country, the one supremely spiritual thinker. In his books, more than in those of any or all others, we find what religion is in its essence, and in its reality. He is the teacher who sees what is the foundation on which all churches stand, what it is which gives sanction to all creeds, rituals and devout books. He

understands what it is which gives them power and makes them of eternal value to men. Yet only in a passage here and there is Emerson the inspirer of devotion in the usual sense of that word. It is those who worked by his side or those he has directly inspired who show us the spiritual life in its devout aspects. These men and women have given us a new type of devotional literature, which is fragmentary as yet, but which deserves a place beside any of the past for its spiritual quality and its devout temper. In the religious poems of Whittier we have the best interpretation of the devotional spirit this country has yet produced. Something of the Mystic tendency there is in Whittier, too; enough of it, at least, to make him care little for ritual and creed. On the other hand, he cares with a very deep conviction for that vision of the soul which unites man to God in close and intimate communion. The externals of religion, its forms and doctrines, its ecclesiastical organization, and its sectarian interests, he cares for not at all. It is the life of the spirit, the love of God shed abroad in the heart of man, that appeals to him, and that has for him meaning and power.

Whittier is thoroughly in sympathy with the religious tendencies of the present time. He turns away from the pomps of ritual worship to that simple trust in God which manifests itself in love of man. This religion of the heart, and of the moral life, Whittier has taught not more distinctly than Emerson; but in a less critical spirit, with more of sympathy and with a greater simplicity. He has, more clearly than any other religious teacher of our time or country, made the spiritual life of Christianity real to us; and in a form attractive and inspiring. While the rite and the creed have been nothing to him, the spiritual life and the soul's vision of God have been of supreme importance. These he has made alive with charm and power; and he has so interpreted them that the simplest souls may understand.

A belief that is life, a faith that is love—this it is which Whittier has sung in his poetry. While he has been mystic enough to realize that spiritual experience has a worth far beyond that of any rite or creed, he has never been a mere dreamer. He has never lost himself in ecstasy or forgotten the daily needs of men in entranced visions of heaven. A humane, loving and devout faith is Whittier's; marked by Quaker simplicity and by a very deep and earnest trust. He is never a doubter, never a questioner of the real things of faith. He looks up to God with a child's absolute trust, with a profound humility, and yet with a strong man's unwavering confidence. His religion is not merely subjective, nor is it limited to inward experience. His humanitarian interests and sympathies give it a very concrete and practical form. His is a worshipful spirit, and not less is it a humane spirit. His love of man keeps pace with his love of God. His faith never goes beyond his charity. Nor is he content with a religion of ethics or a purely humanitarian faith. He is a believer in God; and he has an absolute conviction of the reality of the spiritual world. The spiritual life is as real to him as to à Kempis; but it extends to earth as well as heaven; it may be found in a robust and manly life far more perfectly than in a monkish and ascetic one. To Whittier this is God's world, and the secret of heavenly repose may be found here on earth. The pure in heart here may see God with a vision as clear as that of saints or angels. In his religion all true life is worship, all loving joy is praise, all righteousness is prayer.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Picturesque Procession of the Elephants *Cornhill Magazine*

The crowds assemble again to witness the Perahera, a solemn procession of the sacred elephants which have been arriving all the afternoon from the Buddhist temples of the district, until the court containing the bell-shaped Dagobas which rise round the Temple of the Tooth is full of the noble beasts and their picturesque attendants, who move about bearing green burdens of bamboo and branches of trees for their charges to feed upon. At length, decorated with gorgeous masks and trappings of red, yellow or white, glittering with gold embroidery representing Buddha in his manifold incarnations, with sacred inscriptions interwoven round every figure, the processional elephants are drawn up in line on either side of the temple gate. As the Austrian Archduke and his suite enter the balcony of the octagon, from whence the Kandyan kings were wont to show themselves to their subjects, the magnificent temple elephant descends the long flight of steps in gorgeous state caparisons of scarlet and gold presented by the King of Siam, and bearing the golden shrine of the Sacred Tooth under a golden howdah. A score of attendants walk at the side, supporting a lofty cloth of gold canopy, outlined with lamps and flowers. Snowy plumes rise behind the flapping ears, and turbaned mahouts kneel on the richly masked head, and lean against the gilt columns of the howdah, holding peacock-feather fans and scarlet umbrellas edged with tinkling golden bells. The temple band leads the way, the barbaric strains of music being accompanied by the clashing cimbals and rattling castanets of a hundred whirling dancers. The dignified Kandyan chiefs walk in glittering ranks before the mighty elephant which occupies the post of honor, his small eyes twinkling through the red and gold mask of the huge head which towers above the multitude, and his enormous tusks guided carefully by the temple servants, to prevent accidental damage from their sweeping ivory curves. The thirty elephants of the procession walk three abreast, ridden by officials in muslin robes and embroidered scarves of sacred red and yellow, and holding golden dishes heaped with rice, cocoanut and flowers, the consecrated offerings of the Buddhist religion. Each trio of elephants is preceded by a band of music, a troupe of dancers and a crowd of gaudily clad natives with blazing torches and scarlet banners. Sometimes a baby elephant trots along by his mother's side as a preliminary education in the future duties of his sacred calling, and seems terrified by the noise and glare, which in no way disconcert the imperturbable dignity of his elders. Round and round the wide area of the temple precincts the gigantic animals move with the slow and stately tread which allows ample time for the wild evolutions of the mazy dances performed before each advancing line. The splendor of the barbaric pageant harmonizes with the vivid coloring of native life and landscape. The red glare of a thousand flaming torches flashing back from the gorgeous trappings of the noble elephants, the dark faces of the bounding dancers, the waving fans and floating banners, the wild burst of savage music and the Oriental brilliancy of the many-colored crowd, contrasting with the jeweled costumes of Kandyan chiefs and the yellow robes of the Buddhist priesthood, render the imposing ceremonial a

picture of unprecedented splendor. The tropical wealth of vegetation which frames the fantastic procession enhances the dazzling spectacle, before which every memory of European pageantry fades into a dream.

Tallest Quadruped on Earth *R. Lydecker,.....Knowledge*

As regards the height attained by the male of the giraffe, the tallest of quadrupeds, there is, unfortunately, a lack of accurate information, and since it is probable that the majority of those now living are inferior in size to the largest individuals which existed when the species was far more numerous than at present, it is to be feared that this deficiency in our knowledge is not very likely to be remedied. By some writers the height of the male giraffe is given at sixteen feet, and that of the female at fourteen feet, but this is certainly below the reality. For instance, Mr. H. A. Bryden states that a female he shot in Southern Africa measured seventeen feet to the summits of the horns; while Sir S. Baker, whose experiences are derived from the northeastern portion of the continent, asserts that a male will reach as much as nineteen feet, although, most unfortunately, it is not mentioned whether the latter height is merely an estimate, or is based upon actual measurement. From the evidence of a very large, though badly preserved specimen in the Natural History Museum, it may, however, be inferred that fine males certainly reach the imposing height of eighteen feet.

Although this towering stature is the most obvious external feature of the giraffe, it is not one which would of itself justify the naturalist in classing the animal as the representative of a family apart from other ruminants; and we must accordingly inquire on what grounds such separation is made. On the whole, the most distinctive structural peculiarity of the giraffe is to be found in the nature of its horns. These are quite unlike those of any other living ruminant, and take the form of a pair of upright bony projections arising from the summit of the head in both sexes, and completely covered during life with skin. In the immature condition separate from the skull, these horns become in the adult firmly attached to the latter; and below them, in the middle of the forehead, is another lower and broader protuberance, sometimes spoken of as a third horn. Obviously, these horns—for want of a better name—are quite unlike the true horns of the oxen and antelopes, or the antlers of the deer; and this essential difference in their structure is alone quite sufficient to justify the reference of the giraffe to a family all by itself. When, however, we come to inquire whether the creature is more nearly akin to the deer or to the hollow-horned ruminants (as the oxen, antelopes and their allies are termed), we have a task of considerable difficulty. Relying mainly on the structure of its skull, and its low-crowned grinding teeth, which are invested with a peculiar rugose enamel having much the appearance of the skin of the common black slug, some naturalists speak of the giraffe as a greatly modified deer. A certain justification for this view is, indeed, to be found in the circumstance that the liver of the giraffe, like that of the deer, is usually devoid of a gall-bladder. Occasionally, however, that appendage, which is so characteristic of the hollow-horned ruminants, makes its appearance in

the giraffe, thus showing that no great importance can be attached to it one way or another. On the other hand, in certain parts of its soft anatomy, the creature under consideration comes very much closer to the antelopes and their kin than to the deer. It would appear, therefore, on the whole, that the giraffe occupies a position midway between the deer on the one hand and the antelopes on the other; while as neither of these three groups can be regarded as the direct descendant of either of the other two, it is clear that all three are divergent branches from some ancient common stock.

As regards general appearance, the giraffe is too well known to require description, but attention may be directed to a few of its more striking external peculiarities. One remarkable feature is the total lack of the small lateral or spurious hoofs, which are present in the great majority of ruminants, and attain relatively large dimensions in the reindeer and musk-deer. Indeed, the only other members of the whole group in which these hoofs are absent are certain antelopes; but this absence cannot be taken as an indication of any affinity between the latter and the giraffe, since it is most probably the result of independent development. Equally noticeable are the large size and prominence of the liquid eyes, and the great length of the extensible tongue; the former being obviously designed to give the creature the greatest possible range of vision, while the extensibility of the latter enhances the capability of reaching the foliage of tall trees afforded by the lengthened limbs and neck. In comparison with the slenderness of the neck, the head of the giraffe appears of relatively large size; but this bulk, which is probably necessary to the proper working of the long tongue, is compensated by the extreme lightness and porous structure of the bones of the skull.

Somewhat stiff and ungainly in its motions—the small number of vertebrae not admitting of the graceful arching of the neck characterizing the swan and ostrich—the giraffe is in all parts of its organization admirably adapted to a life on open plains dotted over with tall trees, upon which it can browse without fear of competition by any other living creature. Its wide range of vision affords it timely warning of the approach of foes; from the effect of sand-worms it is protected by the power of automatically closing its nostrils; while its capacity of existing for months at a time without drinking renders it suited to inhabit waterless districts like the northern part of the great Kalahari desert. And here we may mention in passing that the camel has gained a reputation for being adapted for a desert-life above all its allies, which is not altogether deserved. It is true, indeed, that a camel can and does make long desert journeys, but these can only be maintained during such time as the supply of water in its specially constructed stomach holds out, and when this fails there is not an animal that sooner knocks up altogether than the so-called "ship of the desert." Did their bodily conformation and general habits admit of their being so employed, there can indeed be little doubt that the giraffe and some of the larger African antelopes, which are likewise independent of water, would form far more useful and satisfactory beasts of burden for desert traveling. When we speak of the giraffe being independent of water, we by no means intend to imply that it never drinks. On the contrary, during the summer, this ruminant, when opportunity offers, will drink long and frequently; but it is certain that for more than half the year, in many parts of southern Africa at least, it never takes water at all. In certain districts, as in the northern

Kalahari, this abstinence is, from the nature of the country, involuntary; but, according to Mr. Bryden, the giraffes living in the neighborhood of the Botletli river—their only source of water—never drink therefrom throughout the spring and winter months.

There is yet one other point to be mentioned in connection with the adaptation of the giraffe to its surroundings before passing on, and this relates to its coloration. When seen within the enclosures of a menagerie—where, by the way, their pallid view gives but a faint idea of the deep chestnut tinge of the dark blotches on the coat of a wild male—the dappled hide of a giraffe appears conspicuous in the extreme. We are told, however, that among the tall kameel-dhorn trees, or giraffe-mimosas, on which they almost exclusively feed, giraffes are the most inconspicuous of all animals; their mottled coats harmonizing so exactly with the weather-beaten stems and with the splashes of light and shade thrown on the ground by the sun shining through the leaves, that at a comparatively short distance even the Bushman is frequently at a total loss to distinguish trees from giraffes, and giraffes from trees. At the present day, it is hardly necessary to mention, the single species of giraffe is exclusively confined to Africa, not even ranging into Syria, where so many other species of animals otherwise characteristic of that continent are found. This restricted distribution was, however, by no means always characteristic of the genus; for during the Pliocene period extinct species of these beautiful animals roamed over certain parts of southern Europe and Asia. Unknown in the countries to the north of the Sahara, as well as in the great forest regions of the west, which are unsuitable to its habits, the giraffe at the present day ranges from the north Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland in the south, through such portions of eastern and central Africa as are suited to its mode of life, to the southern Sudan in the north. Unhappily, however, this noble animal is almost daily diminishing in numbers throughout a large area of southern and eastern Africa, and its distributional area as steadily and proportionally shrinking.

The Migration of Birds.....Canon Tristram.....British Association Reports

On the solution of the problem of the migration of birds, the most remarkable of all the phenomena of animal life, much less aid has been contributed by the observations of field naturalists than might reasonably have been expected. The observable facts may be classified as to their bearing on the whither, when and how of migration, and after this we may possibly arrive at a true answer to the why. Observation has sufficiently answered the first question, whither. There are scarcely any feathered denizens of earth or sea to the summer and winter ranges of which we cannot now point. Of almost all the birds of the holarctic fauna we have ascertained the breeding places and the winter resorts. Now that the knot and the sanderling have been successfully pursued even to Grinnell Land, there remains but the curlew sandpiper of all the known European birds whose breeding ground is in virgin soil, to be trodden, let us hope, in a successful exploration by Nansen, one side or other of the North Pole. Equally clearly ascertained are the winter quarters of all the migrants. The most casual observer cannot fail to notice in any part of Africa, north or south, west-coast or interior, the myriads of familiar species which winter there. We have arrived at a fair knowledge of

the when of migration. Of the how, we have ascertained a little, but very little. The lines of migration vary widely in different species and in different longitudes. All courses of rivers of importance form minor routes. Consideration of all lines of migration might serve to explain the fact of North American stragglers, the waifs and strays which have fallen in with great flights of the regular migrants and been more frequently shot on the east coast of England and Scotland than on the west coast or in Ireland. They have not crossed the Atlantic, but have come from the far north, where a very slight deflection east or west might alter their whole course, and in that case they would naturally strike either Iceland or the west coast of Norway, and in either case would reach the east coast of Britain. But if by storms and the prevailing winds of the North Atlantic coming from the west they had been driven out of their usual course, they would strike the coast of Norway, and so find their way hither in the company of their congeners. It is maintained that the height of flight is some 1,500 feet to 15,000 feet. There are two species of blue-throat; one with its red breast patch is abundant in Sweden in summer, but is never found in Germany, except most accidentally; the other is the common form of central Europe. Yet both are abundant in Egypt and Syria, where they winter. Hence we infer that the Swedish bird makes its journey from its winter quarters with scarcely a halt, while the other proceeds leisurely to its nearer summer quarters.

I have more than once seen myriads of swallows, martins, sand-martins, and, later in the season, swifts, passing up the Jordan Valley and along the Bukoa of Central Syria, at so slight an elevation that I was able to distinguish at once that the flight consisted of swallows or house-martins. This was in perfectly calm, clear weather. One stream of swallows, certainly not less than a quarter of a mile wide, occupied more than half an hour in passing over one spot, and flights of house-martins, and then of sand-martins, the next day, were scarcely less numerous. These flights must have been straight up from the Red Sea, and may have been the general assembly of all those which had wintered in East Africa. These flights were not more than 1,000 feet high. On the other hand, when standing on the highest peak of the island of Palma, 6,500 feet, with a dense mass of clouds beneath, leaving nothing of land or sea visible save the distant peak of Tenerife, 13,000 feet, I have watched a flock of Cornish choughs soaring above, till at length they were absolutely undistinguishable, except with field-glasses. As to the speed with which the migration flights are accomplished, they require much further observation. Herr Gotke maintains that godwits and plovers can fly at the rate of 240 miles an hour (!), and the late Dr. Jerdon stated that the spine-tailed swift, roosting in Ceylon, would reach the Himalayas (1,200 miles), before sunset. Certainly in their ordinary flight the swift was the only bird he had ever noticed to outstrip an express train. But, now, why do birds migrate? Observation has brought to light many facts which seem to increase the difficulties of a satisfactory answer to the question. The autumnal retreat from the breeding quarters might be explained by a want of sufficient sustenance as winter approaches in the higher latitudes, but this will not account for the return migration in spring, since there is no perceptible diminution of supplies in the winter quarters. The northward movement of all the others must be through

some impulse not yet ascertained. In many other instances it is not dependent on the weather at the moment. This is especially the case with sea-birds. Professor Newton observes they can be trusted as the almanac itself. Foul weather or fair, heat or cold, the puffins, *Fratercula artica*, repair to some of their stations punctually on a given day, as if their movements were regulated by clockwork. In like manner, whether the summer be cold or hot, the swifts leave their summer home in England about the first week in August, only occasional stragglers ever being seen after that date. To say that migration is performed by instinct is no explanation of the marvelous faculty; it is an evasion of the difficulty. The sense of sight cannot guide birds which travel by night, or span oceans or continents in a single flight. What Professor Newton terms the sense of direction, unconsciously exercised, is the nearest approach yet made to a solution of the problem.

There is one more kind of migration of which we know nothing, and where the field naturalist has still abundant scope for the exercise of observation—what is called exceptional migration, not the mere wanderings of waifs and strays, nor yet the uncertain travels of some species, as the crossbill in search of food, but the colonizing parties of many gregarious species, which generally, so far as we know in our own hemisphere, travel from east to west, or from southeast to northwest. Such are the waxwing, the pastor starling, and Pallas' sand-grouse, after intervals sometimes of many years, or sometimes for two or three years in succession. The waxwing will overspread western Europe in winter for a short time. The rose pastor regularly winters in India, but never remains to breed. For this purpose the whole race seems to collect and travel northwest, but rarely, or after intervals of many years, returns to the same quarters. Verona, Broussa, Smyrna, Odessa, the Dobrudscha have all during the last half-century been visited for one summer by tens of thousands, who are attracted by the visitations of locusts, on which they feed, rear their young, and go. Not less inexplicable are such migrations as those of the African darter, which, though never yet observed to the north of the African lakes, contrives to pass, every spring, unobserved to the lake of Antioch in North Syria. One possible explanation of the sense of direction unconsciously exercised may be submitted as a working hypothesis. Instinct in mammals and birds attracts them to the place of their nativity. When the increasing cold of the northern regions, in which they all had their origin, drove the mammals southward, they could not retrace their steps, because the increasing polar sea, as the arctic continent sank, barred their way. The birds reluctantly left their homes as winter came on and followed the supply of food. But as the season in their new residence became hotter in summer, they instinctively returned to their birthplaces, and there reared their young, retiring with them when the recurring winter impelled them to seek a warmer climate. Those species which, unfitted for a greater amount of heat by their more protracted sojourn in the northern regions, persisted in revisiting their ancestral homes, or getting as near to them as they could, retained a capacity for enjoying a temperate climate, which, very gradually, was lost by the species which settled down more permanently in their new quarters, and thus a law of migration became established on the one side, and a law of sedentary habits on the other side.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Every crowned head of Europe, with the exception of that of Turkey, is descended from one of two sisters, the daughters of Duke Ludwig Rudolf of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who lived about 150 years ago.—The longest canal in the world extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It is 4,472 miles in length.—At Warwick Castle there is a Shakesperian garden tended by Lady Brooke. In it grow and blossom every flower and shrub named by the poet. The first specimen in it was planted by the Prince of Wales.—The most ancient catacombs are those of Egypt, over 4,000 years old.—The Chinese have an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.—Three hundred and sixty mountains in the United States are over 10,000 feet high.—The largest park in the United States is the Yellowstone. It is sixty-five miles north and south, fifty-five east and west, contains 3,575 square miles, and is 6,000 feet above the sea level.—In India there is about one Protestant missionary to every 500,000 people.—Twenty-five thousand persons in the United States, it has been estimated, own between them \$31,500,000,000 worth of property.—More car couplings are patented at Washington than any other line of devices.—The largest university is Oxford; it has twenty-one colleges and five halls.—A single polypus has been cut into 124 parts, and each in time becomes a perfect animal.—Aeronauts cannot rise much above five miles of vertical height on account of the increasing rarity of the air, but double that height has been attained by self-registering balloons, which tell us that some ninety degrees of frost prevail up there.

Only one-half of all who are born reach the age of seventeen years.—In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1,000, and the whole number on an adult scalp is about 120,000.—In India 25,000,000 acres are made fruitful by irrigation. In Egypt there are about 6,000,000 acres, and in Europe about 5,000,000. The United States has about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated lands.—There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.—During a waltz of ordinary length the dancer travels about three-quarters of a mile. The girl who dances every dance will traverse a distance of from ten to fifteen miles in the course of the evening.—No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles from the earth.—The body of a dead Chinaman is often kept in his late home for three or four years before burial.

In 1885 London had 555,000 houses, with 4,120,000 population. It covered an area of 75,000 acres. There were 1,830 miles of streets.—If human dwellings were constructed on the same proportionate scale as the ant-hill of Africa, private residences would be a mile high.—It is said there is never an odd number of rows on an ear of corn.—Physiologists say that the gastric glands of the stomach of an adult human being number over 5,000,000.—A law has been enacted in Germany which requires that all drugs intended for internal use shall be put up in round bottles, while those for external use shall be put up in hexagonal bottles.—The English language contains forty-one distinct sounds.—In manufacturing

occupations the average life of soapboilers is the highest, and that of grindstone-makers the lowest.—Roughly speaking, the British Empire extends over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,500 islands. The Assyrian Empire was not so wealthy as this is. The Roman Empire was not so populous. The Persian Empire was not so extensive. The Spanish Empire was not so powerful.—The ephemeral fly rarely lives more than two hours after coming to its perfect state.—The tallest stone tower is the Washington monument at Washington, 555 feet.—In China white is the color of mourning; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, violet; in Ethiopia, brown; Europe, during middle ages, white.—Paris has the largest and most complete sewage system in the world.

The art of paper-making has reached the point where it is possible to cut down a growing tree and convert it into paper suitable for printing purposes within the short space of twenty-four hours.—Between Paris and Berlin mail matter is now transmitted in thirty-five minutes by the pneumatic process, which is found most advantageous.—The assessed valuation of this country in 1890 was \$24,249,585,804.—A Russian scientist has succeeded in tracing all a man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.—The little island of Iceland, with about 70,000 inhabitants, has the same number of newspapers as the great empire of China.—A scientific writer says that night is the time which nature utilizes for the growth of plants and animals; children grow more rapidly during the night.—Professor Dolbear says a powerful search-light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

Among the South Sea Islanders, for a long time after their acquaintance with Europeans began, all values were expressed in axes.—When irritated the sea cucumber, a species of hotothuria, can eject all its teeth, its stomach and digestive apparatus, and reduce itself to a simple membranous sac.—Taking the earth as the centre of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision, the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000,000 miles, and a circumference of 1,329,742,000,000 miles.—The largest trees are not the Sequoia gigantea of California, but certain species of eucalyptus in Australasia. One specimen in Victoria is said to be 471 feet high.—Some one who has figured on the work done at Pompeii since June, 1872, says that it will take until 1947 to unearth the entire ruins with eighty-five men working every day.—London contains one-eighth of Great Britain's population. It has a larger daily delivery of letters than all Scotland.—Since the great earthquake of 1801 no less than 1,110 and 2,025 shocks have been experienced in Nagoya and Gifu respectively, two provinces in Japan.—There are in this country 4,781,625 depositors in savings banks, who have on deposit the enormous sum of \$1,712,769,026, an average of \$358.20 to each depositor.—To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated cost of which is about \$17,500.

JOINING THE CONSPIRACY ABOARD THE MIDAS*

"Are you going home to England? So am I. I'm Johnny, and I've never been to England before, but I know all about it. There's great palaces of gold and ivory—that's for the lords and bishops—and there's Windsor Castle, the biggest of all, carved out of a single diamond—that's for the queen. And she's the most beautiful lady in the world, and feeds her peacocks and birds of paradise out of a ruby cup. And there the sun is always shining, so that nobody wants any candles. O, words would fail me if I endeavored to convey to you one-half of the splendors and the glories of that enchanted realm!"

This last sentence tumbled so oddly from the childish lips, that I could not hide a smile as I looked down on my visitor. He stood just outside my cabin-door—a small, serious boy of about eight, with long flaxen curls hardly dry from his morning bath.

In the pauses of conversation he rubbed his head with a big bath-towel.

His legs and feet were bare, and he wore only a little shirt and velveteen breeches, with scarlet ribbons hanging untied at the knees.

"You're laughing!"

I stifled the smile.

"What were you laughing at?"

"Oh, it is nothing, little one."

"Tell me, tell me, sir," he persisted.

I hardly knew what to say to the strange little fellow, with the voice of a child and the language and tone of a philosophic poet.

"Why, you're wrong, little man, on just one or two points," I answered evasively.

"Which?"

"Well, about the sunshine in England. The sun is not always shining there, by any means."

"I'm afraid you know very little about it," said the boy, shaking his head.

"Johnny! Johnny!" a voice called down the companion-ladder at this moment. It was followed by a thin, weary-looking man, dressed in carpet slippers and a suit of seedy black.

I guessed his age at fifty, but suspect now that the lines about his somewhat prim mouth were traced there by sorrows rather than by years. He bowed to me shyly, and addressed the boy.

"Johnny, what are you doing here? standing out here on deck in bare feet!"

The child answered without raising his eyes from me, "Father, here is a man who says the sun doesn't always shine in England."

The man gave me a fleeting embarrassed glance, and echoed, as if to shirk answering,

"In bare feet!"

"But it does, doesn't it? Tell him that it does," the child insisted.

Driven thus into a corner, the father turned his profile, avoiding my eyes, and said, dully:

"The sun is always shining in England——"

"Go on, father; tell him the rest, tell him about the candles and the sun, father.

"——and the use of candles, except as a luxury, is consequently unknown to the denizens of that favored

clime," he wound up, in the tone of a man who repeats an old, old lecture.

Johnny was turning to me triumphantly, when his father caught him by the hand and led him back to his dressing. The movement was hasty—almost rough, it seemed to me then.

I stood at the cabin-door and looked after them.

We were fellow-passengers aboard the Midas, a merchant bark of near on a thousand tons, homeward bound from Cape Town; and we had lost sight of the Table Mountain but a couple of days before. It was the first week of the new year, and all day long a fiery sun made life below deck insupportable.

Nevertheless, though we three were the only passengers on board, and lived constantly in sight of each other, it was many days before I made any further acquaintance with Johnny and his father. The sad-faced man clearly desired to avoid me, clutching Johnny's hand whenever the child called "Good morning!" to me cordially.

I fancied him ashamed of his foolish falsehood; and I, on my side, was angry because of it. The pair were forever strolling backwards and forwards on deck, or resting beneath the awning on the poop, and talking—always talking, talking.

I fancied to myself the boy was delicate; he certainly had a bad cough during the first few days. But this went away as our voyage proceeded, and his color was rich and rosy.

One afternoon I caught a fragment of their talk as they passed—Johnny brightly dressed and smiling, his father looking even more shabby and weary than usual.

The man was speaking.

"And Queen Victoria rides once a year through the streets of London on her milk-white courser, to hear the nightingales sing in the Tower. For when she came to the throne the Tower was full of prisoners, but with a stroke of her sceptre she changed them all into songbirds. Every year she releases fifty; and that is why they sing so rapturously, because each one hopes his turn has come at last."

I turned away. It was unconscionable to cram the child's mind with these preposterous fables. I pictured the poor little chap's disappointment when the black reality came to stare him in the face. To my mind, his father was worse than an idiot, and I could hardly bring myself to greet him next morning, when we met near the entrance to the cabin.

My disgust did not seem to trouble him. In a timid way, even his eyes expressed satisfaction.

For a week or two I let him alone and then was forced at last to speak.

It happened in this way.

We had spun merrily along the tail of the S. E. trades and glided slowly to a standstill on a glassy ocean, and beneath a sun that at noon left us shadowless. A fluke or two of wind had helped us across the line; but now, in $2^{\circ} 27'$ north latitude, the Midas slept like a turtle on the greasy sea.

The heat of the near African coast seemed to beat like steam in our faces. The pitch bubbled like caviare in the seams of the white deck, and the shrouds and rat-lines ran with tears of tar. To touch the brass rail of the

* Arthur T. Quiller-Couch in the *Delectable Duchy*. Macmillan.

poop was to blister the hand; to catch a whiff from the cook's galley was to feel sick for ten minutes. The hens in their coops lay with eyes glazed, and gasped for air. If you hung forward over the bulwarks you stared down into your own face.

The sailors grumbled and cursed and panted as they huddled forward under a second awning that was rigged up to give them shade rather than coolness; for coolness was not to be had.

On the second afternoon of the calm, I happened to pass this awning, and glanced in. Pretty well all the men were there, lounging, with shirts open and chests streaming with sweat; and in their midst, on a barrel, sat Johnny, with a flushed face.

The boatswain—Gibbings by name—was speaking. I heard him say: “An’ the Lord Mayor ‘ll be down to meet us, sonny, at the Docks, wi’ his five-an’-fifty black boys all a-blown’ Hallelujahum on their silver key-bugles. An’ we’ll be took in tow to the Mansh’n ‘Ouse an’ fed”—here he broke off and passed the back of his hand across his mouth, with a glance at the ship’s cook, who had been driven from his galley by the heat.

But the cook had no suggestions to make. His soul was still sick with the reek of the boiled pork and pease-pudding he had cooked two hours before under a torrid and vertical sun.

The golden sunlight flooded the barrel on which Johnny sat listening with open-eyed attention to this programme of wonder.

“We’ll put it at hokey-pokey, nothin’ a lump, if you don’t mind, sonny,” the boatswain went on; “in a nice, airy parlor, painted white, with a gilt chandelier an’ gilt combings to the wainscot!”

His picture of the Mansion House as he proceeded was drawn from his reading in the Book of Revelations and his own recollections of Thames-side gin-palaces and the saloons of passenger steamers, and gave the impression of a virtuous gambling-hell, with composite features of back-number memories of magnificence as he knew it.

The whole crew listened admiringly, and it seemed they were all in the stupid conspiracy. I resolved, for Johnny’s sake, to protest, and that very evening drew Gibbings aside and expostulated with him.

“Why,” I asked, “lay up this cruel, this certain disappointment for the little chap? Why yarn to him as if he were bound for the New Jerusalem?”

The boatswain stared at me point-blank, at first incredulously, then with something like pity, as he turned to me and said:

“Why, sir, don’t you know? Can’t you see for yourself? It’s because he *is* bound for the New Jeroosalem; because—bless his tender soul!—that’s all the land he’ll ever touch.”

“Good lord!” I cried. “Nonsense! His cough’s better, and look at his cheeks.”

“Ay—we knows that color on this line. His cough’s better, you say; and I say this weather is killing him. You just wait for the nor-east trades.”

I left Gibbings, and after pacing up and down the deck a few times, stepped to the bulwarks, where a dark figure was leaning and gazing out over the black waters. Johnny was in bed; and a great shame swept over me as I noted the appealing wretchedness of this lonely form.

I stepped up and touched him softly on the arm.

“Sir, I am come to beg your forgiveness.”

Next morning I joined the conspiracy.

After his father, I became Johnny’s most constant companion. “Father disliked you at first,” was the child’s frank comment; “he said you told fibs, but now he wants us to be friends.”

And we were excellent friends. I lied from morning to night—lied glibly, grandly. Sometime, indeed, as I lay awake in my berth, a horror took me lest the springs of my imagination should run dry. But they never did. As a liar, I outclassed every man on board, and made up for my indignation of the early part of our voyage.

But by-and-by, as we caught the first draught of the trades, the boy began to punctuate my fables with that hateful cough. This went on for a week; and one day, in the midst of our short stroll, his legs gave way under him from sheer weakness.

As I caught him in my arms, he looked up with a faint, sweet smile.

“I’m very weak, you know. But it’ll be all right when I get to England.”

But it was not till we had passed well beyond the equatorial belt that Johnny grew visibly worse. In a week he had to lie still on his couch beneath the awning, and the patter of his feet ceased on the deck. It grew lonely for us, and we missed the little fellow with his quaint sayings and his delicate little face.

The captain, who was a bit of a doctor and student, said to me one day:

“He will never live to see England.”

But he did.

It was a soft spring afternoon when the Midas sighted the Lizard, and Johnny was still with us, lying on his couch, though almost too weak to move a limb. As the day wore on we lifted him once or twice to look at this approach to England as Moses looked upon the promised land he was not permitted to enter.

“Can you see them quite plain?” he asked; “and the precious stones hanging on the trees? And the palaces—and the white elephants?”

I stared through my glass at the serpentine rocks and white-washed lighthouse above them, all powdered with bronze and gold by the sinking sun, and answered, with a quaver in my voice:

“Yes, they are all there.”

All that afternoon we were beside him, looking out and peopling the shores of home with all manner of vain shows and pageants; and when one man broke down another took his place, and our hearts grew heavier as the daylight faded.

As the sun fell, and twilight drew on, the bright revolving lights on the two towers suddenly flashed out their greeting.

We were nearing Old England.

We were about to carry the child below, for the air was chilly; but he saw the flash and held up a feeble little hand.

“What is that?”

“Those two lights,” I answered, telling my final lie, “are the lanterns of Cormelian and Cormoran, the two Cornish giants. They’ll be standing on the shore to welcome us. See—each swings his lantern round and then for a moment it is dark; now wait a moment, and you’ll see the light again.”

“Ah!” said the child, with a smile and a little sigh, “it is good to be—home.”

And with that word on his lips, as he waited for the next flash, Johnny stretched himself and died.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONG IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Susette.....Samuel Minturn Peck.....Atlanta Constitution

They tell me that thy witching smiles
A shallow soul conceals;
That thou art skilled in varied wiles
The hearts of men to steal.
But when I view thy glances gay,
Thine orbs of limpid blue—
Ah, let them prate! Whate'er they say,
I know it can't be true,
 Susette,
I know it can't be true.

They tell me when thy soft refrains
The soul of music thrills,
That they are but a siren's strains
To work the stranger ill.
But when I see the old folks throng,
And little children, too,
To drink the sweetness of thy song,
I know it can't be true,
 Susette,
I know it can't be true.

They tell me that thy beauty blows,
A fair and baleful flower,
And 'neath an evil star he goes
Whoe'er hath felt thy power.
But when I see thy lashes shine
With pity's gentle dew,
My heart repels the charge malign,
I know it can't be true,
 Susette,
I know it can't be true.

His Proper Attitude.....Madeline S. Bridges.....Providence Journal

"You know I love you," he observed.
His words were curt, his tone incisive—
A saucy smile her red lips curved
The while she tried to look submissive.

"But, me no silly romance rules,
And if you think to find me pleading
Down on my knees, like other fools,
You'll find your hopes are quite misleading."

Said she, "Although you are so rude,
I can't help wishing that I knew, sir,
Whether your stern resolves preclude,
Your kneeling down to tie my shoe—sir."

He knelt to knot the loosened bow—
"And are you sure you love me dearly?"
She gently breathed. Still bending low,
"With all my heart," he answered clearly.

"And wish you to become my wife."
Her laugh rang out, "Yes, if you please, sir,"
She said. "I'll gladly share your life,
Now, that you've asked me on your knees, sir."

My Sweetheart's KodakM. A. B. Evans....In Various Moods (Putnam's)

O Kodak, are you void of sense,
That you so stoically take
The pressure of her fingers fair,
Which all my nerves would wildly shake?

Ah! don't you see her wealth of hair;
Her eyes so softly, brightly blue,
Now bent, with tender interest,
O Kodak Camera, on you?

And can't you feel the lively thrill
Of pleasure in her lovely face
When you work well? O Camera,
I'd like, just once, to have your place!

Such pictures as I'd take for her!
Such glorious views of east and west!
Like magic they should come! Her smile
Would pay me well to do my best.

You don't appreciate your luck,
O Camera, with glassy eye,
Which, staring ever straight ahead,
Sees not the charming maid close by.

If I were you—but never mind,
You're not her lover, that is clear.
While I—I love the very ground
That only serves to bring her near.

But still, I scarcely envy you,
Although from me you steal her smiles.
You're deaf and dumb and blind to all
Her beauty rare, her winning smiles.

And saddest, worst of all your lot,
Ah! this I could not bear and live,
To feel that I belonged to her,
And then—to take a negative!

Miss Nancy.....N. M. W.....Vogue

She is no maid of high degree
Who loves a rout or great levee,
A gossip or a dish of tea,
Like Ethel Maud de Lancey.
Oh, most she cares to brew and bake—
Jellies, and jams, and raisin cake,
I love them all for her dear sake,
My sweet demure Miss Nancy!

Her hair is like a halo—gilt,
Her nose it has a saucy tilt,
Her voice a very skylark's lilt,
And oh, she takes my fancy!
A "vieille moustache," I've won my spurs,
Faced all the odds that war incurs,
Yet quail beneath a frown of hers,
And prove myself—"Miss Nancy"

Sometimes she flouts and scorns me too,
Taunts me that I her favor sue,
Bids me another maiden woo,
Far from her necromancy.
But when I from her presence start,
She leans her head upon my heart,
Says, "Could you thus in anger part;
Oh, would you not miss—Nancy?"

An Old Nook.....R. La Gallienne.....Chicago Figaro

Dear little room so small and square,
Dear little room so cold and bare,
Dear little room with but one chair,
'Tis very hard to leave you.

For 'twas not always thus, you know,
With smiling books and fire aglow,
And lamps so softly beaming—Oh!
'Tis very hard to leave you.

How can my thought recall those hours
When hopes first blossomed into flowers
And life grew conscious of its power
And not feel sad to leave you?

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Corsica's Perfume.....Emile Bergerat.....A Wild Sheep Chase (Macmillan)

There are three ways of going to Corsica and also of returning; I mean three services of steamers will take you there. One from Nice to Calvi, which makes the passage once a week; the boats are second-rate. Another, the Italian line, connects Bastia and Leghorn. The third, which is the most used, starts from Marseilles every day, I think, at five o'clock in the evening, and reaches Ajaccio about seven in the morning. It is under the control of the Compagnie des Transatlantiques, which runs superb boats, commanded by excellent captains. The Manouia is one of these boats. I passed the night of the 20th September, 1887, in it, and slept as one would sleep in Paradise—that is to say, if the saints do sleep, which as yet we do not know. However that may be, I was up in the morning at six o'clock, fresh, cheerful, and with all my senses on the stretch to see and hear and breathe Corsica. It soon came in view, a faint shadow on the sea, a rosy cloud, jagged above, and like one of those sugar cakes which you see melting in the heat of the lamps and running down into the silver dish.

All the gulfs on the western coast—the gulf of Galeria, the gulf of Porto, overhung by the Monte Rotondo, the gulf of Sagona, which reveals the Monte d'Oro—one by one spread themselves out in the floating mists of sunrise, and the promontories thrust out their red beaks between the lapis lazuli sky and the turquoise waters. It looks like an island of sardonyx bordered with coral. No sign of life, not a sail in these solitary bays, where the tunny fish and the porpoises are left undisturbed. The fine beaches are neglected by fishermen; the fiords, with their yellow sands blazing like brass basins, are deserted; ports where whole fleets might shelter at ease are left useless. For the Corsican inhabits the mountains; he is no lover of the sea; he will always prefer a horse to a boat, a gun to a net, and hunting to fishing. The bays remain deserted and must content themselves with idle reflections on old Atlantic Tethys' delusive mirror. But the sun arose and the outlines became defined. On the scarlet sides of the promontories, over which towered white peaks, the boundless herbage of the macchia rose in terraces of shining green velvet. The wind shifted from northeast to east, and there for the first time I perceived the famous perfume, that extraordinary perfume of which Napoleon could never speak without emotion, which he could recognize at a distance of six leagues, and which the wind wafted to him once more at St. Helena.

It is not easy to render a smell in words, and language fails me here. But, on the other hand, simply to say that Corsica smells nice, will not, perhaps, to sensitive nostrils, give sufficient information as to its aroma. So let us essay to subject the reader to the olfactory illusion, and may the god of Rimmel come to the aid of my muse. Now, just as the soupe aux quatre-herbes has four herbs, so the macchia, which is a kind of pocket virgin forest, is composed of eight plants—the cistus, the lentiscus, the arbutus, the myrtle, the heath, the rosemary, and the wild olive. And that is all, for the bandit does not count: he has his own perfume. See ethnography! These eight, when the divine sun begins to stir their juices, mingle their diverse exhalations into a ter-

rible elixir, something like a peppery resin, which is the musk of the island. In its configuration in the Mediterranean Sea Corsica somewhat resembles a scent-bottle, of which Cape Corso would be the neck. I introduce a parenthesis. (It follows that what is called "taking to the macchia" is simply the act of retiring from a disorganized and rotten society to live in a sweet-smelling wood. Perhaps, therefore, the bandit is merely a man who is wisely making his escape from the evil odor of the law, and of all those who are the incarnation of it, notably the gendarmes, whose resounding boots smell so strong of authority and tan. Banditism is thus a mere question of scents. I am the first to understand this matter, and so I make the revelation with some timidity.) Here I end my parenthesis and my discussion. A peppery resin, that is pretty much the sum of it, or rather a gingery resin, but laden also, when the breeze blows over the Corsican moors, with faint wafts of lavender, thyme and mint. You will laugh at the comparison I am going to give you, but gastronomes will appreciate it. In some vast and airy country kitchens you may find certain courts-bouillons set aside to cool, simmering in the warm air of the place, and emitting from under their pot-lids volatile odors and essences which call to mind the scent of Corsica. I do not know if I make myself understood. If not, it is easy for those who wish thoroughly to comprehend this celebrated perfume, and to whom words on paper represent nothing, to regale themselves with it without leaving Paris. They have only to send to Marseilles for a basket of Corsican partridges, or, better still, for some of those blackbirds of the island which feed on juniper berries and the starry seed of the lentiscus, and so absorb into themselves the delicious effluvia of the macchia. When they have finished their breakfast, they will know as much as Napoleon about Corsica's perfume.

Among the Matabeles.Rider Haggard.....Pall Mall Gazette

The Matabele people are of Zulu origin, although their blood is to-day much mixed by intermarriage with women captured from the Mashona and other tribes. At the beginning of this century a king named Chaka reigned in Zululand, to whom it is necessary to refer in order to make clear the history of the Matabele. Chaka, by the force of his genius, built up the Zulu nation, which before his day consisted only of scattered tribes. These tribes he conquered one by one, enrolling in his regiments every able-bodied man who remained alive, till at length he commanded an army of about 100,000 soldiers. With this army he swept the surrounding country till he reduced to a desert vast expanses of Southeastern Africa that until his day had supported a teeming population. Thus, at the end of the last century, Natal was very thickly peopled; but when it was occupied by white men, after Chaka had raided it, its inhabitants consisted of a few thousand individuals living in caves and holes in the earth, and supporting a miserable existence by digging for roots or by devouring any human beings that they were able to catch. Chaka's military system, the parent of that of the Matabele, was the most thorough-going and the sternest that the world has seen. He armed his troops with the short stabbing assegai, in place of the throwing spears formerly in use, and woe to

the man who came out of the battle without his weapon, for that man was instantly put to death. Indeed, there was but one punishment for the Zulu warrior—death. If he married without the King's leave he and his bride were killed by the King's order; if he showed cowardice or even hesitation in fight he was killed; if he offended against the iron laws of discipline he was killed; if he was badly wounded or grew too old to be of further service he was killed to put him out of the way; and if he was suspected of witchcraft he was killed, together with his wives and children. Thus it will be seen that when the risks of constant warfare were added to those of the King's wrath, the chances were that the Zulu of the day of Chaka and Dingaan would not die a natural death. Nor, indeed, did he desire to do so. Cruel as it was, Chaka's law attained its end, for rarely, indeed, did any forces of his turn their backs upon the enemy. Sometimes they were annihilated by superior numbers; but they were not defeated, for they held it better to die with honor on the spears of the foe than with ignominy beneath the club of the executioner. Once, indeed, a regiment of Chakas retreated in action after suffering terrible losses. On its return to the King's kraal Chaka mustered what was left of that regiment, about 2,000 men, and with them their wives and children. Then he addressed them, branding them with the name of cowards, and at a signal other regiments who were in waiting rushed in and slaughtered them every one.

After this sanguinary object lesson it was natural that an impi which had been so unfortunate as to meet with disaster upon its mission of conquest should shun the presence of its king and judge. Thus it came about that when Lobengula's father, Umzilikaze, or Mosilikatze, the Lion, one of Chaka's generals and head indunas, failed in conquering the tribes against whom he had been dispatched, he took counsel with those under his command, and instead of returning to Zululand struck away north across the country that is now known as the Transvaal, to found a people of his own in the far interior. His impi traveled slowly, and as it went it slaughtered, often out of mere wantonness, thousands and tens of thousands of peaceful Basutos, who were quite unable to withstand the trained onslaught of the Zulu regiments. At length it reached the neighborhood of the Zambesi and established itself in the country that it now inhabits. Here Umzilikaze or Mosilikatze set up his kingdom, beyond the reach of the arms of Chaka and Dingaan, and to him, in the course of years, succeeded his son Lobengula, who is now an old man. Zulus themselves, these kings took the Zulu system as their model, both in matters social and military. They lived and live by war and for it, directing the thoughts and ambitions of their subjects not to the cultivation of the soil and other useful pursuits, but to the joy of bloodshed and the reward of stolen cattle. Their wars, indeed, are but a poor imitation of the desperate conflicts in which they were engaged under the rule of Chaka, consisting as they do for the most part of raids upon the industrious and peaceful Mashona and other almost defenseless tribes. Still they have sufficed to slake the national lust for slaughter, and to prepare Mashonaland and other districts to receive the white man by exterminating the greater part of their aboriginal inhabitants. The retreat of the Matabele from Zululand was too hurried to allow of their being accompanied by women sufficient for their wants, and the supply has been recruited by captives taken in war, with

the result that to-day only a small proportion of the nation are Zulus of pure blood.

The Zulu customs are still adhered to by them, however; thus "smelling out" is largely practiced. This is the course of a "smelling out:" Somebody dies, or perhaps the King or one of his wives suffers from mysterious pains, or a child is born deformed, or a murrain breaks out among the royal oxen. The witch doctors and doctresses are consulted, and declare the evil to be the work of an "umtagati" or wizard. Then they proceed to name the wizard who, by art magic, has contrived the ill in question, and who, oddly enough, very often happens to be a man rich in cattle of whom the King or chief is anxious to be rid. The circle is formed, the doctors and doctresses, bedizened in skins and bones, go through their antics and ceremonies, calling on the shades of their forefathers, and consulting the spirits by means of bones, which they throw like dice, till at length the name of the guilty person is miraculously revealed to them. Perhaps he is sitting there in the circle before them, safe in his innocence, and believing himself to be a trusted servant and soldier of the King, when the *isanusi* creeps up to him and touches him with the fatal wand, denouncing him as the man whose spirit thought the evil thing. From the touch of the wand there is no appeal, and for the most part the victim dies within the hour. He is led away, and his neck is twisted or his brains are dashed out, and his name becomes a hissing and a reproach. That same day, also, the King's slayers start for the kraal of the murdered man, where he may have five or six wives and fifteen or twenty children, together with dependents and slaves. At night, when folks sleep heavily, they surround it and put in the fire. The victims rush out to fall upon the assegai or be cast back living into the flames. And so, with the death of all, ends the very common tragedy of a "smelling out."

Sun, Silence and Adobe....C. F. Lummis....Land of Poco Tiempo (Scribner's)

Sun, silence and adobe—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the great American mystery—the national Rip Van Winkle—the United States which is *not* United States. Here is the land of "poco tiempo"—the home of "Pretty Soon." Why hurry with the hurrying world? The "Pretty Soon" of New Spain is better than the "Now! Now!" of the haggard States. The opiate sun soothes to rest, the adobe is made to lean against, the hush of day-long noon would not be broken. Let us not hasten—mañana will do. Better still, *pasado mañana*. New Mexico is the anomaly of the republic. It is a century older in European civilization than the rest, and several centuries older still in a happier semi-civilization of its own. It had its little walled cities of stone before Columbus had grandparents-to-be; and it has them yet. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran it with the zeal of a prairie fire three hundred and fifty years ago; and the embers of that unparalleled blaze of exploration are not quite dead to-day. The most superhuman marches, the most awful privations, the most devoted heroism, the most unsleeping vigilance, wrested this bare, brown land to the world; and having wrested it, went to sleep. The winning was the wakefullest in history—the after-nap eternal. It never has wakened—one does not know that it ever can. Nature herself does little but sleep here. A few semi-

bustling American towns wart the territorial map. It is pock-marked with cattle ranches and mines, where experience has wielded his costly birch over millionaire pupils from the east and from abroad. But the virus never reached the blood—the pits are only skin deep. The Saxon excrescences are already asleep too. The cowboy is a broken idol. He no longer "shoots up the town," nor riddles heels reluctant for the dance. His day is done; and so is that of the argonaut. They both are with us, but their lids are heavy. And around them is New Spain again, dreamy as ever after their rude but short-lived nudging. The sheep—which feed New Mexico—doze again on the mesas, no longer routed by their long-horned foes; and where sheep are, is rest. The brown or gray adobe hamlets of the descendants of those fiery souls who wreaked here a commonwealth before the Saxon fairly knew there was a new world; the strange terraced towns of the aboriginal pioneers who out-Spaniarded the Spaniards by unknown centuries; the scant leaven of incongruous American brick—all are under the spell. And the abrupt mountains, the echoing, rock-walled cañons, the sunburnt mesas, the streams bankrupt by their own shy-lock sands, the gaunt, brown, treeless plains, the ardent sky, all harmonize with unearthly unanimity.

"Picturesque" is a tame word for it. It is a picture, a romance, a dream, all in one. It is our one corner that is the sun's very own. Here he has had his way, and no discrepancy mars his work. It is a land of quaint, swart faces, of Oriental dress and unspelled speech; a land where distance is lost, and the eye is a liar; a land of ineffable lights and sudden shadows; of polytheism and superstition, where the rattlesnake is a demigod, and the cigarette a means of grace, and where Christians mangle and crucify themselves—the heart of Africa beating against the ribs of the Rockies. There are three typical races in New Mexico now—for it would be wrong to include the ten per cent. "American" interpolation as a type. With them I have here nothing to do. They are potential, but not picturesque. Besides them and around them are the real autochthones, a quaint ethnologic trio. First, the 9,000 Pueblo Indians—peaceful, fixed, house-dwelling and home-loving tillers of the soil; good Catholics, in the churches they have builded with a patience infinite as that of the pyramids; good pagans everywhere else. Then the 10,000 Navajo Indians—those other 10,000 are in Arizona—sullen, nomad, horse-loving, horse-stealing, horse-living vagrants of the saddle; pagans first, last and all the time, and inventors of the mother-in-law joke gray centuries before the civilized world awoke to it. Last of all, the Mexicans; in-bred and isolation-shrunken descendants of the Castilian world-finders; living almost as much against the house as in it; ignorant as slaves, and more courteous than kings; poor as Lazarus, and more hospitable than Cæsus; Catholics from A to Izzard, except when they take occasion to be Penitentes—and even then fighting to bring their matted scourges and bloody crosses into the church which bars its door to them. The Navajos have neither houses nor towns; the Pueblos have nineteen compact little "cities," and the Mexicans several hundred villages, a part of which are shared by the invader. The few towns of undiluted gringo hardly count in summing up the Territory of 300 by 400 miles.

If New Mexico lacks the concentration of natural picturesqueness to be found elsewhere, it makes up in

universality. There are almost no waterfalls, and not a river worthy of the name. Cañons are rare, and inferior to those of Colorado and the farther Southwest. The mountains are largely skyward miles of savage rock, and forests are far between. But every landscape is characteristic, and even beautiful—with a weird, unearthly beauty, treacherous as the flowers of the cacti. Most of New Mexico, most of the year, is an indescribable harmony in browns and grays, over which the enchanted light of its blue skies casts an eternal spell. Its very rocks are unique—only Arizona shares those astounding freaks of form and color carved by the scant rains and more liberal winds on immemorial centuries, and towering across the bare land like the milestones of forgotten giants. The line of huge buttes of blood-red sandstone, which stretches from Mt. San Mateo to the Little Colorado, including the "Navajo Church" and a thousand minor wonders, is typically New Mexican. The Navajo Reservation—which lies part in this Territory and part in Arizona—is remarkably picturesque throughout, with its broad plains hemmed by giant mesas, split with wild cañons. So are the regions about Jamez, Cochiti, Taos, Santa Fé, Acoma, and a few others. The most unique pictures in New Mexico are to be found among its unique Pueblos. Their quaint terraced architecture is the most remarkable on the continent; and there is none more picturesque in the world. It remains intact only in the remoter Pueblos—those along the Rio Grande have been largely Mexicanized into one-storied tameness. Laguna, on the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, has some three-story terraced houses still. Acoma, on its dizzy island-cliff, twenty miles southwest, is all three-storied; and Taos, in its lovely, lonely valley far to the north, is two great pyramid-tenebries of six stories.

Iceland's Scenic Beauties.....The Manchester (Eng.) Guardian

No one has done justice to the scenery of Iceland, to the varied contour of its fantastic crags, to its vast outlooks over green level pastures and lovely lakes, to the extraordinary clearness of the air, to the exquisite colors of the mountains, to the distant prospect of Hecla and the other snow-clad volcanoes beyond it, to the weird rifts in the volcanic rock. It is what you see while you are riding that makes the journey so thoroughly worth while. But no part of the country through which you pass is so impressive as Thingvalla itself. One of the great places in history, it is also one of the most tremendous. No wonder that when Grim was sent to search through Iceland for a meeting-place for the Thing he chose this deep valley, more than a league across, which has been formed by the sinking of a great stream of dark lava. As it sank the rocks split into long rifts, the deepest of which form great gorges on the east and west of the valley. Down the great rift on the west, and by a natural bridge of rock across the Raven's Rift, on the west of the valley, the heroes of the Sage rode to the Thing, and the track which they followed is still unchanged for us to follow it to-day. Unchanged, too, is the meadow by the river, where you still can see the foundations of the booths in which the people lived during the business and pleasure of the Thing. There they show you the stones which were part of the Njal's booth, in which Gunnar stayed. Unchanged is the rift where the heathen men set up their booths apart from the Christian men on the eve of the memorable day, June 24, 1000, when Thorgeir, the priest, who, albeit a

heathen, was bidden to arbitrate between the old religion and the new, rose from his day-long silence and pronounced it the beginning of Icelandic laws that all men should be Christians in the land. As you stand by the fjord below the little church, the lake stretches away to your left; to your right rise the peaks of the mountains from which the lava stream has flowed, and sheer in front of you stands the black cliff which walls in the valley, broken by a white line of waterfall where the river flings itself over the crags into the rift below. It is an awful place, pathetic in its desolation, and yet, like the Saga itself, almost unchanged by the lapse of time. And hither, so long as great deeds are held in honor, men from all quarters of the world will make pilgrimage.

Peasant Life in Denmark Daniel K. Dodge Outlook

While the spread of modern enlightenment is rapidly obliterating the lines between town and country types in this as in all other European countries, there is still in Denmark a peasantry who have retained not only the speech and manners, but also, to a great extent, the dress of their forefathers. From an aesthetic standpoint it is indeed a crime to discard the bright head-dress and gayly colored skirts and bodices for the commonplace blacks and browns and grays of city folk. Specially charming are these national costumes in the capital, whither the old fisherwomen from Skovshoved, and the flower-girls from Amager come with their wares and fill the old square of High Bridge Place with a life not its own. Unlike the Copenhagener, who combines the esprit of the Parisian with the solidity of the Scandinavian, the Danish peasant is strictly national, Germanic in person and in character. His brain and his legs move with equal heaviness. He works hard all day, following his plow with the dull trudge of habit, and when his day's work is done he generally sits quietly in a "high seat," with his big porcelain pipe tightly pressed between his lips, speaking in monosyllables to his wife and children. If a neighbor drops in he may engage with him in a more or less heated dispute over politics or religion, but the appearance of a stranger sends him into his shell like a timid snail. His personal habits are not generally of the most refined. He does not hesitate to spit on the floor, and his manner of clearing his throat, especially during church service, is most trying to city people.

To those unaccustomed to peasant habits the extreme noiselessness of their walk in the house is a continual source of surprise. This is due to the universal use of the clumsy sabots, which are always kicked off at the entrance to the living-room. But out in the cobbled central court the wearers more than make up for their quiet movements within doors, the clatter of the hob-nailed wooden soles sounding like the passage of a squad of cavalry. There is something extremely patriarchal in the arrangement of a typical Danish peasant farm or "Boudegaard." All the buildings are grouped about a court, the dwelling-house forming one side, the barn, stable, pig-sty, etc., flanking and facing it in a highly picturesque but equally unhygienic proximity. Nearest the pig-sty or the stable is the pump, from which men and cattle alike obtain their drinking water. Even on the great estates these primitive arrangements are still, to a great extent, continued. A century ago the whole family always occupied one common sleeping-room, as they still do on the poorer farms. The furniture of the living-room is generally of the simplest, but the wealthier peasants have already begun to ape town

fashions in this respect also. What first strikes one is the extreme symmetry of it all. Wherever it is possible, the pieces of furniture are in pairs, placed in exactly corresponding positions. I have even heard of a worthy old peasant who wished to buy two pianos, not because his daughters played quartettes, but simply in order to have them match. The chaos of a modern drawing-room would fill these lovers of order with holy horror. Frequently the sides of the room are lined with wooden benches extending from one end of the fireplace to the other. They bring to mind the benches the sages tell of in the halls of the ancient vikings, the high seat of the "husband," referred to before, exactly corresponding in use and spirit to the chief seat of those seafarers of old. Such an old-time flavor about everything makes it easy to believe one is not in this nineteenth century but in a land where "time has stood still."

The locked beds, too, are still largely in use—great boxes, often painted in green and red, the favorite peasant colors, and quite filled apparently with richly stuffed feather-beds, between which the occupants squeeze themselves, summer and winter, with an indifference to ventilation that is extremely characteristic. Among the poorer peasants the bedclothes are washed only once or twice a year, and while this is being done everybody must sleep entirely without covering. Frequently, instead of the under feather-bed, straw is used, which is renewed at the same time with the "great wash." Visitors to such peasant homes tell of the mice which share with them the musty straw, and scamper up and down the bed with distracting squeals. Another tradition that has been retained from the olden time is the commercial character of the peasant marriages. A suitor's eligibility is measured by the extent of his farm and the number and quality of his cattle. The negotiations are generally conducted by the parents, and the children are expected to abide by their decision. I have even heard of a father who set guards around the house on his daughter's wedding-night, to prevent her from escaping. The girls take as much pride in their stores of linen and other household goods as their lovers in their cows and pigs; and a bride who comes empty-handed to her husband's home is made to feel very keenly the disgrace of her poverty. There are, of course, peasant romances outside of Bjornson's early tales, but these are not encouraged.

The daily food of the Danish peasant, while coarse, is nourishing and plentiful. The commonest articles are porridge of various sorts, salt meat, cheese and black bread, and beer and aqua vitae are drunk by the men. At great feasts, such as christenings, confirmations, weddings and funerals, the quantity of food and drink consumed is enormous. A writer on the Jutish peasantry tells of a wedding feast at which a hundred persons assisted in the kitchen and at the table. The preparations began over a week beforehand, and the festivities lasted several days. On such an occasion it is considered a great disgrace for the waiting-girls, daughters and friends of the family, to allow a plate to remain unfilled, and the guests are as eager to bring about such a catastrophe as the girls are to prevent it. At the first rap of the spoon or the fork on the plate, half a dozen rustic Hebes rush to repair the fault. At funeral feasts there is a soberer enjoyment of the good things provided, but the appetite is none the less keen. As a whole, the Danish peasants probably live better than the corresponding class in any other country in Europe.

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR DECEMBER, 1893

Art and Decoration

Bent Iron Work: L. Marshall Art Interchange.
Chats with Famous Painters: Wallace Wood . . . Century.
China Modelling and Painting Art Amateur.
Early Art in America: John Richardson Californian.
Flower Painting in Oil Art Amateur.
Jean Charles Cazin Art Interchange.
Magazine Illustrating: Lewis Fraser Art Amateur.
Mary E. Tillinghast: Gilson Willets Art Interchange.
Ornamental Iron Work at Elmhurst: G. Willets Art Inter.
Old Dutch Masters: M. G. Van Rensselaer Century.
Pen and Ink Illustrations Art Interchange.
Search for Delia Robbia Monuments: A. Marquand Scrib.
Taste in House Decorations: I. C. Cabell Art Inter.
The Holy Family in Art: Roger Riordan Art Amateur.

Biographic and Reminiscent

Archdeacon Farrar: Arthur Warren . . . McClure's Mag.
Berlioz's Biographic Notes: Ernest Reyer Century.
Dr. Augustus Jessopp: Raymond Blithwaite Quiver.
Francis Parkman and his Work: J. H. Ward . . . Forum.
Gerald Massey: B. O. Flower Arena.
Governor McKinley: E. Jay Edwards . . . McClure's Mag.
Memories and Letters of Edwin Booth Century.
Men of the Day: M. Crofton Lippincott's Magazine.
Sketch of Sir Daniel Wilson: Horatio Hale Pop. Sci. Mo.
Some New Light on Napoleon Atlantic Monthly.
Tennyson's Friendships: Edwin C. Martin . . . McClure's Mag.
Thoreau and his Friend Thomas Cholmondeley Atlantic.

Educational Discussion

Child-Study: Basis of Exact Education: G. S. Hall . . . Forum.
Manliness in Boys: Henry Drummond . . . McClure's Mag.
Stable non-Political Control of Public Schools Forum.

Literary Criticism

A Newspaper Sensation: L. N. Megargee Lippincott's.
Aims of Higher Criticism: Wm. Sanday Arena.
Chaucer's Pardon: G. L. Kittredge Atlantic Monthly.
Essays of Jean Ray: L. A. Hallopeau Pop. Sci. Mo.
Literary Popularity: Edgar Fawcett Lippincott's Mag.
Mere Literature: Woodrow Wilson Atlantic Monthly.
Most Popular Novels in America: H. W. Mabie Forum.
Realism in Literature: C. S. Darrow Arena.
South in American Literature: J. R. Meader Southern.
The Five Indispensable Authors: J. R. Lowell Century.
The Mystery of Style: W. B. Harte Worthington's.

Miscellaneous Papers

A Nation of Discoverers: H. C. Taylor Cosmopolitan.
How to Cultivate the Body: W. Tournier Lippincott's.
Life-Saving Service of U. S. . . . Worthington's Mag.
National Guard of Pennsylvania Outing.
Nerves and Nervousness: Pierre S. Starr Worthington's.
Personal Requisites of Stage: Rose Coghlan Godey's.
The Bank of Venice: John Davis Arena.
Two Gentlemen of Verona: E. A. Abbey Harper's Mag.
Wonders of Hindoo Magic: Henrich Heinsoldt Arena.

Natural History Sketches

Among Man Eaters: J. H. Campbell Californian.
An Artist Among Animals: F. S. Church Scrib. Mag.
Birds at Yule-Tide: Frank Bolles Atlantic Monthly.
Butterflies That Come to Town: M. E. Barnford Overland.
California Forest Trees: B. F. Herrick Californian.
Gardens of Christmastide: E. M. Sexton Overland.
The Australian Rabbit-Plague: J. N. Ingram Lippincott's.
The Bookworm: Victor Speer Frank Leslie's Pop. Mo.
The Dove's Doings: Olive Thorne Miller Godey's Mag.
The Story of Bob: David Starr Jordan Pop. Sci. Mo.

Political Science

Are Our Patent Laws Iniquitous: W. E. Symonds N. A. R.
Are Presidential Appointments For Sale Forum.
Dealing With a Legislative Minority: J. B. McMaster For.
Democracy in America: F. N. Thorpe Atlantic Mo.
Effort Towards an Automatic Non-Political Tariff Forum.
Mission of Populist Party: W. A. Peffer No. Am. Rev.
Necessity for Immediate Tariff Reduction: A. A. Healy Fo.
Need of Better Exchange: T. G. Shearman Forum.

Parliamentary Manners: Justin McCarthy No. Am. Rev.
Political Causes of Business Depression No. Am. Rev.
Southern View of Financial Situation: G. C. Kelley Arena.
State Interference in Social Affairs: J. S. Nicholson P. S. M.
The Bimetallic Standard: G. C. Douglas Arena.
The Hawaiian Situation: A Symposium No. Am. Rev.
The House of Commons: T. P. O'Connor Harper's Mag.

Scientific and Industrial

Battle-Ship of the Future: W. T. Sampson No. Am. Rev.
Ethics and Struggle for Existence: L. Stephen Pop. S. Mo.
How Old is the Earth? Warren Upham Pop. Sci. Mo.
Hypnotism in Modern Medicine: J. R. Cocke Arena.
Ideal Transit Atlantic Monthly.
Modern War Vessels of U. S. Navy Pop. Sci. Mo.
Railroad Accidents: H. G. Prout No. Am. Rev.
The Ascent of Life: Stinson Jarvis The Arena.
The Beginning of Man: Daniel G. Brinton Forum.
Fruit Industry in California: Charles H. Shinn Pop. S. Mon.
The Whistling Buoy: Lester Bell Overland Monthly.
What Dreams are Made Of: L. Robinson No. Am. Rev.

Sociologic and Historic

A New World Fable, Illus.: H. H. Boyesen Cosmopolitan.
A White Umbrella at the Fair: F. H. Smith Cosmopolitan.
Amateur Photography at the Fair: H. H. Markley Cos.
Can Love Survive Pinching Poverty? Worthington's.
Criminal Woman: Helen Zimmern Pop. Sci. Mo.
Customs of Christmastide: Mary Titcomb F. L. Pop. Mo.
Evolution and Ethics: Thos. H. Huxley Pop. Sci. Mo.
Evolutionary Ethics Popular Science Monthly.
Exclusiveness and Inclusiveness: Lillian Whiting Worth.
Fair's Results to Chicago: Franklin H. Head Forum.
Farewell to the White City: Paul Bourget Cosmopolitan.
Goldwin Smith's "Views" of our History Forum.
Israel Among the Nations: W. E. H. Lecky Forum.
Last Impressions: Arthur S. Hardy Cosmopolitan.
Lessons of the Fair: John J. Ingalls Cosmopolitan.
Of the Eternal Feminine: Lafcadio Hearn Atlantic Mo.
Permanent Results of the Fair: A. F. Palmer Forum.
Rent: Its Essence and Place: Thos. L. Brown Arena.
Servant Girl of the Future: K. G. Wells No. Am. Rev.
The Modern Conscience: Charlotte P. Stetson Worth.
The Finances of the Exposition: L. J. Gage Cosmopolitan.
The Calumet in the Champlain Valley Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Working Men of the Bible Quiver.
The Creation: Penobscot Indian Myth Pop. Sci. Mo.
Uses of Rich Men: Frederic Harrison Forum.

Sport and Recreation

Canoeing on the Cuyamel: E. W. Perry Outing.
Caribou on Lake Superior Outing.
Fencers and Fencing Frank Leslie's Pop. Mo.
Foot Racing: John Corbin Outing.
Lenz's Tour Awheel Outing.
Shooting in Polar Regions Outing.
Shooting Mallard on Goose Lake Outing.
Still-Hunting Grouse Outing.

Travel and Adventure

Adrift in a Desert: R. B. L. Robinson Californian.
An Outpost of Civilization: F. Remington Harper's Mag.
By the Waters of Chesapeake: John W. Palmer Century.
Constantinople: F. Marion Crawford Scribner's Mag.
Flying Trip to Florida: Margaret Lemon Godey's.
Frankfort, on the Kentucky Southern Magazine.
In Fairest Florida Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.
In the Fayum: Octavius G. Brooke Californian.
In the Flat-Woods: Bradford Torrey Atlantic Monthly.
In the Stronghold of the Piutes: J. Adams Overland.
Jamaica, Princess of Antilles Outing.
Jerusalem: Charles A. Dana McClure's Magazine.
Land of the Liberator: Maurice M. O'Leary Peterson's Mag.
One Quarter of San Francisco: J. H. Marr Southern Mag.
The Balearic Isles: Charles Edwards F. L. Pop. Mo.
The Old Dominion: Thomas N. Page Harper's Mag.
To Jerusalem by Rail: G. C. Hurlbut F. L. Pop. Mo.
Under the Southern Cross: R. B. Graham Peterson's.
Western Landscapes: Hamlin Garland Atlantic Mo.
With Pueblos of Nambe: J. H. Whitson Worthington's.

BRIEF COMMENT: DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Mrs. Stannard's *Bootles' Baby* was rejected by six editors before it found a friend.—Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the writer on birds, did not know one bird from another until she was past middle age.—In *Jest and Earnest*, a Book of Gossip, by Joseph Hatton, has been brought out. It is similar to his entertaining Cigarette Papers.—A new edition of Kipling's *Ballads and Barrack-room Ballads* has been brought out by the Macmillans, with several additional poems. Mr. Kipling has written a series of stories of India now running in *St. Nicholas*.—A study of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, made by Walter Jerrold, is nearly ready in London.—Mr. Whistler has been making a series of lithographic drawings in color, which he will publish in parts under the characteristic title *Songs on Stone*.—The last of the five sons of Felicia Hemans died recently.—John Strange Winter's first long serious story is his new novel, *The Soul of the Bishop*, published by Tait & Sons. It is a story with a moral, to show how a really honest mind may suffer mental and moral shipwreck over the rocks of orthodox dogmas.

The first edition of Frank L. Stanton's book of wonderfully sweet and sympathetic verses, *Songs of a Day*, has been exhausted, and the second edition will soon be ready.—The London *Athenaeum* says: “Powerful, Edna Lyall never is, and her passion is of a very subdued kind; but she has considerable insight into character, and also a sharp eye for the lights and shades of manners.”—Walter Kennedy, of the Memphis *Scimitar*, has written a Russian novel which is said to be the finest effort of that kind written outside of Russia. In *The Dwellings of Silence* is the title of the novel.—Concerning his next romance, *Lourdes*, Zola said recently: “There are my notes, you see. I have 1,670 pages of them. That shows you my plan is detailed and laid out. My book is finished. I have only to write it. But that would not be easy, forsooth, and it would be long. I confess that my most difficult work will be to make it as short as possible. But my subject crushes me.”—Julia Magruder's new novel is called *A Beautiful Alien*.—Marion Crawford has been closely studying the life of the people of Constantinople preparatory to a series of two articles on Life in the Turkish Capital.—Edward Harrigan has written twenty-two plays.—*Drolls from Shadowland* is the title of a book of fourteen twilight tales by J. H. Pearce, published by the Macmillans.—Edmund Gosse is editing for publication the letters of the author of that grim tragedy, *Death's Jest Book*, Thomas Lovell Beddoe, whose romantic and adventurous life is even more remarkable than his poems.—George W. Cable has given to his handsome residence at Northampton the name “Stayawhile,” in commemoration of the circumstances which made him leave his Southern home:

E. F. Benson, author of *Dodo*, the latest London success, now issued by the Appletons, is the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his opportunities for a thorough knowledge of society have been exceptionally good.—A new book by Mr. Arthur Lillie, entitled *Modern Mysteries and Modern Magic*, will be devoted to a criticism of Madame Blavatsky and her followers. The

author is an Anglo-Indian, has devoted much time to the study of Buddhism, and has published several books on the subject.—William Henry Bishop, the novelist, has accepted a professorship of Spanish and French at Yale.—A Book of Strange Sins is the title of the long-expected work with which Coulson Kernahan has followed up the success he achieved three years ago with his *Dead Man's Diary*. It consists of “story-studies” dealing with different forms of crime or sin.—“The writer who is wise,” says Ambrose Bierce, “will let pathos alone until he has mastered everything else; it is the most difficult instrument that is played.”

The ten greatest American books, according to the readers of the *Critic*, who have voted on them, are Emerson's essays, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Longfellow's poems, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Dr. Holmes' *Autocrat*, Irving's *Sketch Book*, Lowell's poems, Whittier's poems, Wallace's *Ben Hur*, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Eight of these are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—Emile Zola has taken to riding a bicycle as a possible cure for a nervous disorder which he has been unable to shake off.—Henry Mills Alden has been editor of *Harper's Magazine* for twenty-four years. He is a descendant of John Alden, of Mayflower fame.—Seven of the most popular English authors of the day have united in writing *Seven Christmas Eves*, each contributing one chapter, the whole comprising the romance of a social evolution of two characters. The book is published by the Lippincotts.—Henry George's books have been translated into Spanish, French and German.—Mr. Swinburne has had printed—for private circulation only—a dozen copies of one of his finest poems, *Grace Darling*.—George Meredith, the president of the Society of Authors, finds that he cannot work in London, and so has spent the best part of his life in beautiful Surrey, where he is surrounded by a choice group of old and new friends, whose greatest delight is to spend an hour occasionally with the veteran novelist.

The *Eskimo Bulletin* is the only journal now published within the Arctic circle. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, and is issued only once a year.—Mr. Ober's book, *In the Wake of Columbus*, proved such a successful venture in the publishing line of fine library books, that the advance sales have been very heavy. The publishers are bringing out an elegant edition, limited to 250 copies, signed by the author and numbered.—Frank R. Stockton's country home at Convent, N. J., is called “The Halt.”—The Bohn Standard Library now consists of 747 volumes, and valuable additions are made each year. The annual sale amounts to 90,000 volumes.—Guy de Maupassant's works are said to be more popular in Russia than anywhere else.—Elizabeth Cavazza, author of an amusing burlesque on Swinburne's poetry, and delightful translations and original short stories, has just begun a three-part serial in the *Atlantic*, entitled, *The Man from Aidone*.—Mrs. Frances Crosby, authoress of *Safe in the Arms of Jesus*, and 3,000 other hymns, is sixty-four years old. She lives in New York, and has been blind since she was six weeks old.—It is announced that

John Ruskin is enlarging his articles on Verona into a new work to be entitled *Stones of Verona*.—Gov. McKinley's speeches have been issued by Appleton & Co. The selection includes sixty-five speeches, thirty of which were delivered in Congress.—Mr. Howells confesses that the first authors of his heart were Goldsmith, Cervantes and Washington Irving.

The book list of the great publishing house of Tauchnitz, at Berlin, contains about 3,000 in the English language, of which, since 1891, thirty-seven are by American authors.—The eight vellum copies of William Morris' forthcoming edition of Chaucer have already been sold at over \$600 each, and nearly half of the 300 copies on hand-made paper have been subscribed for.—The long-promised Life of Dean Stanley, which has been in preparation for over twelve years, is now completed, and is to be issued early in the new year.—The latest volume in Imbert de Saint-Amand's charming series, *Famous Women of the French Court*, is *The Court of Louis XV.*, admirably translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.—Tolstoi's age is now close upon sixty-five. He married some thirty years ago. His courtship, so he has told his friends, was transcribed, word for word, into the pages of *Anna Karènina*. Even the proposal of Levine to Kitty there was a reproduction of his own. With age has come repentance, and he now considers the book, which most critics recognize as a masterpiece, the one artistic mistake of his life.—J. M. Barrie's *The Little Minister* is in its thirty-fourth thousand in England.

According to Edward Eggleston it was the cookery of the middle ages that led to the discovery of America. "The rage at that time for spices for flavoring purposes," said the doctor in a lecture in Baltimore the other day, "sent the Portuguese south to their discoveries in Africa and sent Columbus in quest of India."—Queen Margaret of Italy is about to publish a series of popular stories in one of the Roman reviews, to be put in book form later.—Edward Bellamy has written the story of *How I came to Write Looking Backward*, for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.—Howard Pyle has had *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* under his brush and pencil for the past six months, with the result that an illustrated holiday edition, with sixty pictures, has just been issued of the famous book by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—The memoirs of Charles G. Leland, author of the Hans Breitmann ballads, is a delightful volume of reminiscence.—James Fenimore Cooper's daughter lives at the old homestead at Cooperstown, N. Y. She writes for publication a little, but sedulously avoids publicity and lives a very quiet life.—Sir Edwin Arnold says that there are 30,000 "poetesses" in Great Britain.

W. R. LeFanu, whose new book *Seventy Years of Irish Life* is so full of anecdotal plums, is a brother of Sheridan LeFanu, the novelist. He himself, though not an author till he turned seventy-seven, has for many years been famous as a 'diner-out' of exceptional brilliance, and a reciter. His father was Dean of Emyl, in the West of Ireland.—The house in Blandford Square, London, in which George Eliot wrote *Romola*, is to be demolished to give space for the erection of a railway station.—Esmé Stuart, author of *Through the Flood*, *Mimi* and other popular stories, has written for Tait & Co., *Out of Reach*, a story illus-

trated by Robert Barnes.—Miss Katharine Tynan's Irish tales will be called *A Cluster of Nuts*.—The author, who, under the name of Ada Cambridge, has published several clever novels—*A Little Minx* being one of them—is the wife of an Australian clergyman, and her true name is Mrs. Cross.—The famous Russian writer, N. D. Achschauroff, author of numerous works, including *The Masquerade*, which appeared in 1845, causing a great sensation, died a few days ago on the estate of Senator D. A. Ravinski, near Moscow.

Nym Crinkle says: "It is a question whether Henry James paints pictures of current literature or only varnishes them. That he has an admirable acumen is undoubted, but that he cares to exercise it in arriving anywhere is not so obvious."—Miss Jane Barlow, author of *Irish Idylls*, has written a fairy tale in verse; it will be brought out in England profusely illustrated as a Christmas book.—Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of *Prisoners of Poverty*, is taking a post-graduate course in social economics at the University of Michigan.—Amy Walton has written *Black, White and Gray*, a delightful child's story published by Tait, Sons & Co. —Richard Henry Stoddard says of Bliss Carman, the poet: "Mr. Carman is a genuine balladist. His vocabulary is good, occasionally felicitous; his combinations of meter are uncommon, and often effective; he is suggestively picturesque, subtle, shadowy, emotional, but not—not yet—simple, sensuous, passionate. He must learn a little, and unlearn much, before he will do himself justice as a poet. He will be watched; let him watch himself, closely, severely, sternly."—George du Maurier's new novel, to be issued early next year, will have for its title *Trilby*, the name of the heroine.—Edward Everett Hale regards *In His Name* as the best piece of literary work he ever did, better even than *The Man Without a Country*, which had so large a circulation.—Next to the Bible, Moody and Sankey's *Hymns* have had a larger circulation than any other work in the past twenty-five years.—Joaquin Miller has been writing what is described as "a poetical romance," and it is to be called *The Building of the City Beautiful*.—Miss Christina Rosetti is going to reprint the verses from her religious works in a volume, to be issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

The German Emperor's favorite English novelist is Rider Haggard.—The most delightful, breezy volume of travel and gossip issued for many a day is *A Wild Sheep Chase*, written by Emile Bergerat and published by the Macmillans. The sub-title is *Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica*.—The Edinburgh Review names twenty-three candidates for the poet laureateship of England, among whom are Austin Dobson, Rudyard Kipling and Jean Ingelow.—The New York World says: "The hero of R. Haggard's latest novel escapes fourteen horrible deaths in the first ten chapters. In one instance he foils a hungry shark while floating on a torrid sea in a small barrel. Emphatically, Haggard's imagination is doing business at the same old stand."—Canon Farrar's recently issued book on the Lord's Prayer is having a sale that attests the continued popularity of the religious writings of this celebrated divine of Westminster.—The Cyclopedic Review of Current History gives in the quarterly issues a condensed summary of the vital events of the three months in the history of the world, admirably arranged and indexed.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

Art and Architecture

Pictures from Nature and Life: Poems by Kate Raworth Holmes: A. C. McClurg & Co., illustrated.....	\$2 50
French Illustrators: Louis Morin: Scribner's Sons, in portfolio, five parts: more than 100 illust.....	15 00
The Christ-Child in Art: A Study of Interpretation: Henry Van Dyke: Harper & Bros., illust., cloth.....	4 00
The Elements of Drawing: Three Letters to Beginners: John Ruskin: Maynard, Merrill & Co., illust.....	1 50
Some Artists at the Fair: By well-known artists: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25

Biographic and Reminiscent

Essays, Speeches and Memoirs of Field-Marshal von Moltke: Harper & Bros., 2 vols., cloth.....	5 00
General Thomas: Henry Coppee: D. Appleton & Co.: Great Commanders Series: 8vo, cloth.....	1 50
John B. Gough: Carlos Martyn: American Reformers' Series: Funk & Wagnalls, 12mo, cloth.....	1 50
Letters of James Russell Lowell: Edited by Charles Eliot Norton: Harper & Bros., 2 vols., cloth.....	8 00
Life and Art of Edwin Booth: William Winter: Macmillan, cloth.....	2 25
Life of Shakespeare: Copied from the best sources: Daniel W. Wilder: Little, Brown & Co., 16mo, cloth.	1 00
Memoirs of Madame Junot: With Portraits: Scribner's, 4 vols., crown 8vo.....	10 00
Men of Business: William O. Stoddard: Men of Achievement Series: Chas. Scribner's Sons.....	2 00
Noah Porter: A Memorial by Friends: Edited by George S. Merriam: With portraits: Scribner's Sons.....	2 00
Robert E. Lee: John Esten Cooke: G. W. Dillingham & Co., paper.....	50
Statesmen: Noah Brooks: Men of Achievement Series: Scribner, cloth.....	2 00
The Brontes in Ireland: Dr. Wm. Wright: Appleton & Co.: Portraits and Illustrations, 12mo, cloth.....	1 50
Two German Giants: Frederick the Great and Bismarck: Dr. John Lord: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.....	1 00

Dramatic and Musical

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Evening Dress: A Farce: Wm. Dean Howells: Harper & Bros., Illustrated.....	6 50
Mercedes: Thomas Bailey Aldrich: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 16mo, cloth.....	1 00
Pamela's Prodigy: Clyde Fitch: Geo. M. Allen Co., cloth, illust. in colors.....	2 00
The Rivals: Richard Brinsley Sheridan: Illustrated by Frank M. Gregory: Dodd, Mead & Co.....	3 50

Educational Discussion

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History of the Philosophy of Pedagogics: Charles Wesley Bennett, LL.D.: C. W. Bardeen.....	50
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Within College Walls: Charles Franklin Thwing: The Baker & Taylor Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 00

Essays and Miscellaneous

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At Long and Short Range: Wm. Armstrong Collins: J. B. Lippincott Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
Five Hundred and Eighty-nine Wise Sayings: W. A. Clouston: Revell & Co., 16mo, cloth.....	75
Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces: Translated by Samuel Palmer Griffin: Appleton & Co., 18mo, clo.	50
Natural History of Intellect: Ralph Waldo Emerson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 8vo.....	2 00
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Sartor Resartus: Thomas Carlyle: A. C. McClurg & Co., finely printed and bound, cloth.....	1 00
The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century: W. M. Thackeray: McClurg & Co., 16mo, cloth....	1 00

Fiction of the Month

A Long Look Ahead: A. S. Roe: G. W. Dillingham & Co., new edition, paper.....	50
A Woman of Forty: Esme Stuart: Appleton's Town & Country Library: Appleton, paper, 50c.; cloth.....	1 00
An Unknown Heroine: L. E. Chittenden: Richmond, Croscup & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
Clear the Track: E. Werner: International News Co., paper.....	50
Diana Tempest: Mary Cholmondeley: Appleton's Town and Country Library, 16mo.....	50
Dodo: A Detail of the Day: E. T. Benson: D. Appleton & Co., paper.....	50
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Evening Tales: Translated from the French of Frederic Ortoli: Joel Chandler Harris: Scribner's, 12mo.	1 00
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Literary Criticism

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A Chapter on Cholera: Walter Vought: F. A. Davis Co., cloth.....	75
Diseases of Childhood: Dr. H. Bryan Donkin: Wood & Co., 8vo, cloth.....	4 00
Minor Surgery and Bandaging: H. R. Wharton: Lea Bros. & Co., 2d edition revised, cloth.....	3 00
Theory and Practice of Medicine: James T. Whittaker: Wood, 8vo, cloth.....	5 75

Poetry of the Month

Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads: Rudyard Kipling: Macmillan, new edition, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
Humors of the Court and other Poems: Robert Bridges: Macmillan, 16mo, cloth.....	1 25
In Various Moods: M. A. B. Evans: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Lovers' Year Book of Poetry: Horace Parker: Chandler Roberts, 2 vols., cloth, each.....	1 25
Low Tide on Grand Pré: Bliss Carman: Charles L. Webster & Co., cloth.....	1 00
Old World Lyrics; A Book of Translations: Thomas B. Mosher: Bibelot Series, cloth.....	1 00
On the Road Home: Poems: Margaret E. Sangster: Harper & Bros., illustrated, 16mo.....	1 25
Periwinkle: Julia C. R. Dorr: Lee & Shepard: Illustrated by Zulma D. Steele, 8vo, cloth.....	3 00
Poems of Nature: Selections from William Cullen Bryant: Appleton: Profusely illustrated, 8vo, cloth.....	4 00
Songs of Adieu: Recent English Lyrics: Thomas B. Mosher: Bibelot Series, 8vo, cloth.....	1 00
Such as They Are: Thos. Wentworth and Mary Thatcher Higginson: Roberts Bros.....	1 00
The Children's Year Book: Chosen and Arranged by Edith Emerson Forbes: Roberts Bros.....	1 50
The House of Life: Dante G. Rossetti: Putnam's Literary Gem Series, cloth.....	75
The Old Garden, and Other Verses: Margaret Deland: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., illust. in colors, cloth.....	4 00
World's Best Hymns: With Intro. by J. W. Churchill: K. Harlow: Little, Brown & Co., illust., 16mo, clo.	1 50

Religious and Philosophical

Aspects of Theism: William Knight: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	2 25
Christianity as a Factor in Civilization: S. Weir: Cranston & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	50
Discourses: A Selection of Sermons: Edward H. Hall: George H. Ellis, 8vo, cloth.....	1 50
Genetic Philosophy: David Jayne Hill: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth, extra.....	1 75
History of Philosophy: Dr. W. Windelband: Authorized translation by James H. Tufts: Macmillan & Co.	5 00
Jesus and Modern Life: Menot J. Savage: Introduction by Crawford H. Toy: G. H. Ellis, 12mo, cloth..	1 00
Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy: Wm. G. T. Shedd: Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth.....	2 00
Our Best Moods, Soliloquies and other Discourses: David Gregg: E. B. Treat, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
Primer of Philosophy: Dr. Paul Carus: The Open Court Publishing Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Prophecies of Daniel Expounded: Milton S. Terry: Hunt & Eaton.....	75
The Higher Criticism: An Outline of Modern Biblical Study: Rev. C. W. Rishell: Hunt & Eaton, 16mo.	75
The Larger Life: Henry Austin Adams: Tait & Sons, cloth, with portrait.....	1 00
The Monism of Man: Unity of the Divine and the Human: David Allyn Gorton: G. P. Putnam's Sons.	2 00
Theological Propædemic: Dr. Philip Schaff: Scribner's Sons, 8vo, cloth.....	3 00
Uplifts of Heart and Will: James H. West: George H. Ellis, 12mo, cloth.....	50

Sport and Recreation

Games for Family Parties and Children: Mrs. Laura J. Valentine: F. Warne & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	75
Practical Lawn Tennis: James Dwight: Harper & Bros., 16mo, cloth.....	1 25
University Football: Edited by James R. Church: Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25

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A Wild Sheep Chase: Emile Bergerat: A Journey into Corsica: Macmillan & Co., 12mo, cloth.....	1 75
A Year Amongst the Persians: Edward G. Browne: Macmillan & Co., 8vo, cloth.....	6 00
Century World's Fair Book: Tudor Jenks: Century Co., illustrated, 8vo, cloth.....	1 50
Columbus Outdone: Capt. Andrews' Cruise in the Sapolio: Artemas Ward, 12mo, cloth.....	1 00
Eskimo Life: Fridtjof Nansen: translated by Wm. Archer: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth, illust.....	4 00
In the Track of the Sun: Frederick Diodati Thompson: Appleton, profusely illust., 8vo, cloth.....	5 00
My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories: Henry M. Stanley: Scribner's Sons, 8vo, cloth.....	2 00
On Sunny Shores: Clinton Scollard: Companion to Under Summer Skies: Chas. L. Webster & Co.	1 00
Our Great West: Julian Ralph, Author of On Canada's Frontier: Harper & Bros., illust., 8vo, cloth....	2 50
Rambles in Historic Lands: Travels in Europe: Peter J. Hamilton: G. P. Putnam's Sons, illust., 8vo, clo.	1 75
Recent Explorations in Bible Lands: Rev. Thomas Nicol, D.D.: Funk & Wagnalls, 2d edit., 16mo, cloth	50

A GLANCE AT SOME OF THE NEW BOOKS

The Christmas season calls out a large number of reprinted editions, or of new volumes handsomely bound, printed and illustrated, which are suitable for gift-books. Some idea of these has been gained from the illustrated pages which Current Literature has given in its Christmas number, as well as from the present one. We shall have to recapitulate in places, in order to give the reader a glimpse of the bookseller's shelves. The art of photogravure lends itself perhaps to the finest results in the way of book illustration in general. It is not open to the objection of a certain loss of light and shade which can be urged against what is known as the "half-tone" process. Photogravure, through its finer texture, is able to reproduce, with added richness, the photographic plate. Certain of the publishers, notably Dodd, Mead & Company and the Putnams of New York; Porter & Coates of Philadelphia, and Estes & Laureat and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, have made especial efforts to emphasize the use of this method and have produced some of the most luxurious books of the season. Dodd, Mead & Company have been particularly lavish in the use of this new method of illustration, reproducing some standard sets, such as the novels of Anthony Trollope and of Maria Edgeworth in this manner. A translation of Alphonse Daudet's "Letters from my Mill," is quite profusely decorated, with the addition of color, an art not yet perfect, but far in advance of anything thus far accomplished on this side of the water. The designs for this are by Madame Madeleine Lemaire. The same house also publishes an excellent edition of "The Rivals." Among the volumes from the Knickerbocker Press (Putnam's), which come under this heading, should be mentioned Mrs. Hellman's translation of Godfried Kinkel's epic poem, "Tanagra," which is illustrated by numerous photogravures of paintings by Edwin H. Blashfield. Their "Knickerbocker Nuggets" and "Literary Gems," two collections in diminutive form, comprising good extracts from the classic as well as from contemporary authors, are books of the season. These 32mo editions are well designed for modest gifts of the highest order of taste. It is a pleasure to find in their lists also, a handsome edition of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." This *édition de luxe* of a veritable American classic, is illustrated by drawings of E. W. Kemble, in pen and ink. We are able to reproduce one of his admirable character sketches in the present number, to which we will refer the reader.

Messrs. Porter & Coates of Philadelphia, choose two popular works for special designs in photogravure. These are Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and the immortal "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." The first of these contains no less than fifty full page plates, which have been taken from photographs of the territory of the Doones in England. These photographs were taken by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose passion for photography is well known. The "Tom Brown" is illustrated in much the same way, from photographs of the historic ground, made famous throughout the English world, by Thomas Hughes. A portrait of the author appears in the volume. From Estes & Laureat we have three sumptuous Christmas works. "Aurelian," by

William Ware, a tale of the Roman Empire in the third century, quite profusely illustrated; "The Queen of the Adriatic," an account of Mediæval and Modern Venice, by Clara Erskine Clement, brightened up with a profuse number of prints, and Scott's "Ivanhoe," handsomely printed, in two volumes, with etchings and photogravures of local interest scattered through the text. In the list of Houghton Mifflin & Co. an edition of the "Autocrat" comes in for its share of decoration, while Miss Jewett's "Deephaven" and Margaret Deland's "The Old Garden" have been prepared with a view to holiday sales. Miss Deland's verses have received perhaps the most sumptuous treatment accorded by the publishers this year to any American author. Last year Hawthorne carried off the honors in the "Wonderbook," but Walter Crane's polychromatic pencils have come to the aid of Miss Deland's pen in a most fantastic series of formal designs, in which the charms of imagination are most delightfully blended with those of form and color.

In general, the list of Christmas books is a long one, and not behind last year. J. B. Lippincott & Company produce a de luxe edition of Prescott's histories, illuminated with phototype illustrations of the edifices and paintings representing the events narrated, twelve volumes in all. They bring out also Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," in eight volumes, specially illustrated, and numerous other volumes, which will be found in our list. The Century Company's most important work is "The Century Gallery," a collection of the best engravings which have appeared in the Century and St. Nicholas; while from the list of Macmillan & Company, we should include among the books of the day an elaborately illustrated edition of Hood's Poems, filled with character sketches, Miss Mitford's "Our Village," done with fascinating drawings in pen and ink, and an edition of "Rip Van Winkle," to which the Anglo-American painter, Geo. H. Boughton, has lent his facile brush.

From the press of the Appletons a collection of the poems of nature by William Cullen Bryant is pictorially accentuated with the charming drawings of Paul de Longpré. T. Y. Crowell has revived Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There," in an edition with colored border designs, and with the original illustrations of Teniel, as well as other and later drawings. "The Adventures of Verdant Green," with Cuthbert Bede's original illustrations, appears in two volumes, uniform with the same author's "Little Mr. Bouncer," from the press of Little, Brown & Co. The Scribners have perhaps gone more elaborately into the preparation of a handsome gift-book than others, in their collection of examples from the work of the newest of French illustrators. It reproduces typical examples under title of "Modern French Illustrators," of the work of Madeleine Lemaire, Paul Cheret, Louis Morin, Daniel Vierge, Caran Dache, and many others. Some of these are in full-page color plates showing the processes which the French have made so perfect as to defy imitation. The Frederick A. Stokes Company have brought out an admirable

edition of Longfellow's poems with illustrations by the versatile Chas. Howard Johnson, and another of Owen Meredith's "Lucille," with facsimiles of water colors by John McIlvaine. They produce also the tenth series of "The Good Things from Life," in which are gathered some of the more tasteful designs which have made "Life" as much of a success artistically as otherwise.

Montesquieu, who found that it was like judging a mechanism by its outward action instead of by its inward springs, to judge of a "government by the men at the head of affairs, instead of the women who swayed these men," describes the precise attitude of the part played by women during the eighteenth century in France. The study of these marvelous sources of power, during the time when France was resplendent among the nations of the earth, is no mean task. From the time of Louis XIV. to that of the hapless Marie Antoinette, from the days of the monarchy to those of the Revolution, women entered into every movement of any historical consequence in France, helping to shape its destinies for good as well as for evil, influencing its declarations of war and its treaties of peace, its deliberations and its policies, its arts and its practical affairs, and, above all, reflecting a singular fascination over the social fabric of the time. Miss Julia Kavanagh's "Woman in France," published in two volumes by the Putnams, is a minute and romantic study of this period. It is not a study of refreshing morality, yet there are touches here and there, as in the pathetic story of Aissé, the Circassian slave, which make the chords of pity and of admiration vibrate.

In Paul Gaulot's "A Friend of the Queen," translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and brought out by the Appletons, the story of Marie Antoinette comes almost as a natural sequence to Miss Kavanagh's work. In reality, this is the history of the Count de Fersen, a young Swedish nobleman who, at the age of nineteen, went to Paris to complete his education, and whose handsome face and nobility of character engaged the attention of the King and Queen. He became in time an intimate friend, if not a lover, of the hapless Marie Antoinette. The part which he played in her life, for to the last he stood by the unfortunate woman and her vacillating spouse, is fully revealed for the first time. Incidentally no little light is thrown upon the actors in the troubrous times of the overthrow of the monarchy. It serves an historical purpose, with all the charm of a personal memoir. That noble knight and Christian gentleman, Sir Philip Sydney, is the central figure in Penshurst Castle. A few of his many achievements as scholar, poet, statesman and soldier being chronicled therein. As these achievements have few, if indeed any equal in history, every page engages the reader's interest. This volume, well illustrated, is from Macmillan.

Among other reminiscent books recently received we note another of St. Amand's romantic histories, "The Court of Louis XV." (Scribner's), "Old Court Life in France" (Putnam's), and "Our Colonial Homes," by Samuel Adams Drake (Appleton's), in which some of America's historic old houses are selected for literary preservation. The "Memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland," and the "Story of Washington," by Elizabeth, Eggleston Seely, are from the same publishers. Miss Alice Morse Earle has made an excellent study of the

"Customs and Fashions in Old New England" (Scribner's), which goes into the child-life, courtship, marriage customs and the public and private life of our Puritan ancestors. Another glimpse into the past is gained in the "Old Puritan Love Letters of John and Margaret Winthrop," edited by Joseph Hopkins Twichell and published by Dodd, Mead & Company. "Stories of the Cathedral Cities of England," by Emma Marshall (Thomas Whittaker), is an idyllic journey through the sacred spots of England, as well as through the pages of its history, for no little of the story of the English state has been bound up with that of the cloister and church in the past.

The prominence which has been given of late to the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, makes appropriate a new edition of H. Spencer Howell's "An Island Paradise," first published a year or more ago, by Hart & Riddell, of Toronto. The volume is one simply of adventure and exploration, the author having, among other things, made the descent into the crater of Kilauea—an event which he describes as the "grandest sight in the world." Another timely book of travel recently published is Frederick A. Ober's "In the Wake of Columbus." Mr. Ober was chosen by the World's Fair Commission to go to the West Indies. He had been peculiarly fitted by previous travel, of which he has given accounts in earlier volumes, to examine the environments of Columbus during his voyage of discovery. The volume is illustrated with many reproductions of photographs, taken by the author, and with drawings of objects of interest connected with the subject. Another book which deals interestingly and with vivacity of the southern portions of our continent is Charles F. Lummis's "In the Land of Poco Tiempo" (Scribner's). New Mexico he finds "a picture, a romance, a dream in one." He has spent his time to good purpose among the sleepy natives, the Pueblos, the Navajos and the Mexicans. His adventures have mingled with them touches of romance and of more sober scientific research. Central America figures again in "The Lost Cañon of the Toltecs," by Charles Sumner Seeley. Mr. Seeley had many strange adventures in Southern wilds, and he tells how he made himself at home in the ancient quarters of cliff-dwellers, how he was captured and escaped from treacherous Indian natives, his personal experiences in dark cañons, and his more enjoyable explorations among grandly picturesque regions, in which few travelers have dared to live for any length of time. Two globe-trotting volumes are Frederic D. Thompson's "In the Track of the Sun," which the Appleton's publish, and which our readers are familiar with from the delightful illustrations we have reproduced, and Peter J. Hamilton's "Rambles in Historic Lands" (Putnam), a collection of pen pictures and camera views. "A Wild Sheep Chase," by Emile Bergerat, representing the pilgrimage of a poet to Corsica, is published by Macmillan, and Harper & Brothers have collected the spirited drawings of Frederick Remington from their magazine, and supplemented them with photographs in a volume of "Riders of Many Lands." To this list we should add, as among the interesting publications of the day, Leroy Beaulieu's "Empire of the Tzars and the Russians" (Putnam); "A Winter in North China," by the Rev. Richard Glover (Fleming H. Revell) and Clinton Scollard's rambles, under the title "On Sunny Shores" (Webster).

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Moonrise at Sea.... William Sharp..... Glasgow Weekly Citizen

The long, slow swell of the still sea
Rises and falls, and sluggishly
The wind-bound ship rolls to and fro,
Soundless, save when the huge sails go
With heavy boom from left to right:
A few stars only trail their light
In quivering snaky gleams below
In the sea's depths, as through from caves
Within whose twilight glooms no waves
Move ever, serpents writhe and rise;
But westward far, where sea and skies
Blend in one darkness, breaks a beam
Of wan, faint light—and now a gleam,
Curv'd like a golden scimitar,
And bright as though welded from a star,
Hangs for a moment, grows and grows
More round and large, a golden rose
Of one immaculate petal made:
And now the moon is risen, has laid
The magic of her musing smile
Upon the dim, dark seas, till mile
On mile, league upon league, are bright
With a broad track of silver light,
And all the ship's sails seem to be
Of moonbeam gossamer woven free.

Nothing to Do.....Woes of Nothing to Want.....Kansas City Times

Nothing to do but race;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes;
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air;
Quick as a flash it's gone;
Nowhere to fall but off;
Nowhere to ride but on.

Nothing to comb but hair;
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears;
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah! well; alas! alack!
Nowhere to ride but out;
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we accursed.

Nothing to strike but gain;
Every wheel moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can withstand the racer's woes.

An October Day.....Pictures of the Fall.....Harper's Weekly

Through jagged rifts of woodland, sere and red,
The stubble gleams like some rich treasury floor;
There lie the pumpkins' orbs of gold outspread
And husked corn heaped up in goodly store.

Among the stacks a straying moody breeze
Makes music like reverberance of brass—
Faint cymbals smote by nature as she sees
The prophecies of spring-time come to pass.

A film is hung upon the fall'w hills;
An amber sun sleeps in the purple noon;
The noise of blackbirds from the distance thrills—
Rude revellers 'mid the autumn's harvest boon.

Bright sumac clumps the dusty roadside deck,
Their leaves like tongues of a devouring flame;
Mixed with dry vestige of the summer's wreck,
Gray ghosts of flowers of sweet familiar name.

There droops the flexible stalk of golden rod,
Its precious sceptre rusted and grown hoar—
As fallen from the hand of prince anod
In fairy spell of hundred years or more.

A dampness blurs the stretching meadow sod,
Nipped by the frost to reddish brown and gray—
Where, grazing 'mid the milkweed's frothy pod
And thistles, drearily the cattle stray.

Yet still against the fence's vine-wreathed bars
The purple asters glow serenely bright—
Mid-summer's flowers, which, like the evening stars,
Are harbingers of winter's hastening night.

The Top of the MorningFather Ryan..... Atlanta Constitution

Au-a-mon dieu! But there; it is
Dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
O'er the dear, sweet face of my ireland.
Och, Ireland, isn't it good ye look?
Like a bride in rich adornin'!
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top of the mornin'!

This, one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
Shure I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning.
Watching out for this hallowed shore;
All other attractions scorning—
Och, Ireland, can't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top of the mornin'!

Och, kindly, generous, Irish land,
So leal and yet so loving;
No wonder the wand'ring Celt should think
And dream of ye in his roving—
The alien land may have gems and gold;
No shadow may e'er have gloomed it—
But the heart will sigh for that absent land
Where the love-light first illumined it.

See there! On Clanna's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating;
And Kerry is pushing her headland out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly,
On pinions that know no drooping.
And from the cliffs with surges charged
A million of waves come trooping—

And isn't Auld Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion;
Leaning her back up ag'in' the hills,
With the tips of her toes in the ocean?
Shure, it's a wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a day since I began
The life of a western rover.

For thirty summers, or there, macree,
These scenes I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
In memory's dim horizon;
E'en then 'twas fair and grand they seemed
As the landscape spread before me—
But dreams are dreams! And my eyes would ope
With the Texas skies still o'er me.

And many a night on the Texas plain,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er these weary waves
And on this coast line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day,
All danger and doubting scorning;
I'd live to win for my native land
The light of young liberty's morning.

See! nearer and fairer the coast line shows!
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze!
Thank God! my exile's ended!
Auld scenes; auld songs; auld friends again;
The vale and the cot I was born in!
Och, Ireland, from my heart of hearts
I bid ye the top of the mornin'!

Josepheta.....Will Visscher.....*The Chicago Mail*

Great black eyes with looks so tender
That they seem, almost, to weep;
Hand that's taper, brown and slender,
Shades them peering up the steep,
From the "dobey" on the mesa,
Where the sun forever shines,
'Long the foothill, where the gazer
Sees amid the tangled vines
And the crooked manzanita,
Su Chiquita!
La bonita.

There's a little Mexic maiden,
Golden haired and eyes of blue,
With the summer flowers laden
Climbing down from where they grew,
Dusky-haired and dark-eyed mother—
Though mayhap the question's bold—
Whence those eyes of some one other,
Whence the shining locks of gold?
Tell me, handsome Josepheta,
Of Chiquita,
La bonita.

Ah! I see yon caballero,
Riding thither down the trail—
Now he lifts his broad sombrero,
Shouts the Saxon's hearty hail,
And the flax-haired caballero
Has Chiquita's eyes of blue,
Shaded by his slouch sombrero—
Pretty answer that is, too,
For the handsome Josepheta,
And Chiquita,
La bonita.

The Living TrackElizabeth Stuart Phelps.....*The Independent*

[It has been reported that, during a recent journey of the Czar, the inhabitants of a certain section flung themselves upon the track to stop his train; thus hoping to obtain redress for some local abuses which had gone beyond endurance. In the account by which this poem was suggested, the guards, after having tried in vain to scatter the people, were bidden to order the train to progress.]

The royal train rang down the track;
Before it, fled the sullen snow;
Abreast it, plot and hunger go.
The White Czar comes. Who turns him back?

The storm contests the drifting track.
Colder than Russian sleet, the wrong
Of anguish patient, sharp and long,
Gathering to meet him through the black.

Thundering, the train drives in the night.
Press steam! Gain time! Make to the town!
The Czar hath just been seen to frown—
Down brakes?—Who dared! Aghast with fright,

The guards stream, armed, to the rail,
The panting engine throbs to halt.
Assassin is it? Or assault?
And whence that shrill, heart-haunting wail?

Before the wheels—a living load—
Heaped flesh and blood, behold them, then!
The people—children, women, men—
Flung prone upon the iron road.

"Give us the mercy, justice, right!
Grace to this village, or we die!
Oh, Little Father! stay thy flight,
And listen to thy children's cry!"

It was a direful sight to see.
He looked, and then he glanced again;
God knows what musings rent the brain
Whose frozen soul denied that plea.

Turn, Czar of all the Russias! Back!
Not yet, not even for thee, too late!—
But, grim as gray, eternal fate,
The red wheels grind the living track.

Thy time shall come to plead: Turn back!
As vain the cry, as sure the day.
Relentless History rolls thy way,
To pin thee on her living track.

Confession.....Margaret Hunt Brisbane.....*Times-Democrat*

Well, Jack, old fellow, I am no saint,
And I never professed to be,
And I see her yet, with her glance so quaint
And her smile, as she looked at me.
Try a glass of Burgundy, boy—it burned
To wine 'neath a fair French sky;
As far as I myself am concerned
I rather prefer old Rye.

Take a pipe, if you will, or a good cigar,—
Here is a mellow brand. . .
I can see her yet, so far. . . so far. . .
I can feel the touch of her hand.
Well, you see, I had met "the love of my life"
(Such loves are frequently seen),
So I often went to my best friend's wife,
For she was the go-between.

We used to sit in the study dim
While she played some old-time air;
Between the whiles I would talk to him,
And watch the light on her hair.
She would talk to me with her sweet eyes raised,
And a soft, warm light within,
And my thoughts would stray from the girl she praised
To the dimple in her chin.

One night she sang of some tender theme,—
Her voice was soft and low:
I awoke as a man wakes from a dream,
And knew that I had to go.
I knocked about—I sailed beneath
Blue transatlantic skies;
But I only saw in Scotland's heath
The purple of her eyes.

At Venice, with a lighter love,
I rowed the waters dim,
But far, the laughing waves above,
I heard her sing a hymn. . .
And I see her yet,—for I am no saint,—
With the light upon her hair,
Uplifted finger, her smile so quaint,
And that elder-sisterly air!

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

First Little Girl—"My mamma brought home a tea-spoon with 'World's Fair' on it." Second Little Girl—"Huh! My mamma brought home a tablespoon with 'Palmer House' on it."—Traveller's Record.

Toddles—"Papa, which are the bestest, ladies or mens?" Papa—"Ladies, my dear." Toddles—"Then don't you fink you an' mamma ought to be patienter wif us boys, 'cause we got a wrong start—don't you see?"—Harper's Young People.

"My baby brother knows more than yours does," asserted Mollie. "Betcher he doesn't," retorted Jennie. "My little brother can talk so plain you can understand what he says." "Huh!" jeered Mollie. "My brother can talk so the smartest man can't understand him: but he knows what he means."—Jewish Messenger.

Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar." Tommy—"Yes, sir." Visitor—"If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" "Sarcasm."—Glasgow Citizen.

Emma was taught by her mother to go through her regular prayers—and to add any special petitions suggested by her needs at the time. On one occasion she was ill and suffering some pain and considerable inconvenience from nausea, and her simple prayer at the end of the regular vespers offering was, "Oh, Lord, bless poor little Em and make her well, for who wants to be frowning up all the time?"—St. Louis Republic.

Teacher—"Robert, here is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now can you tell me how many went in?" Robert—"Yes'm seven."—Spare Moments.

A small boy in one of Marshall Field's stores in Chicago approached his employer and asked for an advance in salary. "How much are you getting a week now?" said the merchant. "Four dollars and a half, sir." "And how old are you?" "Twelve, sir." "Why, my boy, at your age I wasn't paid that much." "Well, maybe you weren't worth it to the firm you was working for, but I think I am."—Chicago Herald.

The Mother—"Tenth in your class! Why, I always used to be first in mine." "But, mother, my school-mates are not nearly so stupid as yours."—Truth.

A small boy from the slums had been brought into the mission school and for a couple of Sundays he had been instructed in the rudiments. On the third Sunday he brought with him his brother William. To test his memory the teacher began to go over the previous lessons. "Who made you?" she asked. "God," he replied, promptly. "And what else did God make?" The youngster studied a moment and looked around hopelessly till he noticed his brother; then his face brightened. "He made Bill, too, I guess," he answered; and William said, "you bet."—Youth's Journal.

"Georgie," said his mother, "I will not whip you this time if after this you promise to be a good little boy like Willie Jones." "Mamma," said Georgie, earnestly, "you may whip me, please."—Chicago Record.

Little Dot—"I guess I am improvin' in drawing." Mother—"I hope so." Little Dot—"Yes'm. I drew a

fruit cake on my slate and Dick guessed it was a oyster. He knew it was something to eat, anyhow, didn't he?"—New York Evening Telegram.

There was a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She had won a book as a prize for writing the best essay on the subject given, and was now undergoing an oral examination. "Well, my dear," said the chairman, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?" "Because," answered the little girl, "what God had joined together let no man put asunder."—Leisure Hour.

Mother—"Why are you not as polite and considerate and gentlemanly as little Tommy Dodd?" Small son—"Maybe he was brought up in some street where the other boys was bigger than him."—New York Weekly.

"What's the matter with Mollie?" asked Colonel Yerger of his little six-year-old daughter. "Pa, my mocking bird is dead." "Well, never mind, Mollie. I'll buy you another one." "I am calm enough now, but when I saw the poor little bird, I could have cried like a child," said Mollie.—Texas Siftings.

Mary wrote a composition on "The Cow." It was brief. "The cow is a very useful animal." Her mother requested her to read it to the minister, which she did, amending it to suit the occasion: "The cow is the most useful animal except religion."—Working Woman's Journal.

Boston Street-Car Conductor—"How old are you, my little girl?" Little Girl—"If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics."—Truth.

A minister about to leave home for a few days, was bidding good-by to his family. When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said: "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care of mamma." Bobby promised, and the father departed. When night came and he was called to say his prayers, he spoke thus: "O Lord, please protect papa, and brother Dick and sister Alice, and Aunt Mary, and all the little Jones boys and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about mamma, for I'm going to look after her myself."—Boston Budget.

"Tommy," said the boy's father, "you should not interrupt me at the dinner-table when I tell that story about when I was in the war. Even if it is a long story, and you have heard it before, filial respect requires that you be patient." "Father," said the lad, after a minute. "What is it?" "Is 'filial respect' something like 'senatorial courtesy'?"—Washington Star.

Little Edith had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread, and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. The other evening Edith was detected in this, and her mother said: "Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may be a day you will be glad to get them." "Yes, mamma," replied Edith, "that's what I'm saving 'em for."

"Papa, didn't George Washington ever really and truly tell a lie?" asked Tommy. "No," returned papa. "He was always truthful." "Well, say, papa, he never was a boy, then, was he?"—Philadelphia Times.

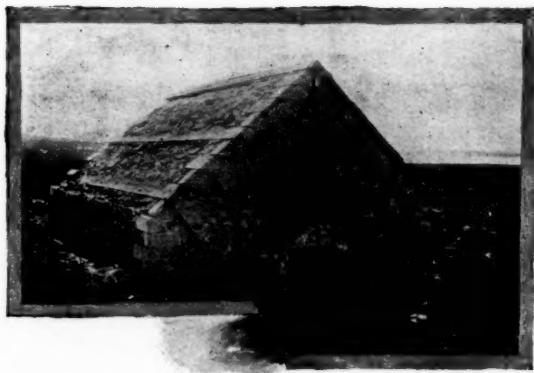
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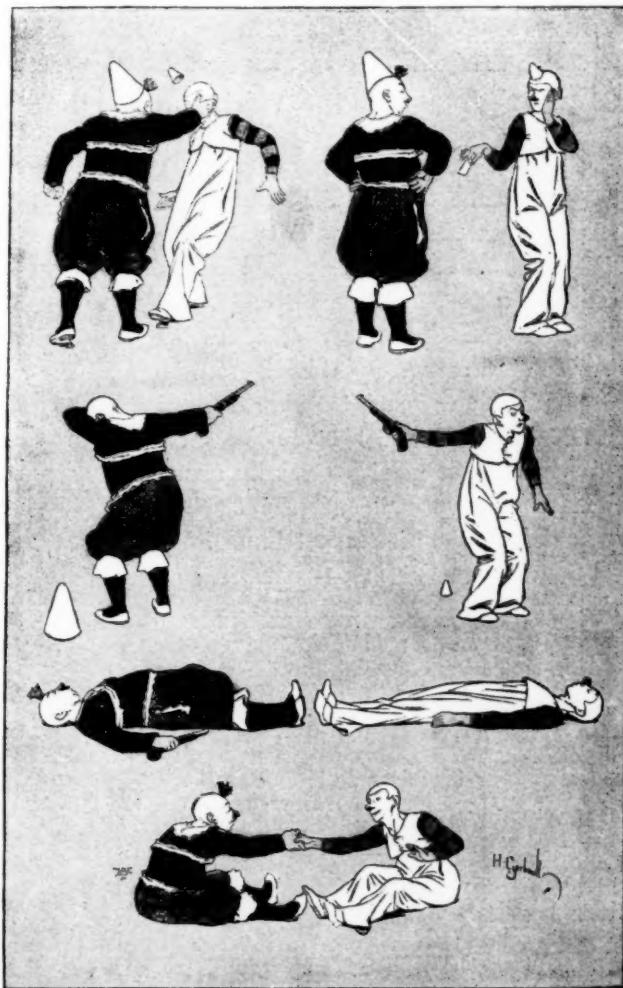
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E. F. BENSON



WILLIAM WINTER
(Frontispiece to "Shakespeare's England." Macmillan.)



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